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THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible] POST

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JAN. 23, 1926

THE PARASITE—By Booth Tarkington

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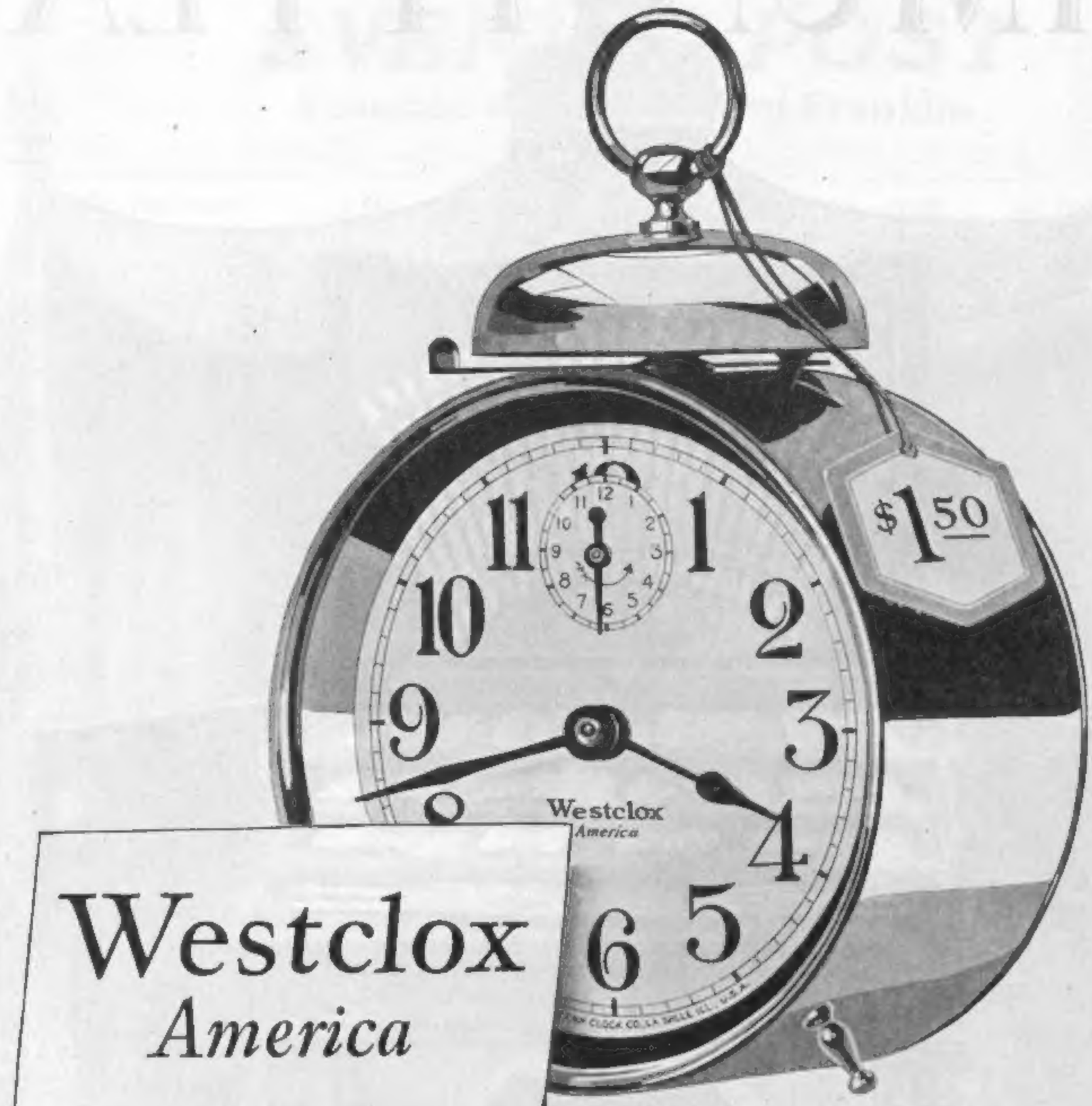

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THE PARASITE

By Booth Tarkington

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THIS revolutionary young generation of which most of us see so little but hear so much reminds middle-aged people sometimes of the prophets who went before it. Its prophets have been appearing pretty frequently ever since the first reprimand to a daughter probably, whenever that was, and the revolutionary young generation itself has been going on for quite a little while now, though of course each new squad of young spokesmen to find out about it seem to think that it's just been inaugurated. And when one of them breaks out in the newspapers, or with a book, or an essay in a magazine, he's pretty likely to get a reminiscent chuckle out of somebody in our neighborhood, and with it the thought, "Doesn't that sound like Lottie Filmer though!"

For Lottie was a spokesman herself, and like most spokesmen the world over, she seemed to be self-elected. Of course, though, judging by the way she talked, you'd never have suspected she wasn't the official representative of some powerful organization or other, with its ranks all disciplined and united behind her leadership. She nearly always said, "We believe" so and so, and "We shall" do this and that, as if this plurality of hers were a great society devoted to carrying out certain projects she had formed; but usually it was difficult to get her to name any of the other members.

I heard her challenged to name some of them myself once when I happened to be sitting on the Filmers' front veranda with her and her grandfather, old Madison Filmer, on a Sunday afternoon. She'd been making one of her orations at the old man, and when I dropped in for a neighborly word with him, as I did sometimes, it stopped for a little while; but before long she went ahead with it. She was telling him the difference between his generation and hers; and of course, like anybody else, she preferred her own and thought her grandfather's had never heard about any of the things hers was so interested in. He was a gentle old fellow, and pretty long-suffering; but finally he showed some spirit. Lottie had just informed him that his generation hadn't called things by their right names.

"You never called a spade a spade," she told him.

"I did, too," he said. "What else would I call it?"

"Anything!" she answered. "Anything you could think of to keep from calling it by its right name. You covered everything with hypocrisy. We are going to sweep away all that. We talk straighter than you did, and we think straighter."

"Do you?" he asked her. "I guess from some little I've heard from you, maybe you talk more about crooked things, Lottie; but just now what I'd like to be told is who this 'we' is you're sure will do so much sweeping. Who do you mean?"

She laughed in contempt of his poor understanding. "We young people," she told him. "My generation."

"Well," he said, "you only know a few of 'em—just the boys and girls you've grown up with, and you could hardly speak for those you don't know, though of course I'll admit that the young people in other cities must be a good deal like the ones we have here. Do you mean Henry, for instance?"

"Henry!" she said, and she laughed even more contemptuously than she had before. Henry was her second cousin, Henry Filmer; he was an orphan, like Lottie, and old Madison Filmer and his wife were bringing him up, just as they were Lottie herself. "Henry!" she said. "Good gracious, no!"

"Well, do you mean young Orrin Noble, for instance?"

"I certainly do not!"

"Or Mary Collingswood?"

"She Had a Room Over on the East Side With Two Other Girls That Work in the Bakery," He Said

"That little doll?"

"Jennie Fleet?"

"Jennie Fleet!" Lottie laughed. "She doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain!"

So it went, the old gentleman naming young people and she rejecting them, until she began to see that the process was putting her at a disadvantage.

"Why don't you ask me about someone with a grain of intellect?" she said. "You do nothing but go over a list of nincompoops. Why don't you name a few young people who know how to think?"

"I was doing the best I could," he told her. "You name some of the thinkers, Lottie."

But this suggestion didn't seem to please her at all.

"I could name any number of them," she said impatiently. "What good would that be to you? You wouldn't know them because you aren't keeping pace; you don't know who the worthwhile people are in this town any more."

"Well, anyway, tell me the names of a few of them."

"Why, there are any number," she said. "For instance, there's that brilliant young Polish girl I met at the Monday Reading Club last week—a perfectly wonderful thinker. I could name dozens."

"Well, what was the Polish girl's name?"

"Good heavens!" Lottie exclaimed. "What does her name matter?" And when he laughed—for of course it was easy to see that Lottie didn't remember her Polish friend's name—she got herself into something like a real fury. "You make me tired!" she said. "You love to think you've put me in the wrong. That's because you're a man and exult in what you think is a man's supremacy over a woman. It's because, even though you're my grandfather, your subconsciousness tells you a woman is only a helpless parasite and you can make her do whatever you want her to. Well, I'm not going to be your parasite much longer, I can tell you!" Here she turned on me, seeing my expression. "What are you laughing at? I suppose you think women ought to be parasites!"

"No," I said. "I think they're the leading sex, myself."

Lottie was anything but mollified by this rather poor pleasantry, and she became dramatic. She was a handsome girl, tall and dark, and nearly always what we used to call intense; but her intensity and her dramatic manner were becoming to her; it was natural to her, so to speak, to be dramatic. Certainly she seized this opportunity.

"Oh, God!" she said, and she put her hands up as high over her head as she could reach and threw her head far back, looking at the ceiling of the veranda above her in a desperate, hunted sort of way. "Oh, God, for a man who could speak the same language!"

Then she let her arms drop to her sides and ran into the house.

"I take it," I said, after the screen door slammed, "she means she doesn't find me very congenial to her."

"Nor me either," her grandfather told me, and he looked serious. "Nor anybody much, I'm afraid. She's been getting more and more in a state of nerves for a long time, though she can't bear to hear it spoken of that way. She near scalped me one day when I said I'd try to spare the money to give her a trip to California, or pretty near anywhere, if she thought it would help her nerves. But the worst thing she's got on her mind is this delusion about being a parasite. She read it in some fool book, and being the foolest thing she'd ever read, of course it had to go and fasten itself on her mind. All women are parasites unless they earn their own livings, she thinks. She even called her grandmother a parasite."

He ought to have lowered his voice; but he'd made the mistake of speaking rather loudly, and when he told me about her calling poor old Mrs. Filmer a parasite, Lottie came out again like a flash, letting the screen door bang behind her.

"Yes, and grandma is one, too!" she said. "But she and I aren't the only ones in this house. You and Henry are as much parasites as she and I are." She pointed fiercely at me. "Yes, and so are you!"

"How am I a parasite?" her grandfather asked her.

"You have people to wait on you, haven't you?" she said. "You have a cook to cook for you and a housemaid to make your bed. You live on their energy."

"Well, I pay them for it."

"Yes, out of your income. You live on your income, don't you?"

"Didn't I work to get it?" he asked her.

"You don't work now," she said sharply. "You live on dividends and interest on railroad bonds. Who makes that money? The engineers and the track walkers and the switchmen—all the railroad workers. They do the work, poor fools, and you take the money. Isn't that being a parasite?"

"Oh, dearie me!" he groaned. "Can't you get this foolishness out of your head?"

"No, I can't, and I don't want to!" She was getting sharper and sharper with him. "A parasite is anybody who lets anybody else work for him."

"You mean nobody ought to work for anybody else?"

"I do, indeed! And what's more, I'm not going to let anybody but myself work for me much longer. I've told you that before, but this time I mean it!"

And with that she switched herself into the house again and let the door slam harder than the other times. The old man shook his head.

"Oh, dearie me!" he said. "I guess I got her mad asking her to name those names when she didn't know any. Things like that always upset her and make her talk about going away and leaving us. I expect it might 'a' been better if I hadn't said anything. Oh, dearie me!"

He groaned in the loud long way so many old men have, and he looked so sad that I felt sorry for him, especially as I couldn't get him cheered up much, though I did my best. I was a connection of his, in a roundabout way, Lottie's mother having been a distant relative of my own; so he felt at liberty to be miserable over a family matter in my presence; but he talked in a lower voice this time when he spoke of Lottie.

"Her grandma's been all upset over being called a parasite," he told me. "She says if it had been anybody else but her own grandchild that she's brought up herself she could stand it better, and Lottie was such a sweet little girl you wouldn't have thought she could ever get like this—you know that, yourself."

"Yes," I said, "she was a lovely child, and probably she'll be lovely again some day when she's passed through this phase."

He shook his head. "She's been in it quite a while now; it begins to look kind of permanent. She wants to go to some other city and work in a factory and cook her own meals, because she says that's the only way she can keep her self-respect. Oh, dearie me!"

"Lottie Was in the Rottenest Jail You Ever Heard of, But You Know Her Pluck—She Hadn't Complained of a Thing"

"Why don't you let her try it?" I suggested. "It wouldn't last long probably."

"Ah, but it might," he said. "She's stubborn; she doesn't give up easily, once she's set her mind on anything. And, you see, there's the worry about her; I'm afraid it would pretty near kill her grandma, because she's a worrying woman anyhow, and Lottie's always been just the very apple of her eye. That's why it hurt her feelings so to have the child call her a parasite. It is kind of hard, too, after we've brought her up—and in our old age, when we need her—to have her always threatening to leave us, and calling us names like that."

"Well, Henry's a comfort to you," I said. "You'd still have him."

"Yes, Henry's a good, steady boy." The old fellow's eyes had begun to look watery, and the mention of Henry didn't dry them. "Henry hasn't got what you might call the life in him that Lottie has. She's always had an interesting sort of mind, and a girl like that is more company for us some ways, even when she's fighting us. For the matter of that, I guess Henry'd feel about as blue as anybody if she goes away. Oh, dearie me!" he groaned. "I don't know why it is, but I guess it's always the prodigal one that the old folks seem to love the most."

He was right about that, at least so far as his own troubled household was concerned, and if Lottie could be called the prodigal. And yet Henry had been a likable quiet boy and grew up to be that same sort of young man. By no means could he be thought what's called brilliant; he was of the plodding type, and his mind worked slowly. He moved slowly and talked slowly, too, and he was dependable rather than ambitious. He was a year older than Lottie; but she was always a little ahead of him in school, and probably he made no great sacrifice in allowing her to be the one to go to college, as Mr. Filmer couldn't afford to send them both at the same time. Henry went into a bank as a messenger, and when Lottie graduated he'd risen to be one of the bookkeepers, with all the probabilities indicating that for many years this would be the end of his rising. From the time they were children he was Lottie's adoring slave.

Of course she called him a parasite, too; but he bore it better than old Mrs. Filmer did, and found himself able even to laugh about it.

"She was just blowing off steam," he told me. "The truth is, she's really bored to death and has to stir up something to keep her mind occupied."

"Why is she so bored?" I asked him, and at that he looked surprised.

"Why, you know, yourself," he said in his mild, slow way. "You know as well as I do that Lottie's just about the smartest girl in the world, and of course there isn't anything around home—or in the whole town, for that matter—to interest her. She always had to be doing something, even when she was a little bit of a thing, she's got so much energy. She's one of these people that have to find some means for what she calls self-expression so she thinks now she's a socialist." He chuckled. "I don't believe, though, she understands very well what she means by it—not right well anyhow."

That was my own opinion, too—that she didn't know right well what she meant when she claimed to be a socialist. I asked her what she meant, myself, one day; and she stared at me as if I'd said something insulting. Then she shook her head, pitying me gravely.

"If you don't know," she said, "I couldn't possibly tell you, because you couldn't understand. Our minds would never meet on that subject—or any other, I suspect."

I urged her a little.

"You might try me, Lottie. Why not give me a chance? You might make a convert."

This angered her. "Do you think it's a subject to be played with—or that I am? If you lived a million years you couldn't understand either my faith in it—or me!"

"Well, you understood it, didn't you, Lottie? Is it too intricate for my understanding—or what?"

"Intricate? No!" And here she began to be a little oratorical. "It's the simplest thing in the world, and the most beautiful! It means liberty for all, not just for the few. It means equality for all. It means the sweeping away of all the old swollen greeds of the bloated plutocracies and

the bourgeoisie, and all the old hypocrisies that have hoodwinked the world will go with them. I tell you my generation isn't content any longer with the way the world has been run by the old régime, and we mean to run it ourselves and give our children something better."

"That's fine," I told her. "That's what every generation ought to feel, and it's because so many of 'em have felt it that the world has gone on improving. But what's socialism?"

She stared at me as if I were a spider, but not a large one.

"I've just been telling you!" she said, as if she wondered how I could live at all; and witheringly saying no more, she left me.

I knew she was in earnest, and I respected her for that; but it didn't seem to me she'd given me a very definite definition. None of the dictionaries furnished any information like hers about socialism.

Too much earnestness about anything, though of course it may do a great deal of good sometimes, isn't always the easiest thing in the world to live with; so probably Lottie's wasn't. At any rate, it struck me that her grandfather and grandmother began to look what people sometimes call quite broken. They'd always seemed a ruddy, cheerful old couple until that year; but they'd begun to lose their happy expressions, and pretty soon the healthy color in their cheeks disappeared too. I saw them in church regularly on Sunday, and every week it seemed to me they looked about six months older.

Then one day Henry came to see me to ask if I knew of any good investments, and before we got through talking I found out that I hadn't been mistaken about Lottie's being in earnest.

"Have you saved up some money, Henry?" I asked him.

He said no, and laughed; then looked serious. "It's Uncle Madison's money."

"How much?"

"Everything he's got."

"What?" Of course I was surprised, because I knew that the old gentleman's railroad securities were excellent ones, of the best gilt edge to be had. "He isn't going to sell anything out of his safe-deposit box, is he, Henry?"

"He has. He's sold every share of stock and every bond he owned, and he wants to invest the money."

"But what on earth did he sell for? He can't buy better. He can't buy as good. What in the world made him do such a thing?"

"Well ——" Henry said, and he looked embarrassed.

"What's it all about, Henry?" I asked, and I got up from my chair and pretended to be hunting a match to light a cigarette. He looked so flustered I thought it tactful to do some such thing, though I had a full match box in my pocket all the time. "Did Mr. Filmer want you to ask advice about it?"

"Well, not about selling," Henry said. "But since he's made the sale and has the cash, he just thought maybe you've heard of some good sound thing to put it in."

"I wonder," I said—"I wonder he didn't ask me himself, Henry."

Henry got redder. "I expect he didn't like to. Probably ——" He hesitated, then went on: "I guess he thought you'd be apt to think he'd made a mistake in selling what he had."

"I certainly do. Why did he?"

"Well ——" Henry said again; then he came through with it: "We couldn't any of us bear to see her go away from home."

"Murder!" I said. "I begin to understand. It's Lottie."

"Yes," Henry told me. "It was the only way to keep her. Now wait!" he said, and as I made an effort to speak he checked me with that. "Wait just a minute! I know what you might say about such a transaction; but you don't understand. You don't understand Lottie."

"No? Well, maybe not."

"Indeed you don't!" Henry was so red and so earnest I felt sorry for him. "You don't know," he went on—"you don't know what she's been suffering."

"Don't I? I can guess at a little of what she's made those old people suffer, though, since she's got them to do such a thing as this."

"Well, we've all four been suffering together," the poor fellow told me. "But Lottie more than anybody. You may not think so, but she has. She knows that in a way it's making a sacrifice, because Uncle Madison has explained to her again and again that there's not much chance to get as good an income out of anything else as safely; and she understands that. Well, if it is a sacrifice, it's hers too, isn't it? Because of course that money would all be hers some day—I've never expected them to leave me any of it. She doesn't care for anything but her principles, you see; and Uncle Madison and Aunt Rennie and I can't help recognizing the nobility in the stand she's taking. She honestly believes that they and she are living on money that belongs to the workers, and it's got more and more unbearable to her to feel that way—until she just couldn't bear it. She's been talking about going away ——"

"Yes," I interrupted. "I know she has, and nothing else is going to satisfy her, as you'll see. But never mind that now. I suppose she's been talking more and more about going."

"Yes," he admitted. "But it was because her principles were being more and more outraged the more she thought about it. So finally she said she'd rather die than compromise any longer. She had her trunk packed last Sunday afternoon, but Aunt Rennie cried so that Uncle Madison gave in. He went down and sold his whole box out Monday. Now the question is what to do with the money."

"Yes," I said. "I see. It's quite a question, too, Henry."

He agreed to that ruefully. "Well, I'm afraid it is."

"The more so," I said, "since I take it that the money will have to be invested so that it doesn't bring in anything that is produced by labor or else Lottie'll leave home. It's rather a job to find an investment of that kind. Perhaps it would be simpler to let her organize her socialistic state. Then Mr. Filmer would merely spend what cash he'd accumulated, and when it was gone he and your Aunt Rennie would finish their old age convivially in an old workers' home run by the state. But maybe her government would be in debt enough to let people buy interest-bearing bonds with it, and maybe she'll let you do that now. Don't you think you can easily convince her that taxpayers aren't workers? I believe you can."

"What's the good?"

"Since the taxpayers pay the interest on government bonds," I explained, "she might consent to Mr. Filmer's putting his money into them."

Henry looked worried. "It means pinching for them. They won't have half what they've been having."

"But if you're going to humor Lottie's principles," I told him, "you can't do much else."

I was right; it was the only thing to do, and so they did it. The old people let their housemaid go, but were still able to keep a cook, though she wasn't a very good one, as I readily understood one night when I had dinner there.

Three months later Lottie went away anyhow. She said she couldn't compromise any longer; she was just as much a parasite as she had ever been, and it wasn't endurable. Henry told me they just had to give in to it. She was

(Continued on Page 134)

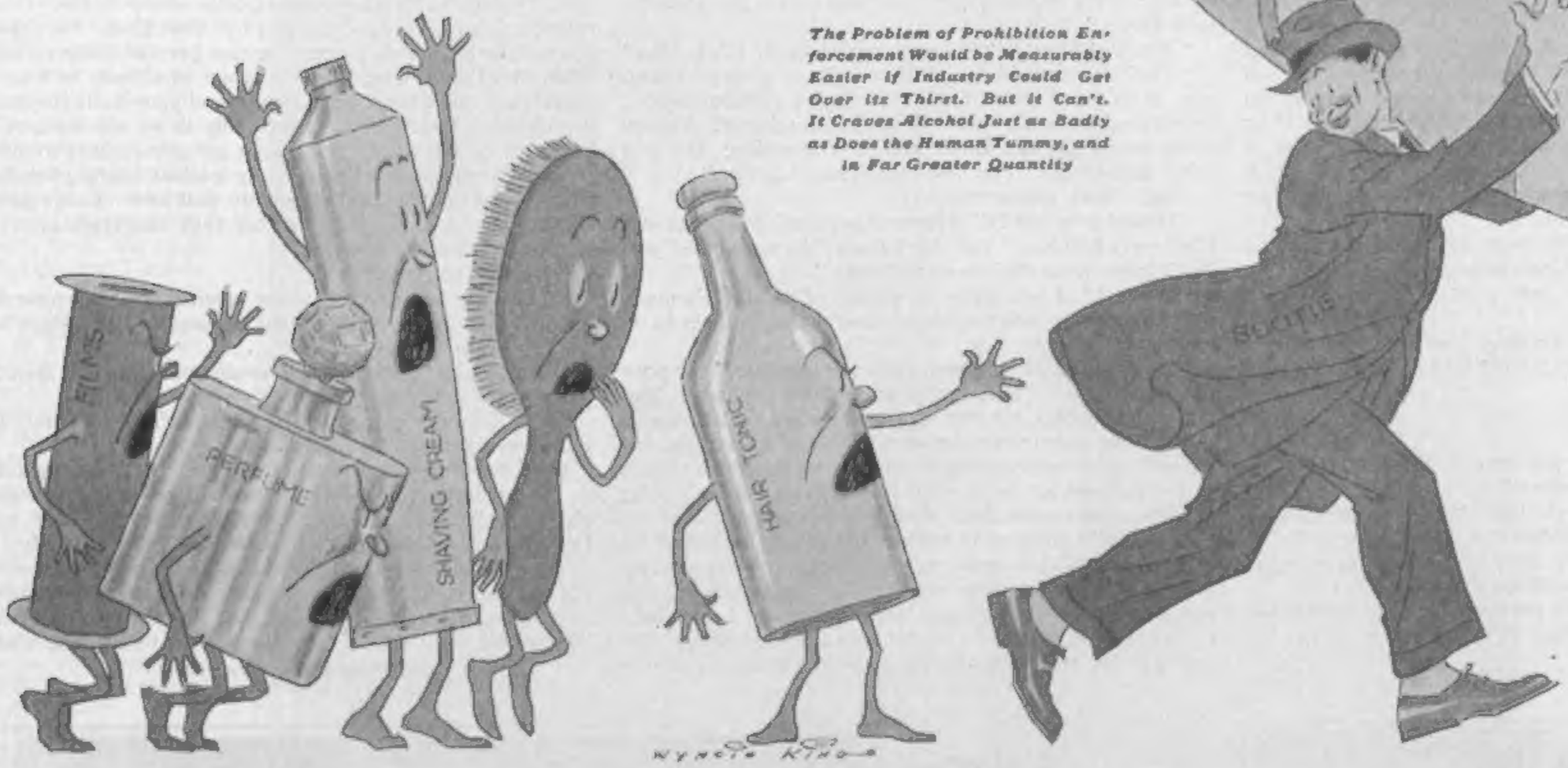
The Old Lady Was Sitting Up on the Couch, Whimpering; and Lottie and Sabbatti Were Right in Front of Her, Both Talking at Her

Denatured Alcohol—Our National Drink

By Walton Green

Chief Prohibition Investigator

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING



The Problem of Prohibition Enforcement Would be Measurably Easier if Industry Could Get Over its Thirst. But it Can't. It Craves Alcohol Just as Badly as Does the Human Tummy, and in Far Greater Quantity

FOREWORD

THE sinister invasion of the vast and vitally necessary field of industrial alcohol by the bootleg industry, in its search for sufficient supplies to meet the demands of its market, has created a situation of such menace to business and to society as to cause grave concern to those acquainted with the facts.

This criminal undermining of legitimate industry is Government's most difficult problem in the enforcement of the prohibition laws. Government must protect legitimate industry in its unhampered use of alcohol, and must also wipe out of existence the illegitimate users. These illegitimate users obtain permits to manufacture all manner of articles requiring the use of alcohol. They make only enough bona-fide products to justify obtaining large quantities of alcohol and then divert as much as possible to the bootleg trade. To cover this transaction they make a plausible amount of lawful commodities, and then outrageously undersell the honest manufacturer, forcing him into bankruptcy or into similar illegal practices as a matter of self-protection. This applies to all phases of industry and business, from the retail druggist up to the wholesale manufacturer.

The outlaw bootleg business can exist only through bribery and corruption, and constitutes a very real menace to the social order. Considerations such as these have brought such men as Major Walton Green into public service with a view to assisting Government in its serious efforts to restore respect for law.

As chief prohibition investigator, Major Green was in charge of the recent round-up in New York City which resulted in the apprehension and indictment of perhaps the greatest and most highly organized liquor ring in America. From the nature of his duties, Major Green is in a position to speak with some authority.

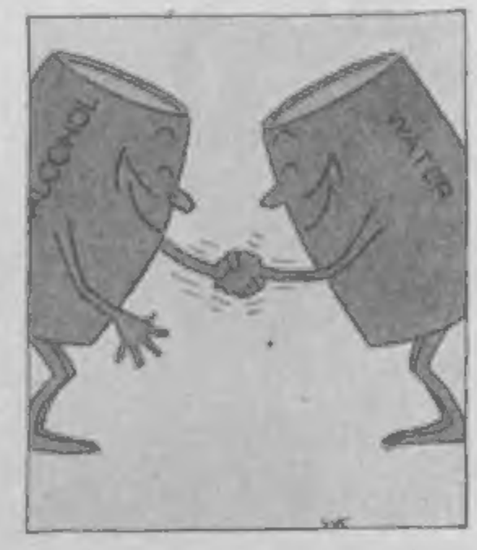
Lincoln C. Andrews,
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

ROBERT GOODFELLER travels for the great New York firm of Buncombe Brothers. He visits all parts of the country—all the great cities and many of the small ones. He has a liberal expense account. He wines and dines many customers and prospects, and is dined and wined in turn by countless other customers and prospects. He has friends in every town from Eastport to San Diego, and he knows where to get the real stuff in every burg from Seattle to Miami and back again.

Mr. Goodfeller is a hail-business-fellow-well-met and he takes his rum as he finds it. That is to say, his New York bootlegger, whom he trusts, has given him cards to bootleggers in many other cities—whom he also trusts. When he is at home he lives out on Long Island and buys his stuff through the steward of the country club, who in turn gets it from a local bootie who personally brings it up from Montauk or Jones' Inlet whenever the Big Six have a boat coming through. In addition, every so often, and when he can think of it, he sends samples to a druggist to be analyzed. And he's never had any trouble so far; he knows what he's getting and whom he's getting it from.

Nevertheless, in the past two years Mr. Goodfeller—whose alias, by the way, is Mr. Average Citizen—has not had more than one drink of genuine spirits of any kind out of every hundred drinks that he has swallowed. Taken by and large the country over, 99 per cent of the post-prohibition whisky and spirits of every sort is impure—cut; which is to say, adulterated with alcohol and water anywhere from two to six times its own volume. One cocktail out of a hundred, one house out of a hundred, one host out of a hundred—all the rest is synthetic, running all the degrees from merely indigestible raw-alcohol concoctions at the top of the scale to poisonous mixtures at the bottom.

Surprising statement? Yes. And most statements about prohibition, especially when made by dripping wets or evangelical drys, may be discounted as expressions of opinion, or desire, or hope as the case may be. But in this instance the figures are taken from a fairly cold-blooded and dispassionate source—the report of the Industrial Alcohol Division's Internal Revenue Laboratories at Washington, D. C.



It is the duty of that bureau to analyze samples from every seizure made throughout the country. Last year the bureau analyzed something over 85,000 bootleg samples—two hundred and eighty a day, mind you—and found only the 1 per cent of genuine stuff cited above. This kind of wholesale and country-wide sampling gives a conclusive cross section of what we are really drinking.

But assuming for the moment that only 1 per cent of the unlawful liquor we drink is genuine, it doesn't by any means follow that there isn't still a lot of genuine liquor coming into America. On the contrary. Though the Coast Guard and Customs have whittled down smuggling a good deal lately, there is still, and probably will be for a long, long time to come, an unholy amount of more or less genuine stuff leaking in through every arid pore of our far-flung borders. An unholy amount—yes; but at that only a drop in the bucket of our national thirst. An unholy amount from the point of view of law enforcement, to be sure, but far, far less than in the early days of prohibition, and ridiculously inadequate to satisfy the direct demands of the market. There is still a lot of smuggled liquor coming in. But the wholesale bootlegger, and not the retail drinker, is getting it.

The truth of the matter is that pure liquor has become so precious that the big bootleg rings cannot afford to sell it uncut. If a Newark operator, for instance, gets in a thousand cases of real Scotch, he'll cut it two ways or more and market 2000 to 4000 cases of synthetic. In other words, the diminishing supply of smuggled goods is forcing the trade to use the genuine imported almost as though it were an essence, or an essential oil—to use it merely as a primer to start the gushing pump of rotgut. Yes, good whisky is scarce.

Over in Baltimore the other day one of the ablest bootleggers in the business spent three hours tearing around, personally, in his car trying to lay hands on a case of real Scotch for a party he was giving that night. He couldn't get it—though forty-eight hours earlier he had landed 2000 cases from one of his boats off the Highlands! But he had immediately sold the 2000 cases to a cutting plant, and every last genuine quart had long since lost its identity in a gallon of fake!

Now with this dwindling stream of imported spirits, and with the increasing ungetability of the shrinking 18,000,000 gallons of domestic whisky still held in bonded warehouses, the booties would long ago have been hard put to it to meet the demand, but for one thing. And that one thing was alcohol—straight ethyl alcohol, millions of gallons of it—alcohol on every hand and in every trade. Alcohol plain or diluted or denatured—pure, impure or poisonous—but still alcohol of some sort or other—the same old stuff in a thousand forms from Solomon's day down to Volstead's.

And simultaneously with the discovery that what men wanted was not primarily wine or beer or liquor, but merely alcohol, sufficiently diluted and sweetened to slip down the human gullet without regurgitation, came the second great bootleg discovery; and that was the final determination of a fact long suspected; which is, that not one man in a thousand can, with his eyes closed—or open either, for that matter—taste the difference between good and bad whisky, between new and old, between real and fake. Whisky is known by three things—smell, label and kick; and the greatest of these is kick.

Now smell, label and kick don't need to be smuggled through Rum Row. Part of the smell, to be sure, is imported Scotch, but this basic smell—or flavor—can be spread mighty thin and still retain most of its original potency. The two other ingredients, label and kick, are purely domestic products. Labels are merely a matter of printing, and as for kick—well, there's something over 80,000,000 gallons of pure essence of kick being lawfully made in this country every year.

To be a little more exact, there was 87,000,000 gallons of grain alcohol distilled in this country last year, and every last spoonful of that was a potential cocktail—every last cupful a potential jag. It is this vast and unconfinable volume of industrial alcohol which is the real problem of prohibition. Industrial alcohol, pure or denatured, constitutes the one biggest prohibition leak—certainly fifteen to twenty times, in volume, all other sources of supply combined.

Let's look at the thing quantitatively for a moment. The Government knows that 87,000,000 gallons of ethyl alcohol was officially and legally distilled last year. The Government also knows that 6,000,000 gallons of this was officially and legally released to hospitals, druggists, scientists, and so forth. That leaves 81,000,000, all of which was presumably denatured so as to be undrinkable before it was released to industrial uses. And the records show that this 81,000,000 was officially and presumably denatured. So much for production.

Industrial Alcohol, A. W. O. L.

NOW for consumption; that is to say industrial consumption. This also is a matter of official record. Eighty-one million gallons of denatured alcohol disappears presumably into 1000 industries; but nothing like 81,000,000 gallons reappears in the finished products which come out of those industries. Try as it may, Government can't even officially account for something like 10,000,000 gallons of this denatured alcohol. The records show 81,000,000 gallons starting on its lawful way to industrial consumption; but somewhere along the line, somewhere between distiller and denaturer and final manufacturer, somewhere this 10,000,000 gallons difference between gross production and net consumption vanishes into thin air. Does it evaporate? It does not. It goes into the American stomach, via the synthetic bootleg route. Government statistics show where it is lost, and government chemists—with the 85,000 samples cited above—show where it is found. Ten million gallons is the official leak; Bacchus and the booties alone know how much more really gets out.

Now let's stop a minute and reflect upon how much liquor can be made out of 10,000,000 gallons of alcohol. The drys won't like this, but the laboratory men say the estimates are conservative. They say that 10,000,000 gallons of alcohol makes up into 20,000,000 gallons of whisky, gin, *et al.* At five trade quarts to the gallon, that makes a very pretty round total of 100,000,000 bottles a year, or not very far short of one rough-and-ready bottle of liquor for every man, woman and child in the country. That, mind you, is from diverted industrial alcohol alone. Add to that anything you please—for it is only guessable—for moonshine, home stills, bathtub wines, and so on, and you have a possible total to shake a bottle at. However, lest the wets get too cocky at this point, we may remind them that America's preprohibition consumption of beverage whisky alone was about 130,000,000 gallons a year, or some 650,000,000 bottles!

Now, why, it may be asked, cannot the Government, which supervises and controls the distilling and denaturing of this veritable ocean of alcohol, prevent its wholesale leakage into bootleg channels? There are a good many reasons, which we shall see later, but chief among them is the stupendous postwar growth of the industrial demand for alcohol. American industry uses three times as much industrial alcohol today as it did in 1915. Much of this increase is due to the antifreeze solutions in our automobiles—ethyl alcohol made inseparably and undistillably poisonous with wood alcohol. Yes, your radiator compound is about the only mixture your bootie doesn't cook and bottle up for you.

But aside from antifreeze mixtures—which account for 75 per cent of the completely denatured alcohol—American industry is using alcohol in amounts and in processes which the general public has very little idea of. Most of us, before prohibition at least, when we thought of alcohol at all, connected it with Turkish baths, toy engines, toilet waters and surgery. But today there are countless other uses in science and manufacturing. Alcohol can be made from a hundred things, and a thousand things can be made from alcohol. And science, day by day and month by month, is finding thousands of new uses.

One great use includes the manufacture of celluloid in its many forms. Combs, brushes, manicure sets, toilet articles, films—above all, movie films—and a whole line of collodion and photographic products. Cosmetics, rouge, lipsticks, face lotions, hair tonics and barber supplies, not omitting shaving creams and soaps. Artificial leather, automobile seats, paint, varnish, embalming fluids and billiard balls, tooth paste and toilet waters, and, of course, thousands of drug and chemical products.

The Amount of Medicaments and Rubs Absorbed by Some Rural Communities Is Staggering

The American dye industry, hand-nurtured since the war, has drawn an ever-increasing amount of alcohol. The same is true of the manufacture of high-grade perfumes—an industry at one time virtually monopolized by the French. But now, with our tax-free denatured alcohol, American perfumes have almost run the imported off the market, so that the French have thrown up their hands and are practically confining themselves to sending over concentrated extracts and essential oils for combination with our domestic alcohol. America today is not only supplying most of its own needs in scented waters of all descriptions but is actually building up an export business.

But there are other and less common uses. That anæsthetic ether, guncotton and various other explosives have an alcohol base is a commonplace. But it's more surprising to know that the enormous and ever-growing production of artificial silk is also due to alcohol. Virtually all these peacetime plants are convertible almost overnight into grim wartime powder mills. The factory that turns out vanity sets today may be making high explosives for the war of tomorrow.

The making of artificial silk is a wholly new industry since the war, and a fascinating process into the bargain. Curiously enough, the process is not dissimilar to the making of smokeless powder. The weavable thread is made out of alcohol, ether and guncotton. Cotton linters—which are very low-grade cotton products—are nitrated, but the nitration is not carried quite so far as in the production of the explosive grades of nitrated cotton. This is perhaps fortunate, as otherwise, on some fine August day, your silk shirt might blow up. Well, the nitrated cotton is dissolved in a solution of alcohol and ether, and the mixture is then forced at tremendous pressure through tiny openings and is blown out into the air in the form of gossamerlike silken thread. And out of these cobwebby strands of alcohol and ether and decomposed wood fiber are woven the astonishingly beautiful and genuine-seeming textures known as artificial silk. The same alcohol that makes synthetic silk to fool the eye but not the washtub makes synthetic gin to fool the palate but not the kidneys. The same alcohol that makes synthetic ivory billiard balls makes synthetic highballs. The same alcohol that gives a man his jag gives a woman her manicure set, her lipstick and cosmetics, and the celluloid film when she spends an afternoon at the movies.

The Real Modern Toper

IT IS the very universality of the legitimate uses of alcohol that makes it so difficult to curb the illegal use which is warp and inseparable woof of its production and distribution. Now it may be a moot question whether the human system can get along without alcohol. But industry and science cannot. Man's body may not need alcohol, but man needs it to make the things that go on his body and that serve his comfort and convenience in a hundred daily uses.

The problem of prohibition enforcement would be measurably easier if industry could get over its thirst. But it can't. It craves alcohol just as badly as does the human tummy, and far more justifiably and in a hundredfold greater quantity. The problem of enforcement is to satisfy the lawful craving of industry while denying the unlawful thirst of the individual lawbreaker. You cannot curtail the manufacture of alcohol because some 15 per cent is diverted. You can't burn down the commercial house to drive out the alcoholic rats.

So much for that. Now let's see how alcohol is made, how it is denatured and how and where 10,000,000 gallons is diverted into bootleg channels. Most grain alcohol is not made from grain at all, but from molasses.

(Continued on Page 129)

The Diminishing Supply of Smuggled Goods Is Forcing "The Trade" to Use the Genuine Imported Almost as Though It Were an Essence
OLD RUM ROW WHISKEY
WYNGO
KING

Paradise-on-Chootchee, Florida

"You Two Bimbos Don't Look Like Regular Real-Estate Agents to Me, None That I Ever Saw"

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

NOW, friends, I want to say this: When a man goes in the real-estate business in Florida, he is liable to come out a little prejudiced. That's human nature, and I shouldn't wonder if I got a little of it in myself. So I'll tell you what happened to me and George McMonigle down in the land of the itching palm and the property orange, and I won't be hurt if you say, "Yes, but who believes it?"

The story opens with George and I reclining against a stack of bathtubs on the freight platform of the Palmetto Gold Coast Railroad at the magic city of Miami, called locally—got it right—"My-am'a." It was 3:25 P.M. of a perfect June day in early November, and the rattler we were waiting for had been overdue since 10:20 A.M. Ever traveled in Florida—tried to, I mean?

But that wasn't what I was mad about; I'll tell you. This George had had three hundred dollars of the United States that morning, half of it mine, and now a bookie over at Hialeah had it. We had picked the roll up in singles and deuces almost, touting for the *jai alai* game, and just when we had a stake, what does Treasurer George do? He puts the firm's assets down in one large dripping chunk on a red-hot tip on Henriquez and Hernandez in the third frame. Was I mad? I couldn't speak.

A fellow comes out of the agent's office, takes a flash around and sees nothing and bustles over to us.

"Hey," he says, cordial but not respectful, "you two 'bos want to pick up two bucks?"

"No," I said, speaking briefly.

"Well, the idea!" said George, trying to side in with me.

"We do," I said, just to cross him—the dummy.

"Walk this way," says the fellow, and he shows us one of those panorama maps such as they have in very high-toned real-estate offices in Miami. This one was twelve feet long and eight feet high, and was molded in plaster relief, with a wooden shadow box around it and sockets for electric lights. It was a work of art, showing a blue river, and yellow land cut up in lots, and green palm trees, and liver-colored mansions and hotels, and an American flag on a marble courthouse. It was called Paradise-on-Chootchee, and it looked like a long ton.

"Did you mean two apiece?" I asked, dubious of George's strength.

"Agreed," snapped the fellow, looking at his watch. "Hurry."

George took hold of the front end and I took the rear, and we heaved it up and walked after our party. It was not so heavy, especially after I directed George to move down nearer the middle; he is a big stout fellow, and needed the exercise more than I. We walked along First Avenue to Flagler Street, and then east on Flagler Street almost to Miami Avenue.

Miami has a population of a quarter of a million, a fellow was telling me; seventy-five thousand of them have a home, and the rest stand around Flagler Street. What do they do? Well, they talk real estate and swap lies, and eat hot hamburgers and drink pineapple juice, and answer all questions about the city with promptness and courtesy. This is how they answer, "Search me, brother! Don't mention it."

A real-estater in linen knickers and no hat or coat was leading a band of prospects toward his mart, urging them along at a half trot, barking orders to his confederate at the end of the line to watch out sharp for hijackers who might try to dash in and cut some of the band out. The prospects looked very picturesque in their native costumes of overcoats and all-wool suits and fur muffs and boas; they had evidently just been brought in from their homes in the frozen North. They looked bewildered and meek but not ill treated, though it was a shame to make the old ladies of the group run. Well, sir, when the headman is not watching, George shoves the front end of Paradise-on-Chootchee in between him and his catch. The headman was not more than ten seconds occupied in knocking people over and bursting around the end, and in that time, believe me or not, he lost half his convoy. A few of them had been on the *qui vive* for a chance to lam, after having had all expenses paid from Iowa or Indiana or wherever, and a shoal of real-estate agents in linen knickers who had been hanging on the flanks of the convoy accounted for the rest of the missing. They leaped right in and grabbed their prey, and started a high-speed selling talk, and maneuvered the chosen ones into hallways and basements and flivvers to hide.

And then George has to knock over a basket of oranges and set them to rolling hither and yon like a broken string of pearls. Now if there's one thing that's looked up to very highly in Florida it's oranges. They are the sacred fruit. Oh, they can be bought—I saw them on sale right there in Miami for only a dollar a dozen, which is not much more than they would cost in New York—but eating them and treating them rough is not *au fait* in Florida. They are called "Yankee food," and are used principally as real-estate props. The first yelp an immigrant lets out of him, whether he is brought in by the slave raiders or pays his own way, is "Ooh, look at the oranges on that tree!" And he is sold. The orange tree has the edge even on the palm; there is a big industry in cutting down the native pine trees and planting out palm trees, and they call the coconut palm the royal palm, but if the coconut is king the orange is still the ace. If you want oranges to eat, don't mention it when buying; there's a local feeling against depleting the visible supply.

So, what with George's haste and awkwardness, we are much in the way on Flagler Street, and I was mighty glad when our conductor turned into a real-estate office. We put down Paradise-on-Chootchee and wiped the dew off our necks; it was hot on Flagler Street. I pulled out the local newspaper and resumed reading the first-page story of a terrible blizzard in Ohio. It was mighty interesting; I could have stood for a few frost bites myself just then.

Our conductor comes out with the proprietor of the office, and they are having an argument. Our man says,

"There it is for you. I've made delivery. You'll get our bill in the morning."

The proprietor says, "Save your stationery, mister. I canceled that order yesterday. Look here, I gave you that order in August, and I've been waiting since. I can't do business like that. I don't want it now. Take it away "

"Nix," said our man. "It's been down in the freight station for the last six weeks. How can we take it back? It's no good to us."

"And it's no good to me," said the proprietor. "I only had an option on the acreage, and now it's expired."

"Aha," said our man, "so that's why! You'll hear from our lawyer." And he starts to walk off.

"Hey," I call. "Four bucks!"

"Don't give it to him until he pays you," he says, vanishing into the crowd. "Lien on it for your four dollars."

"We'll lean on your eye for our four dollars!" shouts George.

"You heard that, didn't you?" said I to the proprietor.

"Suits me," he said, disappearing into his deadfall.

"Then where do we get off, Peter?" complained George.

"We will leave it here, and go get that little squirt who hired us to carry it," said I. And we did that to a certain extent when a cop grabbed us.

They have smart cops in Miami, strapping young fellows with big gats strapped outside.

"Hey," said this clubman, "are you leaving your banner behind you? Take it along with you. And get off Flagler Street with it, too; I've been piping you."

"It's not ours, officer, honest," I said. "It belongs to that bozo in there. Make him take it, will you?"

"You brought it here, and you're going to take it away," said the cop, laying down the law.

We lifted up Paradise-on-Chootchee and carried it around into Miami Avenue. I wasn't going to give it up until somebody paid our traveling expenses with it, and accordingly we packed it down northeast Second Street to the Palmetto Gold Coast tracks again. Not seeing the scoundrel who had hired us, we lost hope, and were quietly shoving Paradise-on-Chootchee into the freight jam when the agent come out and caught us in the act.

"Can this go on the ten-twenty for Key West?" I said, bluffing. "On our ticket?"

"The ten-twenty left five minutes ago," he said. "Take this away with you. Nothing but perishables."

"Why, that's the train we were waiting for, Peter," said George. "It's left ahead of time."

"When is there liable to be another train?" I asked the agent. "No, never mind that time-table; I'm serious. Give us your honest opinion as an expert. You must have seen more trains than one during your years with the Palmetto. So step in there like a good fellow, and ring a date on that calendar for us to see."

"Never you mind the Palmetto," he said, giving us a look bursting with local pride. "If the likes of you would stay off it, we could haul more people who pay their fare. Will you take this dust catcher out of here? Here, Ike! Here, Moe!"

He calls a couple of Jim Crows, and they pick up Paradise-on-Chootchee and tote it across to a vacant lot and stand it up against a fence. George and I followed on. Not caring to mingle with the hot and peevish mob in the passenger station, I went around behind Paradise-on-Chootchee and sat down in the grateful shade of its many stately palm trees.

I must have dozed, because the next thing I knew George was handing me a ten-dollar bill.

"Half for you," he said.

I reached out to pinch him and see if he was awake, but he went away quickly around the corner. I heard voices out there, and it came to me that there was a crap game on. It is always high time to pull George out of a crap game, and when he has already taken ten dollars what could be sweeter? So I went around to get him.

There are three people scanning Paradise-on-Chootchee, and striving vainly to hide their admiration of the wonderful scenery. One of them is a lady, and she is full of covetousness and envy.

She said, "Will you take a binder from me at the same price, young man?"

George said, "I will take twenty dollars from you or anybody else, bar none."

"Then I will have this lot near the courthouse," she said, opening her bag and pulling out a sheaf of travelers' checks. "To whom do I make this out?"

"Peter Rook, madam," I answered in the nick of time.

"Do I have to sign anything?" she asked.

"Not a thing," I said. "Your word is amply sufficient."

I pouched the check, which was as good as gold, and thanked her for her patronage.

"You will find us here every afternoon while the weather and the police permit," I said, with a touch of humor that made her smile.

"Can you break a fifty, Peter?" sings out George, who has found money on another prospect. And I hand over my accumulated savings in exchange for a crinkly half century.

The best was yet to come. "And when and where do I pay the rest of the money?" says the prospect

"Yes, Peter, he is to pay more yet, honest he is," says George, seeing my eyes roll. "He owes us yet, Peter, a hundred and eighty dollars. I do not know what for, Peter, but that is how it is. The first fellow comes along asks me what we want, and I says twenty dollars for the lot, figuring he is buying the map, and he explains to me that is 10 per cent of two hundred dollars and he will pay the rest in one, two and three years."

The prospect looks us over suspiciously with this, and he says, "You two bimbos don't look like regular real-estate agents to me, none that I ever saw. And that reminds me, where is this lot I am buying and how do I get there? I guess you better give me back my twenty bucks "

"In a pig's eye," I said. "What do you think we are in the real-estate business for? There is no refund department in this business, young fellow. Take it on the run "

"I will get a cop," he promises, going off.

Well, naturally, George and I do not want any unpleasantness with the armed forces of Miami, so we pick up Paradise-on-Chootchee and run it up an alley and park it under a bougainvillea vine.

"The man's right," I said, as we hiked for Flagler Street. "You don't look no more like a real-estate agent than I do. Who ever saw a real-estate agent wearing a hat and coat and a regular pair of pants? We will throw away the upper works and get us each a pair of those nifty knickers, and then we will look like real real-estaters."

After an hour's hunt we found a clothing store that was still selling clothes, and we got fitted out from the waist

(Continued on Page 98

"We Ain't Seen a House or a Soul in Two Hours. Nobody Would Ever Come Out Here to See Our Property"

You Can Always Get Married

He Paused, Noting the Sheen of Her Hair in the Moonlight. "Promise That No Husband of Yours Will Ever Come Between Us?"

By DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

HER aunt, with whom she lived, insisted that it was high time Gloria took a husband. She was old enough, said Mrs. Bradford, to cut short her career of frivolity and settle down to the really serious things of life. To which Gloria, smiling like an angel who has had a particularly heavenly existence, replied that the really serious things of life left her cold, ruined her appetite and gave her goose flesh.

"Some day, of course," she'd admit, sighing, "I suppose I'll come to it. But at present I can't seem to strike the proper mental attitude. I'm too healthy." Whereupon her aunt, who was a widow and a practical woman, would point out to her that this was nonsense. And Gloria would say, with that ingenuousness which so became her, "But I'm a nonsensical person, Aunt Emma. I've searched my soul, and I can't find the slightest meaning to it. It's like one of those kaleidoscope things—full of nice bright bits that keep jiggling and changing. Awfully gay and nice, but the general effect doesn't make sense."

"It would if you got married," Aunt Emma rebuked her.

"Oh, marriage?" Gloria would answer, as though this were not the whole point and purpose of the matter. "Pff! You can always get married."

So it went along. Life was a carnival and Gloria attended it. One saw her at dances, whirling indefatigably about the room, floating from the arms of one man into the indistinguishable arms of another, her classic face a flushed oval of delight. One noticed her lunching at the Brevoort with painters, poets and other such outlandish folk, or at Sherry's with some high-toned johnny who was—she would explain—a survival of her polite youth. And no first night in the theater was complete without Gloria, who arrived, usually, just before the curtain, in an unwarrantable state of excitement, with this or that person—preferably a critic—in tow. Gloria had a weakness for critics. She said they were men who had achieved, through suffering, a childlike sweetness of nature.

Her best friend on earth, John Weare, was a critic. He wrote theatrical reviews for a smart new weekly magazine that loved him and paid him a living wage. At least, as he frequently remarked to Gloria, he was, in a moderate sort of way, alive and kicking. To which Gloria would reply that he was by all odds the most successful person in New York—and at times the most exasperating.

"You're the only man I know," she once told him, "who never gives me a chance to feel sorry for him. I'm coming down some day and darn your socks. If that doesn't do it, then I'll just never be able to feel sorry for you."

"Come along," said John.

So it became the custom for Gloria to drop in, once a month or so, at his modest apartment in East Eighth Street, for what she called a secret domestic orgy.

"I find it impossible to pity you," she confessed after one such visit. "But on the other hand I get rid of a lot of incipient feminine complexes. By fussing around with darning cotton and a dust cloth I fool my unconscious into believing that I'm really a contented housewife."

"Want to look out," warned John Weare. "Your unconscious may fool you one of these days."

"Pff!" said Gloria. "Who's afraid!"

Then one day, early in April, in the midst of a belated spring blizzard—a phenomenal day, take it all in all—Gloria arrived at John's apartment with snow in her auburn hair and a strange worry in her eyes.

"Hello," said John. "Glad you dropped in. Been working. Been looking at the blizzard. Tired of both. Let's have tea."

"Make it strong," commanded Gloria, throwing her things on the couch. "I'm feeling frightfully low."

"What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing," she muttered. "Mind if I poke up the fire?"

"Do." So she sat down before the old-fashioned coal grate and poked the fire while he floundered about in the dark closet where his cooking facilities were located.

Finally he came out, looked at her and said, "Can't fool papa. Something's happened. Tell me."

She glanced up at him, smiling, he thought, quite pathetically.

"It's Aunt Emma," murmured Gloria; "something she said to me."

"Must have been something horrible," he commented. "Never saw you so depressed."

"It was horrible. Perfectly fiendish! And oh, so true!"

"What was it?"

"Well," said Gloria, "Aunt Emma said—it was at luncheon, she'd been lecturing me steadily for an hour, and I'd stood her off as best I could, when all at once she pointed her finger at me and said, 'Gloria Bradford, you're twenty-seven years old!' And I was completely crushed."

"Ha!" said John Weare. "Look at me! I'm thirty-two!"

"Yes," she answered despondently, "and I know men who are forty; I even know women who are forty, incredible as it may seem. But that doesn't sweeten my lot. I'm twenty-seven. That's the dreadful, the unescapable fact!"

Weare looked at her curiously and rather sternly.

"Disappointed in you," he said with emphasis. "Thought only silly women worried about their ages. Thought you were too intelligent."

"Don't scold me, John dear. I can't stand it. Besides, what right have you to think I'm intelligent? I'm sure I've never given you any reason to suspect ——"

"Stop fizzing," he ordered.

"Yes, John."

"And for heaven's sake stop looking crushed! You may feel as flat as a pancake, but no good showing it."

"No, John."

"H'm!" he said, studying her analytically. "Now I'll state the case—help you to clear your mind—see things rationally."

"Yes, my darling?"

"Point is," he analyzed, fumbling his chin, "you've suddenly realized that life is finite. Thoughtless youth gives place to contemplative maturity and slight panic sets in. Cumulative effect of Aunt Emma's lectures finally makes impression. You hear the clock ticking."

"I do," admitted Gloria; and added, with one of her vagrant transitions of mood, "I also hear the kettle boiling."

"What? Oh, yes! Well, then let's have tea."

He drew a small table to the hearth; Gloria assembled cups and saucers and brought the porcelain pot from the kitchenette. They sat down gratefully to tea and muffins—incidentally toasted on the fire shovel—and marmalade.

"At least," she sighed, "I'll always have you. Even when I'm married, we'll still keep up our friendship, won't we?"

"Even when you're —— My Lord, Gloria, don't tell me you're actually thinking of ——"

"—— of getting married? Yes, I am."

"Lord!" he repeated, dazed.

"After all," she went on thoughtfully, "why shouldn't I marry? A strapping wench like me, with money of my own, a sound constitution and no particular ambitions. I'm healthy, inside and out; I've no career to cramp me, and —— Oh, well, I suppose I'm tired of playing around," said Gloria, and sighed again and looked like an angel who suddenly has grown weary of her heavenly existence.

John tilted up his head and looked at her.

"Beginning to believe you're serious," he said weightily.

"Why should you doubt me?"

"Well, but it's such a complete reversal of form! Never heard of anything so inconsistent."

"You forget," said Gloria, tasting her tea, "that I'm a woman."

"Ha-ha!" shouted John.

"You needn't laugh. There's something in it!"

He stopped laughing and pulled his chin and said, "H'm! So there is. Curious how our modern superiority vanishes in the light of the ancient physiological platitudes. Here you are, a thoroughgoing young modern ——"

"Thanks for the adjective," interrupted Gloria.

"But you are also—accidentally enough—a woman. Therefore you feel that you must marry a husband, and when I ask you why the hell, or words to that effect, you justify your action by pointing solemnly to your sex!"

"Just the same," she retorted, "it's a good reason."

"Of course it is. Splendid! But rather extraordinary you've just discovered it," said John with some asperity.

Gloria was dignified.

"The modern woman marries deliberately," she stated, "and with her eyes open. Take me, for example. I intend to marry, but I don't intend to do it hastily or on a sentimental basis. I shall take time to consider everything."

"How much time?" he asked.

"Well," said Gloria thoughtfully, "I shan't choose a husband till the end of May, at least."

"Two months," observed John. "H'm. You're going to make an intensive campaign of it?"

"I am."

"And may I inquire which one of your numerous admirers you've decided to accept?"

"That's just the point," answered Gloria. "I haven't decided."

"Not definitely, perhaps. But there must be someone ——" John paused; then gave her an accusing stare. "H'm! Of course that's it. You've gone and fallen in love—I mean more than usually—and got excited over it. Though I don't see how it's possible this time of year, so early in the spring, with a blizzard raging."

"It isn't," said Gloria, "and I haven't. I assure you I'm perfectly sober—I mean sane—I mean unbiased."

"Then you've no particular candidate?"

"No. I thought I'd talk it over with you," she explained sweetly, "and sort of make out a list."

"A list?"

"Of possible husbands, you know. Because I might fall down on the first one or two."

"Gloria!" he said; and for a moment sat blinking at her in amazement—an amazement not without its element of suspicion. "Are you," he demanded, "by any chance making a fish of your friend John?"

"Indeed I'm not! I'm simply asking your advice in helping me to pick out a husband. You see, the trouble is that all the men I know are so nice—not consistently brilliant, perhaps, but nice."

"Brilliance," said John, "is not a characteristic of the best husbands. Who's Number One on the list?"

"I told you I hadn't decided. There's Tommy Fenton and Berwick Paine and Percy Wolfe—Percy's brilliant enough, heaven knows! But I sort of thought I'd start with Bartley Thompson."

"Thompson!" exploded John; then he grinned. "H'm! Yes, Thompson might do. Bad playwright. Ought to make good husband. Handsome, hard-working, sober and industrious. Never fails to sell his movie rights. Nice taste in neckties. Incurably romantic."

"Bart," said Gloria, "is much better than his plays."

"Granted," said John, "in the name of humanity."

"And he's healthy. He told me he went regularly to the Y. M. C. A. and exercised with dumb-bells."

"Must get some of his inspiration from them," jeered her friend the critic. But Gloria was impervious to this shallow irony.

"The more I think of it," she mused, "the more I'm convinced that Bart's the man."

"All right," John told her. "Have Bart if you want him. But that's the end of our friendship. Bart hates me. Thinks I'm poison. I've knocked his plays."

"Pff!" returned Gloria. "He'll forgive you. I'll see to that. I won't have any feud between my best friend and my prospective husband."

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"I've Changed My Tactics. From Now On I'm Going to be—Not Modern But Universal. I'm Going to Leave it to Fate"

FLORIDA FIREWORKS

By Kenneth L. Roberts

Cutting and Crating Celery in the Field in Orange County, Florida

WHEN professional or amateur philosophers are hard pressed for a bit of high-tension wisdom they sooner or later have recourse to the moldy theory that when a man makes better mousetraps or nut picks than anybody else, he may dwell in the depths of the darkest forest, with no neighbors except an occasional muskrat and a flock of itinerant chickadees, and still an eager populace will wear a path to his door. From the frequency with which this theory is brought out into the cold, cruel light of day and dusted off and held up to the admiring gaze of all bystanders, it is obvious that many Northerners still consider it a great fundamental truth.

In Florida, however, it is not so considered. It may be that a new country hasn't so much use or so much time for philosophy as an older country; it may be that this particular bit of philosophy is a trifle more rancid than has been generally thought; but whatever the reason, the philosopher who tried to use this theory as a part of his stock in trade in Florida would be loudly and openly advised to give up philosophy and turn to some more congenial pursuit, such as shoveling sand.

Where Silence Is Not Golden

FLORIDA philosophy holds that every purchaser instinctively throws up a wall of resistance to protect himself against the person who has something to sell. Consequently, it argues, the person who makes mousetraps, even though they are supermousetraps, and then sits among the chickadees in the depth of the forest primeval and waits for the world to fight its way to the door in search of the mousetraps will soon starve to death unless he attracts attention to his mousetraps by means of the most powerful ballyhoo at his command.

This belief is particularly prevalent in Florida real-estate circles, and there seem to be good grounds for the belief. As is well known to all enterprising Florida real-estate dealers, the Florida climate was enjoyed at comparatively early dates by such able and farsighted tourists as Juan Ponce de León, Hernando de Soto, Sir Francis Drake, Gen. Andrew Jackson and Gen. Zachary Taylor. The climate was as mild and pleasing and beneficent in those days as it is at present; but none of these gentlemen bought real estate—a fact that they would be certain to regret deeply if they could return to Florida today. Yet if the natural advantages of the state could have been pointed out to them through skillfully worded advertisements, or by real-estate salesmen who knew their business, it is safe to say that they would have gone in heavily for Florida acreage.

It is also a fact that Americans of the present day are inclined to be as backward as De Soto and Ponce de León and Andrew Jackson unless they can be exposed to a well-developed Florida ballyhoo. They entrain in Northern cities, where dirty snow may cover the iron-hard earth with a repulsive blanket, and where human wrists and ankles are chapped and sore from the merry blasts of good old King Winter; and they descend from their trains beside palm-fringed blue waters from which silvery mullet hurl themselves hysterically and continuously in graceful parabolas, or in towns where trees are green, heavy underwear is unknown and unovercoated persons move in comfort—except when dodging the automobiles, which mysteriously appear to outnumber the inhabitants.

Residences Rising on a New Florida Development

If left to their own devices these travelers from the North would look in admiration at the ever-increasing office buildings of Jacksonville and Tampa and Miami, at the sapphire lakes and orange groves of Orlando and the ridge country, at the cities of East and West and Central Florida that burst out of their clothes each week and are constantly noisy with growing pains, at the perfect roads that have been thrown across country where it was thought no roads would ever penetrate, at the tall cargo ships of every nation that lie in harbors which held nothing but diminutive pleasure craft until two years ago, at the sweet-potato fields of De Funiak Springs and the celery fields of Manatee County and the tomato fields of Dade County and the great rich farms of the Everglades, and at all the other remarkable growths that Florida has produced in recent years. They would look at these things and wag their heads in pleased surprise, and occasionally remark: "Pretty good place; warm and nice; like to live here some day." And then they go home without taking any steps to live there some day.

Spellbinders and Real-Estate Binders

HENCE, therefore, the ballyhoo; hence the loud outcry and the beating on tom-toms and the tumultuous uproar that emanates from the Florida real-estate dealers and all others who have at heart the building of the state.

Hence the reluctance of the Floridian to live in the deep woods and wait for the public to wear a path to his door. Hence the inclination of the Floridian to push out into the center of things, to locate his door where the public can't miss it, and to call the world's attention in no muted tones to the super real estate behind it.

Hence, in short, the free use in Florida of the most powerful and exciting advertising methods that can be evolved by intelligent and industrious press agents and advertising experts, and the determination on the part of each Floridian to tell the truth about Florida—no matter how favorable it may be—until he develops train announcer's tonsils.

The combined result of the newspaper advertisements, conversation, climate and real-estate arguments that go to make up the Florida ballyhoo is weakening in the extreme to the wall of resistance with which the purchaser is supposed to protect himself against the seller.

This wall is known in real-estate parlance as sales resistance; and the average visitor to Florida has as much chance of retaining his sales resistance in all its Northern perfection as

a full-grown man has of retaining the boyhood nickname Babe after he has grown a full set of whiskers.

Florida is frequently visited by Northern gentlemen whose tightness is so well established that they are popularly supposed to squeak whenever they stoop suddenly. In the North these gentlemen sometimes spend weeks and months and even years in viewing with the deepest suspicion any land investment that may be offered to them. They not only look at a piece of Northern real estate from all sides before dropping their money into it but they look at it from several sides whose existence is unknown even to believers in the fourth dimension.

When they come to Florida, however, something is apt to happen as soon as they are exposed to the ballyhoo. Nobody can be sure what it is that happens. The visitors aren't sure and the native Floridians aren't sure The only thing that has any resemblance to it is the thing that happens in popular works of fiction when something seems to snap in the hero's brain.

No sooner has the tight and ordinarily suspicious Northerner entered Florida than he buys land at prices that are almost universally acknowledged to be too high; and everybody, including himself, thinks that he has made a shocking exhibition of himself. There is also some feeling against the person who sells him the land, usually. Either privately or publicly, he is characterized as a robber.

Foresight and Hindsight

NOT many years ago a wealthy, astute and socially prominent Chicago lady bought hundreds of thousands of acres of land on the west coast of Florida for three dollars an acre. The man who sold her the land was generally abused by his associates for charging her such a dreadful price. He was apologetic, but claimed that he couldn't do anything about it because the lady wished to pay it. She had succumbed to some early but effective ballyhooing.

Owing to the small size of adding machines now in use in Florida, it is difficult to estimate the present value of the same land; but its value per acre sounds as disgustingly inflated to the local residents as did three dollars an acre when the lady bought it

Some ten years ago, when the Florida ballyhoo was a thin and ineffectual piping, like the piping of infant frogs in a roadside swamp, a distinguished New York lawyer was talked into purchasing at Palm Beach a narrow strip of land running from the ocean to Lake Worth—a distance of a few hundred yards—for the horrifyingly large amount of $84,000. On the strip he built a home. People were willing to admit his ability as a lawyer, but all of them agreed that as a land buyer he was the king of the lack-wits.

In 1922 the ballyhoo had grown stronger, and somebody tried to talk him into accepting the fantastic sum of $240,000 for the property. The gentleman who made the offer was universally regarded as being totally deficient in sense. The lawyer at once confirmed his acquaintances in their opinion of his lack-wittedness by refusing the offer.

In 1923 the ballyhoo was loud and penetrating, and he was talked into selling his property for $800,000 to a man who was regarded as being crazy. The same property, in 1924, when the Florida ballyhoo had risen to a thunderous roar, was sold as small building lots for the preposterous sum of $1,500,000 to people who were thought to be

A Bit of Florida's Most Effective Ballyhoo. One of Orange County's 1500 Lakes

demented. If anyone was enough of an imbecile to wish to buy it up in 1925, he might have been able to do so for $4,000,000 or $5,000,000

In the early days of Florida a visitor's sales resistance had to do its own collapsing, and it could not always be depended on to do this.

For many years the large hotels of St. Augustine and Tampa and Palm Beach and Miami were occupied during the winter months by guests whose visits to the Southland were enlivened by the purchase of little or nothing to remind them of their sojourn in the near-tropics save an occasional stuffed flying fish and a live baby alligator with which the little ones at home could mess up the bathtub.

Florida newspapers were small, depressing affairs whose chief news item was apt to consist of a thrilling tale of how John Jones had picked 268 crates of oranges, while the advertising frequently stopped with enticing descriptions of three fever remedies and a terse but important announcement of the prices at which canned corn, canned peaches and soda crackers were being retailed at the local grocery.

Real-estate dealers avoided the state on the theory that all the dry land in Florida was occupied exclusively by hotels. Consequently no attack was made on the sales resistance of the visitors. It lay dormant winter after winter, and nobody knew that it was alive.

Prose Poems From the Promoter's Pen

NOWADAYS, when a newcomer to Florida reaches for a newspaper in any sizable town, he frequently finds that it is from three to five times the size of the New York Times or the New York World on week days, that its Sunday edition contains almost enough white paper for the printing of two volumes of any large encyclopedia, and that half its advertising pages are devoted to advertisements that threaten the reader with intoxicating profits from the purchase of real estate

Nearly all its remaining advertising pages are given over to equally agitating real-estate advertisements that say nothing about profits, but that describe proposed multi-million-dollar developments and resorts with such artistry and cunning that the reader's eyes throb with interest and avarice, and he longs passionately to join in the profits

The Florida real-estate advertiser, pursuing the Florida theory that a violet has a better chance of being sold if it is placed behind a plate-glass window instead of being left beside a mossy stone, is greatly addicted to taking a full page on which to set forth his piquant facts and fancies. The eye is distracted by ravishing sketches of Spanish mansions, Venetian palazzi, cloistered patios, palm-shaded canals, dream cities, motorboats that never break down, bathing girls whose knees are never knobby, fishermen who have always caught a record-breaking fish, beautiful children who play sweetly and happily without falling in the water or bursting into harrowing screams or hitting each other with shovels or pointed sticks, and suchlike matters. Beneath the pictures are prose poems that lure, predict, sob, threaten, sing, cajole, promise and insinuate.

"Beyond the palm fronds of our enchanted isle," throbs one, "will lie the dream homes in which weary humans may rest amid beauties of clime and refinements of architecture unequaled in any age or country. Here, far from the madding crowd, our 125-foot lots offer complete protection from the tumultuous goings and comings of the motor age, while through the heart of this romantic wonderland will run a 100-foot boulevard in whose exclusive shops milady may obtain all the finest products of our supercivilization, from dainty underthings to the smartest products of the Place Vendôme. Will you get these lots at predevelopment prices, or spend the remainder of your life in vain regrets?"

Another speaks even more specifically and forcefully, and plunges into the heart of things with the statement: "Sure! You want to make

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PHOTO BY OAKE & TOWNSLEE BOYNTON FLORIDA

East Coast Property That Materially Aids the Real-Estate Salesman in His Passionate Florida Ballyhooing

The Temptation of Willie Painter

By FRANK MANN HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"Nothing Doing," I Repplies Firm. "If I am Going to be a Crook I Won't be No Cheap 1"

DEVONSHIRE RACE TRACK.

WELL here I am back oncet more on a race track where I belong and it sure seems to me like it was years and years since I had my acksident althought Mr. Tom Robbins says he can't hardly believe it is a month even I been away as it only seems like a week or so to him so I guess from that he must of missed me more than he cares to say in actually words. And I guess he was not the only 1 which missed me neither because when I arrive this A.M. it caused quiet a sensation at the track what with all the owners and swipes greating me with "Well if here ain't the bed-rideing kid," and "Well look what the wind blowed in," and simlar expressions of joy; and even that big cheesnut geldin of ours was so glad to see me that when I went into his stall he fair kicked up his heels from glee and dam near landed me in the ribs only I dodged too quick.

My busted collar bone has nitted swell and I feel fit or ready to ride the race of my life right now only I don't think I should ought to take no risks with it yet with no heavy work like scrapeing stables and cleaning tack and when I hinted same to Mr. R. he agrease with me and says, "Sure thing Willie take good care of yourself because boys with nerve like you got is scarce and if I remember correct I managed to run a stable not so bad before ever you joined us even." So I will take it kind of easy for a wile and not do notheing except work a few horses each morning till I regame my strenght, though I guess if somebody was to offer me a mount in a race this afternoon I could ride as good a trip 1-hand as most of the punks around here can with both theirs. I don't like to talk about myself much but if some of the boys rideing here is jockeys then I am Queen of the Movies.

I haven't had no time to take a look at this town of Windsor yet but from what I have saw and heard I don't think a guy would have to look far to find any kind of action he wanted. But I don't suppose I will spend much of my spare time in Windsor because just acrost the river is Detroit and they tell me she is 1 swell city and everybody there crazy about horses and horsemen.

I got a friend over there too, a gentlemen which made hisself aquainted with me on the train comeing here. He is a grand fellow although kind of old, 35 or so, and a great follower of raceing and when he learned whom I am he was much inpressed because he has read about me in the papers althought never saw me ride as yet. He is president of a fern which makes automobile axles and he says to me jokeingly, "When the steweds set you down for life for some of your bum rides come and see me and I will give you a job." His name is Mr. George Matthews and he give me his card with his address printed on it.

Well I am too tired to do no sight-seen tonight but tomorrow I will go and give this Detroit the oncet-over and see how I like it. So now I will hit the old hay, but 1st I mustn't forget to write a line or 2 to maw because she is the kind that worries. Before I come away she says to me, "Willie don't forget to change your underwhere and don't forget to write and take good care of yourself because you are going where it is tough and I am that ascared that 1 of these tough men will do you some harm." Most boys would of just laughed at their maws for talkeing that way, but I just patted her arm and clamed her fears, I am like that. I says to her, "Maw, if any of these tough eggs tries to tangle with me you do all your worrying for him, not me maw."

DEVONSHIRE RACE TRACK.

WELL I give this Detroit the oncet-over last evening and she sure is 1 buzy city and no wonder everybody is crazy about horses and horsemen because from what I saw it looks like the only chance they have of ever seeing a horse is on a race track or either in a Soo. I never thought there is so many automobiles in the hole world as they got there and just to cross a street from 1 side to the other side a guy has to take more desperate chances than comeing through on the rail in a 12-horse 2-year old race. There must be 2 or 3 pretty smooth-working automobile agents in that town I will say.

But even if it is a big city and a buzy city it did not take me long to bust right into the middle of the swellestest society. Going over on the fairy boat which runs acrost the river between Windsor and Detroit I noticed a classy-looking jane standeing all by herself. She is dressed in the very hight of fashion and looks so refinery and dignifried that you would bet your life she would about spit in anybody's eye that tried to get fresh with her. But when she seen me she kind of smiled and looked away, and then I kind of smiled and looked away so she would not peg me for 1 of these cake-eating Shreiks that try to make every girl they see. So in a minute or 2 she come over to where I am.

"I beg your pardon," she says, "but haven't we met somewheres?"

"Maybe we have," I says, polite like always, "but if we did I can't remember notheing about it."

"Oh," she says, "you're a jock ain't you?"

"How did you guess it?" I answers.

"It ain't hard to tell that," she says, "because I always say there ain't no class of men dress so elegant as jockeys. Besides, even if we haven't met I guess I have saw your picture in the papers often enough."

"Is that so?" I says, kind of cold and severe. "Well if you have saw my picture then you must know whom I am."

"I know you are 1 of the topnotchers," she says, "but I got a awful poor memory for faces and I can't remember weather you are Clarence Kummer or 1 of the Fator boys."

Of course that made me pretty sore, her mistakeing me for stars like them, I am like that. So I ansered her pretty stern.

"You probly got my picture mixed up with somebody elses," I says, "I am Jockey Painter and I haven't yet win as much fame as the jocks you mention—at lease not quiet."

"Oh how moddest you are," she says. "And how foolish of me to get you mixed up because now I remember real well saying to my girl friend the 1st time I saw your picture, 'My what a distingwish face, he don't look like no jockey he looks more like a vodeville actor.' Is this your 1st visit to our city Jockey Painter?"

So I told her a few facts about myself and 1 thing led to another thing until finably she confesses to me that her old man is the Mare of Detroit and would ½ merder her if he ever found out she had spoke to a stranger without no intraduction.

"And you must think I am awful for doing it, too, Jockey Painter," she says.

"Oh no," I repplies, "when a man is prominent in the public eye as you might say, he gets use to folks comeing up and speaking to him."

"That's swell of you to say that," she says. "I was afraid you might think I am the kind of a girl which would make free with any old stranger."

"I don't make them kind of mistakes," I ansers. "A man who has travelled like I have in all parts can tell class whenever he sees same."

"That's swell of you to say that," she repplies. "I wonder would you think I am terrible bold if I was to ast you to have dinner with me. I'm afraid I can't invite you to come to the house because Mr. Ford is dinning with dad this evening and of course you know the merely mention of horses is poizon to him. But I know that dad wouldn't never forgive me if I was to let a distingwish visitor not have some form of entertrainment on his 1st visit to our city, so if you would care to come to some restarant I am sure I would be only too proud to do the honors."

So we had quiet a argument over that because naturally I says that it is me that must do the honors. But she insists that I am to be her geust so rather than get her sore on me I agrease. So then we went to a grand hotel and had dinner and I hope to say it was some dinner too, because we started off with soup and never missed a bet on the card all the way down to the chease. Our bill come to $11.40 and the reason I know how much it was is because when the time come to pay it Rita—her name is Rita—discovers that she has came out that afternoon without hardly any

jack and you never seen a girl so embarrass as what she was when she looked in her purse and discovers her mistake. But of course I was wise to what her trouble was before she could tell me even, so of course I just picked up the bill and paid it without a word and give the waiter a half a buck for hisself too, I am like that.

She was awful grateful to me and says I am a gentleman in every cents of the word and can I ever forgive her for being such a dummy.

So I just says it was my party and to not worry her little head over no triffle like that; but she insists that she is going to pay me back that $11.40 the next time she sees me which will be tomorrow night. She is to meet me in a place called Grand Circus Park because she says it is about the only quiet and secluded spot in Detroit.

I took her within a couple of blocks of her house and left her there as she did not want me to come right home with her on account the neighbors are so gabby. I says to her, "You would think that a great city like Detroit would have the Mare's house in a sweller neighborhood than this," but she tells me they are only liveing there temperary while the official residents is being cleaned and redeckorated. I kind of wondered about it till she told me because all the houses around where I left her had cards with ROOMS AND BOARD in their windows.

So then I found my way back to the dock dodging automobiles every 3 inches it seemed like and caught the fairy boat back here to Windsor. I bet some of the punks around here would about throw a shoe for jeallousy if I told them I been dinning with the Mare of Detroits daughter but of course I will not let on notheing about it because it would sound like I was boosting, I am like that.

DEVONSHIRE RACE TRACK.

I GUESS I showed the customers a flash of real class in the 2nd race this afternoon, finishing 3rd on a old mare which anybody but me would of been lucky to got her round the track before the start of the next heat. The name of this mare is Gold Hide and Mr. Tom Robbins says that if they had of left the G off her name it would fit her like a coat of paint. The reason she is in our barn is on account old Moses McIntosh kicked off sudden

The Horse Knows
That the Master Hand is Missing From the Saddle and Grabs Hold of the Bit and Runs Away

while I was away and when they come to distribute what he had left among them what he owed dough to, Mr. Robbins gets this Gold Hide mare to pay him for a $135 I O U of Moseses.

"I am sticking her in the 2nd race today just to make sure none of her legs fall off before I sell her to some milk peddler," Mr. R. says to me this A.M., "and as it don't matter a dam what kind of a bum ride she gets, I am going to let you have her Willie, because it will be a good chance to see if you forgot what little you know about rideing while you was in that hosspital."

"I bet you got some other reason for running her," I repplies, "because you know how good I can ride just as well as I do myself."

"And maybe that ain't the truth," he ansers. "Well, if you must know everything Willie, the real reason I am running her is because I want to put in a claim for that geldin of Art Francises and I got to have a entry in the same race or else I can't make no claim. Anyways, you needn't take no desperate chances with that precious neck of yours trying to pull no Garrison finish because if you were to use the bat on her from barrier to wire she would about be kissing the 8th pole when they are putting the numbers up."

"Perhaps I will supprise you," I says. "Young Izzy Schlitz has been doing all the riding for old Moses McIntosh and all Izzy knows about the game is that you get ten bucks for rideing a losing trip; how much they pay you for winning is a mystery to him and always will be. So maybe with a real rider on her the old mare might cop a piece of that purse."

"Any piece of the purse she cops I will split it with you Willie," says Mr. R., "only don't go buying no new cloths on the strenght of my big-hearted offer or else your tailor is libel to run you ragged trying to collect."

So when we were going to the post all the other jocks were kiddeing me about my mount, asting me if it was my old grandmother I was takeing out for a airing and the like. But I didn't say notheing back but when Mr. Cassidy the starter sprang the barrier I had the old girl away like a flash and getting her over on the rail I managed to steal quiet a long lead on the rest of the gang. Comeing down the stretch she was all ready to chuck it and call it a day but I talked into her ear and kidded her along and then give her a couple wallops with the bat where they would do the most good; and the result was that she lasted long enough to be 3rd by a eyelash althought I will admit that if the race had of been 2 jumps longer we would about finished 9th or worse. I never yet had 1 that was so easy to stop after we had passed the wire.

However, even if she was all in, it was our number that was stuck in the 3rd hole and that is what counts. Our piece of the purse amounts to a hundred bucks and half of that belongs to me which is not so bad. The old bank roll is pretty well shot, what with 1 thing or another, and this will be a nice start towards fattening it oncet more.

As I had no more mounts for the day I didn't have to stick in the jocks room after the race, so I took a shower bathe and got dressed up and went and mindled with the crowd. And whom should I run into but this Mr. George Matthews which I met on the train. He was in company

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"Oh No," I Repplies, "When a Man is Prominent in the Public Eye as You Might Say, He Gets Use to Folks Comeing Up and Speaking to Him"

BED CASES

By W. W. JACOBS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

Too Expensive,' Sez the Doctor. You See, I'm a West End Man, and We're Not Allowed to See a Patient Under a Pound a Visit'"

THE night watchman was ill at ease, and all ordinary positions failing to give relief, adopted several entirely out of keeping with his age and figure. A voice from the west wharf which wanted to know whether he was going onto the stage, and if so, whether he was going to wear tights, brought him at once to a more becoming position. His voice was broken with pain, but the masterly fashion in which he dealt with his tormentor's ancestors and the future behavior of his descendants, left nothing to be desired. Uncouth voices, lacking in variety, was the only retort.

"It took me sudden yesterday morning, just arter brekfuss," said the night watchman. "The woman—if you can call 'er a woman—next door but one 'ad given my missis best part of a tin of salmon. I wondered at the time why she gave it away—now I know. I ate it all, except one mouthful wot my missis threw in the fireplace, and in less than a couple of hours arterwards I thought my last hour 'ad come."

He clasped his hands at the waistline and rocked to and fro. Faint moans and indignant grunts attested to his suffering.

"I've been taking things for it ever since and nothing seems to do it any good," he resumed, in an interval. "First of all, I tried a couple o' pints to see wot that 'ud do, and the barman told me to go and die outside. He said wot I ought to 'ave 'ad was rum, so I 'ad a quartern. Arter that 'e put me outside—me being too ill to stop 'im—and an old gentleman wot was passing took me into a chemist's shop and stood treat. I don't know wot it was the chemist gave me, but a'most direckly arterwards there was a little crowd round the door, peeping in and behaving theirselves as if I was a Punch and Judy show. Some of 'em follered me 'ome, and it was all my missis could do to stop 'em coming inside and helping 'er put me to bed."

He rose, and stifling a moan, took a few paces up and down the jetty.

"Seems to be passing off a bit for the time," he said, resuming his seat. "It sort o' comes and goes, but it comes longer than it goes. It's funny 'ow soft and kind-'earted illness makes you. Three times yesterday arternoon I called my missis upstairs to tell 'er that I couldn't pass away without letting 'er know I'd forgiven her. She on'y came the first time, but that wasn't my fault. I called 'er loud enough.

"It seems to me to be the same complaint that Ginger Dick had a year or two ago—on'y worse—and he made a great deal more fuss about it, being a free-spoken man and not minding much wot he said about things he didn't like.

"It came on in a public 'ouse in the Commercial Road, and it was so sudden, and Ginger made such a funny noise, that Sam and Peter Russet thought at first he 'ad swallered 'is pipe.

"'Wot's the matter?' ses the landlord.

"'He's swallered 'is pipe,' ses Sam.

"'You're—a—liar,' ses Ginger, groaning.

"'Wot is it then?' ses the landlord.

"Ginger shook his 'ead. 'I don't know,' he ses in a weak voice. 'I think it's the Bass.'

"'Outside,' ses the landlord. 'D'ye 'ear me? Outside!'

"Ginger went out with Sam propping 'im up on one side and Peter the other and the landlord shoving 'im behind. His groans was 'eart-rending and the way he talked against beer made Sam and Peter blush for shame. They stood on the pavement for a little while and then helped 'im on to a tramcar, and two minutes arterwards the conductor and four or five passengers helped 'im off again.

"'Wot's to be done now?' ses Sam.

"'Shove 'im in a puddle and leave 'im,' ses Peter, very swagger.

"'I can't 'elp it. I feel as if I'd swallered fireworks,' ses Ginger.

"'Little touch o' stummickache,' ses Sam.

"'Wot keeps going off,' ses Ginger. 'Oh! Oh, my!'

"'Ave you got any pain?' ses Peter. 'That'll do! That'll do! Why can't you give a civil answer to a civil question?'

"He walked on, leaving Ginger 'anging onto Sam and talking at the top of his voice. O' course a crowd got round and told Sam wot to do, until Ginger left off being ill for a little while to attend to a chap as 'ad told Sam to stand 'im on his 'ead. If it 'adn't ha' been for a cab wot 'ad stopped to see wot the row was about, Ginger would most likely 'ave been given some medicine by the doctor at the police station, but, as it was, Sam pushed 'im into the cab and they drove off. Ginger sat on Sam's lap, with one arm round 'is neck and one foot sticking out of the winder, and when Sam said they'd both be more comfortable if he sat up on the seat like a Christian, he put 'is other arm round Sam's neck and said if he 'ad any more of 'is lip he'd choke 'im.

"It was a most uncomfortable drive—especially for Sam. When Ginger wasn't groaning he was swearing with pain, and saying wot 'e would like to do to Sam and Peter and the cabman and landlords and a boy on a bicycle wot 'ad caught 'old of his foot as he passed and tried to pull it off. By the time they got 'ome he was raving, but he kept 'is senses and neither Sam or the cabman could get the money for the fare out of 'is trowsies pocket and Sam 'ad to pay it 'imself.

"Peter Russet came in just as Sam was trying to take Ginger's boots off without being kicked, and between 'em they got him undressed and made 'im wot they called comfortable, but wot 'e called a lot of other things.

"'He's gorn a nasty color,' ses Sam to Peter Russet.

"'Like dirty putty,' ses Peter, nodding.

"'It's often like that—just afore the end,' ses Sam in wot 'e thought was a low voice.

"'Wot end?' ses Ginger, sitting up, his eyes 'arf starting out of his 'ead.

"'You lay down, Ginger,' ses Sam in a kind voice; 'you lay down and 'ope for the best. We're doing all we can for you. If you pass away it won't be our fault.'

"'Pass away!' ses Ginger, in a choking voice. 'I ain't going to pass away.'

"'No, no, o' course not,' ses Sam. 'Still ——'

"'Still wot?' ses Ginger, glaring at 'im.

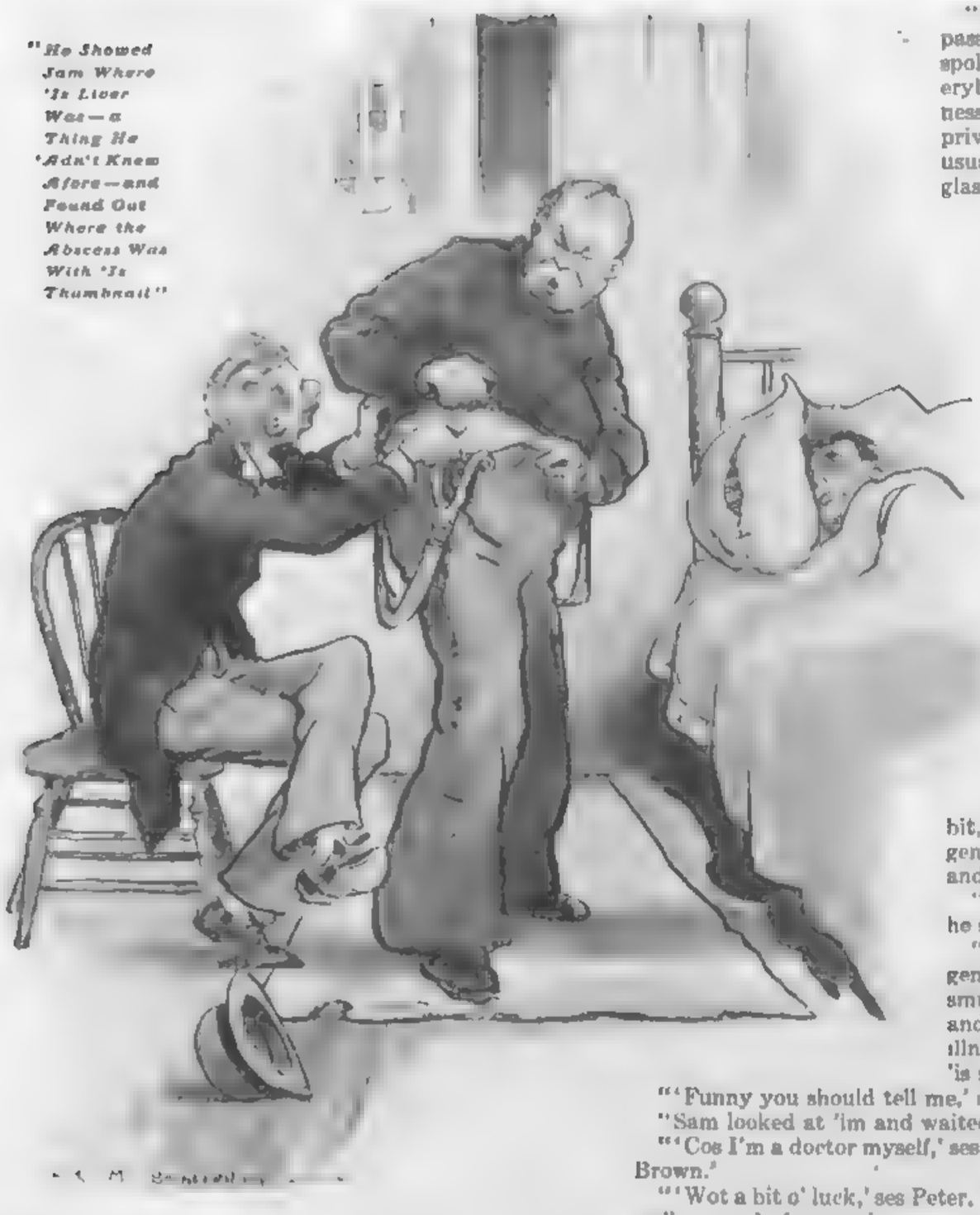
"'I should stop using that bad langwidge if I was you,' ses Sam.

"'In case,' ses Peter.

"Poor Ginger looked at 'em and then he wiped the perspiration off of 'is face with the sleeve of his shirt and laid down very quiet.

"Even when Peter Russet sat on 'is foot by mistake he didn't say anything, but no doubt 'is thoughts was just as bad.

"He laid quite quiet for about 'arf an hour, and then finding that 'e was still alive he began to pick up 'is spirits a bit. Fust of all he asked Sam if 'e didn't know better than to smoke a filthy pipe that ought to ha' been thrown away years ago, in a sick mate's bedroom; and arter that he asked Peter if 'e would mind sitting with his back toward 'im cos he thought as 'e was better-looking that way. He went on like that till they was both tired of listening to 'im, and then all of a sudden the pain come on ag'in worse than ever. He couldn't describe it to 'em, cos, as soon as he



"He Showed Sam Where 'Is Liver Was—a Thing He 'Adn't Knew Afore—and Found Out Where the Abscess Was With 'Is Thumbnail"

started, the pain come on and he 'ad to leave off to say other things.

"'Try and bear it, Ginger,' ses Peter.

"'Think of all the pore souls wot are in worse pain than wot you are,' ses Sam.

"'And bear it in silence,' ses Peter.

"'With a brave smile on their face,' ses Sam. 'Wot are you getting out of bed for, Ginger?'

"'You'll find out as soon as I get 'old of you,' ses Ginger, 'arf crying with temper.

"Sam put his 'ands up, but afore Ginger could get up to 'im he was took bad ag'in and 'ad to lean up against the mantelpiece till it was over. Then 'e crawled back to bed, and arter swallering 'ard three or four times, he fixed 'is eyes where Sam wasn't and asked him in a perlite voice to go and fetch 'im a doctor.

"'Why not leave it till tomorrow, Ginger?' ses Sam.

"'Cos I want 'im now,' ses Ginger, getting fierce again.

"Sam and Peter looked at each other, and then, arter saying that it was nearly nine o'clock and they was tired and they supposed most doctors 'ad gone to bed, and they didn't know where to find one, and if they did they didn't suppose he could do Ginger any good, they put on their caps and went out grumbling.

"They walked along for some time with their 'eads down as though they expected to see a doctor sitting on the pavement, waiting for them, and then Sam asked Peter where they was going.

"'There's one in the Whitechapel Road,' ses Peter.

"'There must be one nearer than that,' ses Sam. 'Let's go in somewhere and ask.'

"They 'appened to be passing the Juke's Head as 'e spoke, and not wanting everybody to know their business, they went into the private bar instead of the usual and 'ad a couple o' glasses o' bitter.

"There was on'y one other chap there—a tall young man in a black tail coat, a bowler 'at and a collar and necktie. He 'ad a large nose and a pair of very sharp light eyes, and he sat there as if the place belonged to 'im, stroking 'is little sandy mustache and tapping 'is boots with a cane. Sam and Peter could see at once that he never went anywhere except in private bars, and for the first minute or two they was talking a'most in whispers. They must ha' talked a bit louder arter a bit, cos all of a sudden the gentleman emptied 'is glass and spoke to 'em.

"'What's that you want?' he ses. 'A doctor?'

"'Yes,' ses Sam, and the gentleman sat there with a smile on 'is face while Peter and Sam described Ginger's illness and repeated some of 'is remarks about it.

"'Funny you should tell me,' ses the gentleman.

"Sam looked at 'im and waited.

"'Cos I'm a doctor myself,' ses the gentleman. 'Doctor Brown.'

"'Wot a bit o' luck,' ses Peter. 'We thought we'd got to walk no end of a way.'

"The doctor shook his 'ead. 'I'm afraid I'm no good to you,' he ses.

"'Why not?' ses Sam, staring.

"'Too expensive for you fellows, I'm afraid,' ses the doctor. 'You see, I'm a West End man, and we're not allowed to see a patient under a pound a visit.'

"He shook his 'ead and sat smiling at them sad-like and listening to Sam, wot was sitting perched up on a stool, making a noise like bronchitis, with surprise.

"'I on'y come this way for a stroll,' he ses, 'cos I like to see ships and sailormen.'

"'A—pound—a—visit?' ses Peter. 'D'ye 'ear that, Sam?'

"Sam looked at 'im, and arter a time he managed to nod.

"'P'r'aps it does seem a lot,' ses the doctor; 'but it comes cheaper in the end to have a good man.'

"'Not if the chap dies,' ses Peter.

"'My patients don't die,' ses the doctor. 'It's on'y cheap doctors wot loses their patients.'

"He took up 'is glass, and then finding as there was nothing in it, put it down ag'in. Sam gave a little cough and arter waiting a moment asked whether 'e would do 'im the pleasure of having a drink with 'im.

"'Well, I've 'ad enough really,' ses the doctor; 'still, I don't mind 'aving a glass of port with you.'

"Peter said he'd 'ave a port, too, afore Sam could stop 'im, and him and the doctor sat and drank Sam's 'ealth and Peter said 'ow well he was looking and wot a fine rosy color he'd got. Then Sam told the doctor all about Ginger's illness ag'in, and in a offhand sort o' way asked 'im wot Ginger could take for it.

"'I couldn't say without seeing 'im,' ses the doctor; 'it ain't allowed.'

"'Ow much would it be to see 'im?' ses Sam.

"'He ain't much to look at,' ses Peter, looking at him 'opeful-like.

"The doctor laughed, and then shook his 'ead at 'imself. 'Well, I don't know,' he says; 'but if you'll keep it a dead secret and not let anybody know that I said—I mean that I'm a doctor—I don't mind seeing 'im for arf a dollar a visit.'

"'Ginger couldn't say anything against that,' ses Peter.

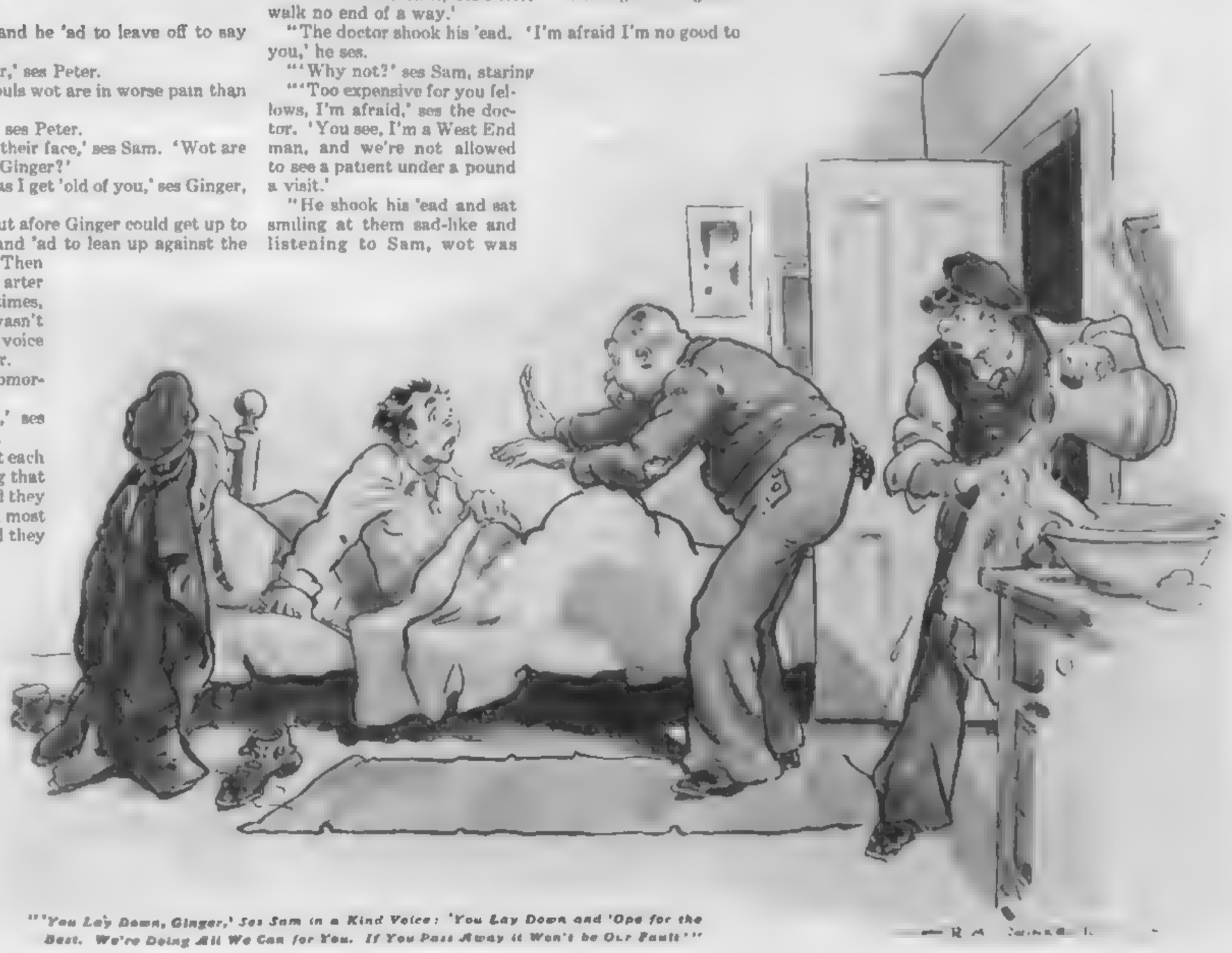
"'Couldn't he!' ses Sam. 'Owever, he'll 'ave to put up with it. It's your turn, Peter; mine's a port.'

"'I suppose I'd better 'ave the same,' says the doctor; 'I don't believe in mixing. Tell 'im to give us the special this time. It's better.'

"Peter told 'im, and the landlord 'ad to tell 'im three times 'ow much it was afore he understood. He seemed 'arf dazed, and the noise Sam made smacking 'is lips over his wine nearly drove 'im crazy.

"The doctor got up as soon as he 'ad finished 'is glass, and they all went out into the street, Sam and Peter wondering what Ginger would say when 'e saw the doctor and

(Continued on Page 60)



"'You Lay Down, Ginger,' Ses Sam in a Kind Voice; 'You Lay Down and 'Ope for the Best. We're Doing All We Can for You. If You Pass Away it Won't be Our Fault'"

THE FIFTH ESTATE

THIRTY YEARS OF GOLF

By Jerome D. Travers and James R. Crowell

LET us examine this heritage left to us by the pioneers of golf in America. Just what is it? Have you ever paused to analyze it—you who have felt the thrill that comes as the ball sails majestically on a long flight down the course, or as it dribbles up close to the pin from the perfect pitch shot, or as it winds in and out over the undulating green and drops gently into the hole? You know that these are things of surpassing joy; have you tried to fathom the reason why?

In our quest for the answer, I suggest we turn momentarily to those who blazed the trail, not in the dim and musty long ago, but well within the recollection of the man who hovers around the meridian of life. We do not have to conjecture as to unrecorded motives; the voice of the American founders is still vibrant to reveal to the newer generation what it was all about in the beginning.

I went in search of the underlying impulses which inspired John Reid and his followers to introduce the game here. Was it to them merely an interesting pastime, a hobby of the day? Did they recognize its unique qualities? Did they vision their activities in its behalf, not in the narrower sense of gratifying their own interest in the game, but from the broader standpoint of launching a great national movement? Did they know that it would grip the American conscience in a vise of steel, that it would raise the standards of health in this country; that its influence would gather unheard-of momentum, penetrating into almost every crevice of human activity, into industry and commerce, into politics and the affairs of state, and even into the home life of the nation? Did they understand all this?

PHOTO BY LOUIS LEVICK, N. Y. C.

A Recent Photograph of Findlay Douglas, the Winner of the 1898 Amateur Championship

No man not of them is privileged to act as their spokesman in the interpretation of the psychology of that superficially unimportant event some thirty-one years ago.

I was not of them; the privilege is mine no more than yours. But I have heard the voice that comes from within; it bares to me the spirit which ruled the pilgrims of golf in our country; it sounds the keynote of what was in their minds and explains all that we are seeing today.

"It was a move toward the resurrection of youth," this voice said—the voice of John C. Ten Eyck, who was elected to membership in the band of pioneers at their second meeting, four months after the St. Andrews Golf Club had been organized.

Ponce de León's Goal Attained

THE resurrection of youth! I wonder whether this summation drives home to you the story it does to me. I wonder whether the average man, making the rounds of the course, intent on the performance of a task which is never the same from day to day and which epitomizes the sage thought that variety is the spice of life, refreshed by the sun, the air, the exercise; relaxed in body and mind, the cares of the world obliterated for the moment—I wonder whether he realizes he is being carried along in a stream that points to the resurrection of his own youth.

With most of us, I believe it is only our subconscious selves which have grasped this true ideal of the game. We merely see the result; few of us stop to examine into it. But the seeing of it is, after all, the vital point. It is enough that he who benefits knows that he benefits, even though that thought be the vaguest sort of thing in his mind, confused with his enjoyment of the outdoors, mixed in with his vexations at the contrariness of clubs that do not function properly and the perverseness of balls that dart off at the wrong angles, and mingled with all the varying emotions which flourish on the links and fill the souls of golfers. It is unnecessary that he make an exact analysis of the situation and say to himself that here is the resurrection of youth; it suffices that his thought has taken firm root in the back of his mind, as it has.

If you marvel sometimes at the growth of golf, and seek the explanation in the many reasons known to every golfer, only to find no one tangible solution, I suggest you consider the simplicity and soundness of the thought brought to us by Mr. Ten Eyck from the little group of pathfinders, of which he was one. It all becomes so strikingly evident, so refreshingly plain, so delightfully simple, when you realize that the structure has reared itself on the platform of youth. Remember the salient points—that the play instinct in most men lives on to the end of their days, that under the old order those who had passed the thirty mark were waved to the sidelines, to become gloomy and envious

Walter J. Travis

Bobby Jones

Aerial View of Pine Valley Golf Club, Sumner, N. J., Described by Mr. Travers as the Finest Course He Ever Played

spectators of the preponderant rights of youth over age in the unequal, unfair apportionment of diverting games; and that in golf they found both the master sport and the avenue which reopened the vista of youth. Could there be a more convincing battle cry?

Now the chap who has not been initiated into the fifth estate of the realm, after making note of the emphasis placed on the game's appeal to men of maturer years, might properly ask how it happened that I became so enmeshed at a time when the resurrection of youth meant nothing more to me than did the Chinese national debt. The answer to that question penetrates right to the core of the whole business. It is this—that the sport which made its bow here as the medium for furnishing recreation to men past their athletic prime is in reality without age restriction in either direction. Its original character has vanished long since. The lure of the links has proved as fascinating to the youth of the land as it has to those for whose amusement it was intended. Youth has added golf to the long list of sports which youth alone can enjoy; age reverences it as the only outdoor game which age can enjoy.

Scant Sympathy From Aleck Smith

I OFFER the foregoing in explanation of the circumstances which brought me into active competition at fifteen and as an aspirant for national championship honors at sixteen. My maiden quest for the amateur title was not an incident which turned the golfing world upside down. I was drawn in the first half of the one hundred and twenty-eight competing players, won the first round from Dr. S. Carr, of Huntingdon Valley, and then dropped unostentatiously out of the tournament when P. H. Jennings, of St. Andrews, defeated me 4 and 2 in the second round. The championship was played at Nassau, my home course, and was entirely match play, there being no qualifying round.

Aleck Smith, my tutor and sincere well-wisher, was less disconsolate over this setback than I.

"Well, I got beaten," I confided to him after the match, as though this was a rare piece of news.

Aleck was so blunt he even looked blunt.

"What of it?" He barked. He snapped. He glowered. And I stammered.

"I had—er—thought—I had—er—hoped that I might—er—win!"

If it had been my intention to express any such notion, Aleck's rasping inquiry caused the idea to flee in panic-stricken haste from my mind. I was speechless, but Aleck was not.

"There's one thing nobody'll ever be able to say about you, kid. Nobody'll ever be able to say you haven't a lot of gall."

From which comment I took it that Aleck Smith regarded it as a trifle presumptuous for a youngster of sixteen to entertain ambitions of winning the amateur championship from a field of one hundred and twenty-eight of the leading players of the country upon the occasion of his first try for it.

The quality of homely gruffness in Aleck's make-up was charming. He never hesitated to say what was in his mind, regardless of the time or place or fitness of things. And he was no respecter of persons. Once he was giving instructions on a Southern course to a man reputed to be worth forty or fifty millions, the owner of vast copper interests, and a personage of imposing stature as well as of imposing position in the financial world. He had worked patiently for an hour or more, trying to show the copper king how to swing the driver. But this man who was so adept at accumulating millions was pitifully inept as a golf pupil. The best he could do was to graze the ball so that it trickled away just a few feet from the tee, or to miss it altogether.

Aleck's patience gave way at last. As his huge pupil made the twentieth or thirtieth inglorious attempt to connect with the tiny ball, there came a roar from Aleck's vicinity which was wafted with distinct clearness to those seated on the veranda of the clubhouse.

"Hit it, you big brute, hit it!" Aleck thundered.

And the strange part of this incident is that the "big brute," who was rich enough to buy the golf course which employed Aleck without even noticing that his bank balance had been disturbed, merely wilted under the verbal lashing and meekly tried to obey the command. It was a new experience to him, this thing of being bawled out to his face by someone he was paying to perform a service He admitted afterward he liked being treated rough. And under Aleck's vigorous handling he learned how to play

Patient Putting Practice

AS I LOOK back upon the events of that day, I can see that there were two vital elements in the curriculum of my schooling. One of these was my willingness to stick everlastingly at practice. I spent hours upon the putting green, making careful note of every motion which brought the best result. I learned that the most essential point of putting is to look at the ball and not at the hole, to hold the body perfectly still, not crouching down to overcome the shortness of the club, but in a comfortable, almost upright position, and always to use a follow-through. The stroke should be pendulumlike, made with the hands and wrists and without sway of the body, and the concentration of the mind upon its execution absolute.

I speak of putting particularly, because it is far and away the most important of golf strokes and outdistances all others by a great margin in its relation to the winning of honors on the links. Think over the good putters of your acquaintance and recollect if they aren't the fellows who are always hovering around the top.

(Continued on Page 64)

Walter J. Travis at the Garden City Golf Club, November, 1918

THE WILDERNESS WOMAN

By Arthur Stringer

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

JUNEAU, as she started East on the Transcontinental Limited, may not have been absorbing culture as quickly as she wished, but she was at least acquiring knowledge more promptly than she had expected. A dining car was something quite new in her experience, and equally new to her was the finger bowl which was placed before her at the end of her first meal on board. She and Kadiak, by close observation, had already discovered the difference between a fish fork and a butter knife. They had also learned, considerably to their bewilderment, that it was expedient not to drink coffee out of their saucers and that a table napkin was not to be tucked under their chins. Back at the Empress Hotel, it is true, Juneau had observed these valedictory bowls of cut glass. But being in doubt as to their true function, she had sedulously avoided them. When almost alone in the diner, however, she valorously crossed her Rubicon by taking up the fragile bowl and drinking therefrom the water it contained. An audible titter from one of the two writers in the immediate rear persuaded her that her mistake had been a transparent one. A dark flush of shame suffused her face. She could feel the feral flash run through her body even as she rose to her feet. She could see the wide smile still on the ebony face. And without being quite conscious of doing so, she promptly brought that smile to an end by sending the cut-glass bowl crashing against the protuberant black head before her. Then with the dignity of a Lady Jane Grey going to the block, she turned and marched out of the dining car.

"Yes, I Remember You," Replied the Girl With the Unparticipating Eyes

She had made the discovery, in Victoria, that it was not wise to attempt conversation with those about you; that strangers were suspicious of you if you spoke first; and that the human eye could be glacier-cold when you affronted its owner with your unsolicited addresses. So Juneau kept her own counsel. She sat tight, observing everything about her as covertly yet as closely as a captured animal studies the bars that imprison it. She had many doubts and misgivings, nevertheless, as her first night in a sleeping car approached; doubts and misgivings as to how the traveled conducted themselves in such a predicament. Her uncertainties increased when the porter asked if she cared to have him make up her berth.

"Go to it," she proclaimed, nursing no intention of showing the white feather.

Yet she was puzzled, while the green curtains were being hung and adjusted, as to the obvious lack of privacy in such arrangements. She was tired, however, and a bed was a bed, and she proposed to get into it. So she sat down in the section opposing her own, grimly removing her shoes and stockings and as grimly ignoring the somewhat startled stare of the long-faced man in clericals seated so close to her.

It was as she stood up to unhook her waist that the attention of this long-faced man became objectionable to her.

"Are yuh a sky pilot?" she demanded, suddenly swinging about on him.

"I'm a clergyman, madam," he said with what dignity he could command.

"Then what are yuh gawkin' at me for?" was her angry challenge.

"I—I beg your pardon," said the astounded traveler in black.

"I said what are yuh gapin' at me for?" cried the irate girl with the half-unhooked clothing.

"I intended no offense, madam," protested the man of the cloth.

"D' yuh never see a woman undress before?" she demanded as her thundercloud eyes met his. But he did not quail before her.

"Never in the aisle of a sleeping car," he said, with more spirit than she had expected from him.

"Then if yuh don't like it," she proclaimed, "s'posin' yuh have the decency to direct your guze to some other quarter!"

He arose, rather pale of face, and left the car without further words with her. But Juneau watched his going without any undue sense of triumph. A doubt even grew up in her mind as she stared along the curtain-hung car aisle, and that doubt grew in volume as she beheld an old lady timorously conceal herself behind a pair of the olive-green curtains. Perhaps, after all, women travelers were expected to undress in that little cubby-hole of a berth between the window sills and the seat arms.

Juneau abruptly ceased her disrobing, a line of thought deepening on her dusky brow. She noticed, as she waited, how another woman had emerged from the wash room and had meekly hidden herself away behind the swaying curtains, and that settled the matter. The tingling girl gathered up her shoes and stockings and crawled, abject of spirit, into the little green-draped alcove, where a light bulb shone from one corner of the mattressed cave.

She did not remove all her clothing, held back by devious thoughts of purely hypothetical contingencies. And she could decipher no method either of blowing out or turning off the light bulb that burned from the corner of her berth. But she stoically turned her back on its glare, adjusted the pillow under her moist head, and, lulled by the motion of the train, fell into the deep sleep of the healthy young animal she was. When the train stopped, during the night, and she heard the familiar stertorous rhythm of Kadiak's snoring above her, she smiled at the consolatory thought of his nearness; and she remembered that she was on her way to New York, that each wheel pound was carrying her closer and closer to the city of her youthful dreams.

She was awakened by her father's sock-covered heel on her hip as Kadiak essayed, early the next morning, to dismount from his airy bed without a porter's ladder.

"How 'd yuh make out, Junie?" he asked, as she opened her eyes and stared up at him, with his crumpled coat and vest over his arm.

She did not answer him, for her eyes had fallen on the huge blue-metaled pistol that protruded from his uncovered hip pocket. "Why, pop," she whispered, "yuh ain't thinkin' o' carryin' that Wild West shootin' iron round where city folks live?"

A stubborn look came into the barricaded old eyes.

"I reckoned that if yuh had a right to bring Skeemo," he proclaimed, "I had an equal right to fetch along a quiet-mannered ol' friend o' my own."

"But it ain't no use," she contended, "in the camp where we'll be hangin' out."

"Well, I ain't figgered out any material use your Skeemo'll be to us in them new quarters," averred Kadiak, as he turned and made his escape down the narrow car aisle.

But the bond of sympathy existing between Skeemo and the girl from Skookum Slope was not to be lightly broken.

Juneau once more realized that fact when she went through to the baggage car, carrying milk and bread and honey for the lonely little animal penned up in his crate there.

The austerity even went out of the face of the portly baggageman, so recently complaining about his car being turned into a traveling zoo, as he watched the slender girl with the evening-star eyes bending over her pet.

"That's some mouse hound you've got there, miss," he said with a smile of friendliness.

"I sure love him," said Juneau, as the slender pink tongue licked the last of the honey from her palm.

"Are you taking him over the line?" asked the man in the blue-denim jumper.

"I'm takin' him to N' Yawk," responded Juneau.

"How 're you going to get him over?"

"Who'll stop me?" came from the mouth with the suddenly squared underlip.

"Well, as I understand the regulations, you can't take game, alive or dead, across the border without a special permit," explained her new-found friend.

"What'll they do with him?" demanded Juneau.

"That's beyond my run, of course, but I imagine they'll take him away from you."

"I'd like to see 'em!" proclaimed the cloudy-eyed girl.

"He's certainly not built for smuggling over in your skirt pocket," laughed the baggageman as he stroked the furry neck.

But that warning as to Skeemo weighed heavy on Juneau's spirits. It depressed her as the Rockies flattened down to the foothills. It darkened her outlook on life as the foothills merged into the rolling prairies, and the illimitable plains still further impressed her with the immensity of the world in which she was such a microscopic unit. It worried her during their brief stay in Winnipeg; and when they arrived at Montreal, tired and travel worn, she was thinking more about Skeemo than about the Old World strangeness of the city on the St. Lawrence.

When she found that under no conditions would he be admitted to the hotel where they had registered, she compelled Kadiak to turn his back on that hotel and procure berths on an evening train for New York. She had no wish to defer the inevitable. The sooner they made camp the better. She had learned many things during her journey across the continent, and one of them was a renewing suspicion that her attire was not everything it ought to be. Her journey from Skookum Slope, in fact, had been a series

of acquisitions and surrenders, of emergences from apparel that had outgrown its glory. The one thing to which she adhered was the voluminous feather boa. With that draped about her shoulders she felt protected and armored. It seemed to sustain her, like a friendly arm. She felt that it gave her dignity—and she craved dignity, even though she stood without the knowledge of how it might be achieved. She had intended to go shopping in Montreal and get clothes that would harmonize more satisfactorily with the essential boa. She had also planned to go to a beauty parlor—having learned of such things in one of her hotel directories—to see if something could be done about her hands, for she hated her hands. They were still rough and brown and calloused, singularly different from the hands of the women she had watched on the train.

But because of Skeemo, she abandoned these intentions. And she made plans of her own, plans which she kept strictly to herself. Under cover of darkness, however, she transferred Skeemo from his baggage-car crate to the sleeping car, where her berth was already made up. She covered the ungainly big cub with her coat and carried him bodily to the green-curtained cave, where she made room for him on the narrow mattress. Then, retiring early, she fell asleep with two fingers linked through Skeemo's leather collar, to the end that he might not slip away during the night and terrify her fellow sleepers by inserting a snuffling warm nose in through their berth curtains. And when he grew restive, with the coming of daylight, she refused to emerge from her berth until she found her train threading its way along a lordly river stippled with docks and towns and the porter had for the third time warned her they were approaching New York. Then, carefully tying Skeemo to the berth hammock, she proceeded to the wash room to complete her toilet.

She was interrupted in that task, however, by a cry of terror from a colored porter. This porter had stooped over an apparently empty berth, only to find it occupied by an unexpected black bear—a black bear that fought to free himself as the negro with equal desperation fought to escape from a car in which he was no longer interested. And Kadiak, patiently waiting for his daughter, was so disturbed by the unseemly presence of Skeemo in such quarters that he was tempted for a moment to lose himself in the stream of travelers hurrying along the pillared cement platforms where elevator shafts opened like hungry mouths and at one gulp swallowed up electric trucks laden with trunks.

Kadiak, in fact, was far from happy as he bumped against those fellow travelers and finally emerged from the train shed into the echoing and high-vaulted rotunda of the terminal. He had been warned on different occasions to watch his step in the wicked city that lay about him. So he was reluctant both to surrender his hand baggage to the swarming redcaps and to betray his ignorance of that bewildering new environment. He had likewise been advised, by a Dawson City friend of his, to seek quarters in the Hotel Manhattan, "straight across from the depot." When he learned, to his consternation, that the Hotel Manhattan was no longer in existence, he paced back and forth, waiting for Juneau and wondering just how he was to decide on a safe hostelry for himself and his daughter.

That problem was solved, unexpectedly and promptly, by Skeemo himself. For the liberated bear cub, equally disturbed by surroundings that were incomprehensible to him, suddenly appeared through the train gate, followed by a breathless and somewhat indignant girl in a flying feather boa. Screams resounded through the vaulted chamber and a wide berth was made for the bounding black body as it raced up a crowded ramp, twice rounded the waiting room and shot out through an opening swing door into Forty-second Street. There, as it quartered across Pershing Square, it sent pedestrians scattering and elicited cheers and horn honks from a row of idle taxi drivers. With equal haste it mounted the steps of the Hotel Belmont, stampeded the staff behind the office desk, and whimperingly secreted itself in a shadowy recess between a filing cabinet and a black-enamel safe.

Juneau followed the bear, and Kadiak followed Juneau. The one thought in the mind of the distracted girl was to rescue her bewildered pet; and while she strove to do this, Kadiak summoned up what was left of his dignity and proclaimed to the returning office staff that he had come to stay and wanted the best rooms in the house.

But he encountered no undue signs of cordiality, since Skeemo, even as he spoke, experienced a second impulse for flight. The quivering bear cub broke away from Juneau, cleared the desk top and bolted across the foyer. He bounded blindly against a plate-glass door, recoiled, and finally succeeded in reaching the open by diving between the legs of a startled incomer in uniform, who lost much of his military bearing as he caught sight of that ball of fur shooting between his knees.

By the time Juneau had reached the street, Skeemo had recrossed Forty-second Street and was doubling back toward Park Avenue. There, bewildered by the clang of bells and the honk of horns and the shouts of the crowd, he ran head on into the path of a large and glittering touring car.

The elderly and affluent-looking gentleman driving this car did his utmost to come to a stop, but it was too late He realized that fact even before he beheld a wild-eyed and sobbing young woman in a feather boa fling herself bodily upon him and pound him on his broad shoulders with her tightly clenched fists as she cried, "Why'd yuh do it? Why'd yuh do it?"

She was still senselessly belaboring him, in fact, when a brawny traffic policeman took a hand in the encounter.

"Hey, lady, you can't do that," he proclaimed; as he reached out an arm and drew the still fighting Juneau away from her victim.

"He killed my Skeemo!" cried the girl with the tear-stained face.

"I guess your Skeemo pretty well killed himself," corrected the officer of the law, as he took out his notebook and waved back the gathering crowd.

It was the patient-eyed Kadiak, appearing through that crowd a moment later, who took the situation in hand When the necessary explanations and arrangements had been made, he led the still-shaken Juneau back to the comparative shelter of the hotel. But Juneau would have none of that hostelry, shadowed with such unhappy memories.

"Get me away from here!" she commanded, resentful of the staring eyes that studied her as she stood in the midst of their uncouth collection of hand baggage.

So the perplexed but valiant old prospector was compelled to gather up his belongings and proceed to the curb, where a taxicab driver smilingly welcomed him.

"Where to, pardner?" asked the flippant youth at the wheel.

"Take us to the best an' biggest hotel in this here town," proclaimed the undaunted man from the north. And the driver, seeing himself confronted by the chance of a lifetime, took them for a royal ride of thirty-seven blocks and solemnly brought them back to within a quarter of a mile of their original point of embarkation, where he triumphantly deposited them before the glass-canopied doors of the Bellmore.

Juneau remained oddly passive as they were assigned to their rooms and were carried skyward in an elevator that brought her heart up in her mouth as the mirrored

(Continued on Page 90

The Quivering Bear Cub Bolted Across the Foyer. He Bounded Blindly Against a Plate-Glass Door, Recoiled, and Finally Succeeded in Reaching the Open

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 23, 1926

Thirty Days Hath September

HOME life and business affairs throughout the world have long been regulated by a calendar of unequal months, divided by the seven-day week.

Among the inconveniences caused by this system we note that although the month is the most important period by which we charge accounts, pay rents, salaries and pensions, the times for earning and spending are so unequal that no one knows what a month really is unless he is sent to prison. Prisoners sentenced to a stated number of months know that each will be thirty days. The calendar month varies from twenty-eight to thirty-one days in length, and its week-day names change for every date in each following month. Calendar months bring five Saturdays and other week days in some months and four in others, moving holidays from week-ends and changing dates for monthly meetings.

It seems to be within the bounds of likelihood that the time-worn jingle, Thirty days hath September, will ultimately be disavowed; that every New Year's Day will come on a Sunday, that Easter will become an immovable feast recurring on the second Sunday in April, and that there will be thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, with the last day in every year appended as December twenty-ninth and included as an eighth day in the last week, to be named the Year Day. That in like manner Leap Day will be inserted as an international Sunday holiday, and moved to form June twenty-ninth in leap years.

Armistice Day, birthdays and Christmas would always fall on the same day of the week. Further, any given date in any month would always fall on the same week day. Mechanical calendars would soon become a part of modern clocks and watches. There would be the same number of working days in every month, and every month would terminate conveniently with the week-end.

The new month, for which the name Sol—after the solstice—has been proposed, would be formed from the last two weeks of June and the first two weeks of July. It would be inserted between June and July, almost as easily as Leap Day was inserted in 1924 between February twenty-eighth and March first.

As a result of these simple changes, statistics, which have become the guiding reins for directing production and sales arrangements, will tell a truer and therefore a more useful story than they do under the existing calendars; because the inequalities of months, with their ever-varying numbers of working days and different economic values, will be standardized and unified. Many of our greatest sales organizations, operating chain stores and multiple shops, are already dividing their years into thirteen periods of four weeks each, to secure more accurate accounting and better observe the ever-changing trend of business. Trustworthy comparative figures are absolutely essential to the efficient control of government, civic, industrial and business affairs; but they cannot be readily obtained with even reasonable accuracy as long as comparisons continue to be made between periods which are not only unequal in length but are unequal in economic values.

In many activities each day of the week has a different individual value, and therefore no true comparison can be made between two months, even when they are of equal length, if one contains five Saturdays and the other four.

The suggested calendar, the salient features of which we have indicated, is one of the very few survivors out of the one hundred and thirty-seven proposals which have been compared and studied by the Secretariat and Committee of Enquiry appointed by the League of Nations.

Further sessions of that committee will be held next month for the purpose of considering the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the best suggestions made for calendar reform, with a view to making definite recommendations to the main body of the League of Nations. Already the foregoing plan, brought before that committee by the International Fixed Calendar League—the invention of its director, Mr. Moses B. Cotsworth, of Vancouver, British Columbia—has won impressive support. Extraordinary care seems to have been taken to consult in advance the interests and prejudices of every class of civilized society involved.

If the new calendar is adopted it will probably go into effect on January first of 1928 or 1933, for the reason that the alteration can be effected with the least inconvenience in those years which, under the present system, begin on Sunday. Both 1928 and 1933 meet this condition.

Any change in our familiar calendar, no matter how meritorious the proposal may be, is bound to bring out formidable opposition in many quarters, based upon predictions of a thousand dire calamities and inconveniences that would result. Similar prophecies were made, though they were not fulfilled, when standard time was adopted in the United States in 1883. The practical difficulties are much slighter than might be supposed. Probably not more than one American in one hundred is aware that since the war no fewer than three hundred million persons have adopted the Gregorian calendar schedule with scarcely a ripple of confusion.

The two-thirds of humanity who have used lunar calendars are already used to a thirteenth month. Many large corporations which have already adopted four-week accounting periods have found that the labor and cost of adjusting old statistics to the new basis are not nearly so great as was estimated before the work was accomplished.

Whatever the calendar committee may recommend to the League of Nations, it is well that the matter be thrown open for world-wide discussion and the advantages and disadvantages of the proposed change examined from every possible angle.

Building Up Future Debt Payments

SYSTEMATIC writers on international trade have always laid stress on the processes of transferring international payments. Perhaps the most important point in the Dawes Plan lies in the method of making the transfer payments. The chief arguments of opponents of war-debt payments have centered around the difficulties—which they magnify into dangers—of the transfer of international payments. But when it comes to floating new foreign investments in this country one hears very little about the transfer difficulties that will attend the future payment of these obligations. Whenever international payments of interest or dividends or principal are to be made the transfer difficulties are substantially the same, whether the payer in the debtor country is the government or nationals of that country. If the $12,000,000,000 due us from European governments could be taken over from our Government by American citizens the transfer problems would be substantially the same as they are now, so far as the debtor countries are concerned. Our Government is urged to moderate our claims in order to alleviate the transfer difficulties of European debtor countries; American investors are urged to buy European issues, governmental and private, with no mention of the transfer difficulties.

In the past fiscal year the gross volume of foreign securities publicly offered in this country was $1,382,000,000, of which a little less than $300,000,000 was for refunding and nearly $1,100,000,000 was new capital. Of this gross sum Europe secured the largest part, the reported borrowings of new capital amounting to $655,000,000. The average rate of interest is at least 7 per cent. At the present rate, including the existing loans of American nationals to Europe, it will not be long before Europe will owe our investment classes $5,000,000,000. This would mean $350,000,000 due us yearly for interest and dividends. This is a larger sum than will be due our Government when the war debts are funded, according to the present outlook. We have been told repeatedly that Europe could not transfer to this country such a large sum. Yet Europe is contracting, through new borrowings in this country, to obligate herself to do just that much more. It is most significant that the one country that has the largest transfer power in Europe, Great Britain, is not taking these loans from us. These loans are going to the countries of Continental Europe whose disabilities in the direction of transfer of international payments have been most stressed. By our generous refunding of war debts we have partly relieved Europe of one set of transfer problems, though through new loans to Europe we are creating a new set of transfer difficulties.

We are told that a fundamental difference exists between the old war debts and the new loans. The war debts were unproductive; the new loans are for productive enterprise. This would be a fundamental difference indeed, if it were true. To what extent is it true?

Of the $655,000,000 of new capital secured from this country in the past fiscal year, only $62,000,000 was borrowed by private enterprises. Huge loans and credits have been used for stabilization of currencies—that may or may not become productive, depending on the soundness of the fiscal policies. A large amount has gone into plain refunding of municipal and state debts. Some has been used to fund floating debt into term issues; some has been used to renew maturing bonds. Some has been used to buy raw materials and some has been used to finance foreign-trade expansion. Not a little has been used to cover purchases of goods from this country—good enough for the particular trade, but not productive for the importing country. Considerable of the American money has been used on the Continent to enable some groups to pay their debts to other groups. To some extent the loans are designed to become highly productive, as in the installation of hydro-electric plants. So far as we are aware, there is no existing assembly of statistical material by which one could be placed in position to judge to what extent the borrowings of Europe from nationals of the United States are being used in productive enterprises. Certainly it is difficult to believe that foolish financial policies in numerous European countries since the war have become transformed into wise financial policies simply by the possibility of easy borrowings from the United States.

Borrowing by one generation means paying by the next. Unless new sources of wealth are created in Europe, the difficulties in transfer of payments in the next generation will be comparable to those of the present. For the sake of the American investors we trust that the present and future borrowings are put to productive uses; we hope that the next generation in Europe will have a larger capacity to pay and to transfer than has the present generation. But in the meantime let us not pretend that new loans at a high rate of interest will be easy to pay back, while existing loans at a lower rate of interest are hard to repay.

The Twilight of Bolshevism

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE year 1925 was epochal because it marked the transition period in Europe from unofficial war to something like real peace. The high spot, of course, was the Locarno Security Pact. The Franco-German economic entente, explained in the preceding article, is one of the many beneficent by-products of the new era of amity and accord.

Reëstablishing friendly relations among the once belligerent peoples, however, was only one phase of the larger accord. Practically all the nations have registered some kind of rebuke to Bolshevism. Wherever Communism lifted its sinister head throughout that part of Europe which lies outside the actual Russian domain, it received a jolt. The compass that was set for world revolt now points to disintegration instead. It means that the Bolshevization of the universe remains a Moscow obsession.

From the early spring, when the Moscow-inspired atrocities let loose a reign of terror in Bulgaria—it was its own undoing—down through the election of Hindenburg in Germany and the rebuffs in France and England, the crimson cause has known only failure. This triumph of order and reason over the agencies of fear and force was part of the world wave of conservatism expressed so forcibly in the American and British elections, and, later on, in the German voting. The slight post-election foothold Communism gained in England is slipping because the British Labor Party overwhelmingly repudiated the Communists last September. Taking the larger view, you find that it is only in China that the Bolsheviks, distorting nationalism for their own selfish ends, scored at all.

Within the Soviet confines political decay and economic confusion obtain despite the usual façade of bluff and bluster. Stalin, head of the Polit Buro, the small Tammany Hall that runs Russia, has practically installed himself as dictator. The newest New Economic Policy is beginning to share the fate of its predecessors, while the foreign trade monopoly crumbles.

Wrenches in the Soviet Machine

THE concessions to the peasants, enabling them to hire help and lease land, are further evidence of the failure of the original Lenin idea and indicate the desire to compromise. No adequate capitalization has been made of British and French recognition. Finally, the return of Trotsky to authority—he is feared and hated by the old guard—shows that the best brains, such as they are, have been commandeered to stave off productive disaster. Thus Bolshevism is in retreat at home and abroad.

Everywhere nations are realizing that the so-called "class consciousness" really means unconsciousness of moral and financial responsibility. Furthermore, the nebulous dictatorship of the workers has been revealed as a close corporation of the shirkers in everything except stirring up discontent. The latest instance of the frustration of the Bolshevik ambition is illuminating. It is not only timely but shows the Red hand set to its favorite task.

If you know anything about Bolshevism, as demonstrated since 1917, you know that its chief purposes are to capitalize discord and prey upon unrest, all with the aim of bringing about a world revolution. It is the archenemy of peace and prosperity. Communism thrives only upon trouble.

It naturally follows that when Europe, after the long animosity which was labeled peace, began to realize the utter folly and futility of its procedure, Moscow became alarmed. Why? Simply because the hostility among the European peoples had afforded the ideal opening for the Soviet advance. In other words, a Europe rent with economic and political feuds provided just the right kind of stage upon which the Bolshevik drama of destruction could be enacted.

A Meeting of the Unemployed in Trafalgar Square, London

The first big monkey wrench thrown into the Soviet machinery was the Dawes Plan. So long as reparations widened the gulf between Germany and France it was hay for the Red sun. As soon as the Dawes Plan was proposed the Bolsheviks began to fight it tooth and nail. I recall that Trotsky assured me in all seriousness that it was a capitalistic conspiracy to enslave the European worker. Its inauguration, therefore, was a definite setback, but it was merely the prelude to the larger wallop which was to come. This wallop was embodied in the Locarno Security Pact.

A concert of European powers was precisely what the Russians did not want. The participation of Germany, in particular, irked them, because not only did they regard the Germans as an eventual ally—it is now a forlorn hope—but the entrance of the Teutonic republic into the League of Nations would seriously jeopardize Bolshevik mischief-making in Northern Europe, especially in Poland.

When the Locarno Conference loomed, depression and consternation ruled in the Soviet capital. The unofficial edict went forth that it was to be prevented at any cost. The plan, which developed into a real drive against European peace, had two possibilities. One was to stimulate the existing friction between Poland and Germany over frontiers. The other lay in what might be called economic intimidation for Germany. A Russo-German commercial pact was in the making and it offered an excellent opportunity for some characteristic Moscow browbeating.

It was at this moment that Tchitcherin stepped upon the scene. As Soviet Foreign Minister—technically, he is head of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs—it was his job to spill the beans. Perhaps no member of the Moscow administration was so well equipped to act as death's-head at the impending European love feast. Both in looks and in mentality he is a modern reincarnation of Machiavelli, and then some. He broods rather than exists. He has always impressed me as a sort of Slav Buddha.

Red Poison

JUST about the time that the Locarno clans were to gather, Tchitcherin suddenly discovered that he needed a German cure. He could try to kill two birds with this venture, because in order to reach Germany he had to pass through Warsaw. Of course all this was a mere coincidence.

There is no need of rehearsing all the details of the Bolshevik offensive against the Locarno Pact, because there is much ground to cover in this article. Tchitcherin lingered long enough in Warsaw to inject his usual poison, but it was ineffectual, because the Germans and the Poles had practically composed their differences. It was in Berlin where the chief Bolshevik disturber of traffic sought to do his deadly work.

As it happened, I was in Berlin when he arrived. In former years Tchitcherin's advent was a big news item. This time he got something of a frost. Tchitcherin then invited all the correspondents to come to tea at the Russian Embassy, where he indulged in a tirade against England and made the conventional argument that the peace maneuvers were a gigantic conspiracy against Russia. In the flaming lexicon of Bolshevism any agency that opposes the Red advance is defined as a cabal.

Part of the burden of Bolshevik objection to German participation at Locarno rested on the Rapallo Treaty, signed by Germany and Russia in 1922 at the time of the Genoa Conference. This was a secret document. It is known, however, that the instrument has a clause for close economic coöperation between the two countries. Another is said to stipulate that neither Germany nor Russia would join the League of Nations without the consent of the other. As a matter of fact, the Germans have regarded the Rapallo Treaty as a dead letter, mainly because the

(Continued on Page 112)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Misunderstood

THE writer who would earn his bread
Must be inspired six months ahead;
So what though winter winds be shrewd,
To vernal verse I'll tune my mood'"
Thus spake the poet, Byron Boggs,
As, clad in tasty tropic togs,
He sought a snow-bound sylvan glade
Where oft poetic feet had strayed.
Though Boreas raved with direful chills,
He sat obsessed by soulful thrills,
Cast paralyzing fear aside
And visioned skies beatified.
He babbled of green fields and brooks,
Of daffodils and sun-sweet nooks;
And then a park policeman pompous
Ran in our hero as non compos.
—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

The Daily Picture Page

(Make One for Yourself Simply by Filling in the Gaps. A Child Can Do It)

MISS —— ——, popular ——, photographed just before sailing for —— on the S. S. Malaria.

Mrs. —— of —— Street and her new set of lusty triplets, two ——s and a ——.

—— —— seated at his desk in the ——, and using the pen with which he signed the ——.

Hole in asphalt at —— Avenue and —— Street, made by bursting —— yesterday.

—— —— of —— standing beside the —— pound —— fish which he caught after a terrific struggle off ——.

Dainty Miss —— ——, who is ——'s candidate for beauty-show honors at —— this week.

High jumping at the —— athletic meet. —— clearing the bar at —— feet, —— inches.

DRAWN BY CALVERT SMITH

"Twelve o'Clock, Young Fellow. Time to Unmask!"

Mother's victory. Photograph shows Mrs. —— just after the court had awarded her custody of her —— year-old ——.

Presentation of loving cup to —— by —— in token of ——'s services in behalf of ——.

—— ——, who had her husband —— arrested on a charge of abandonment today. —A. H. F.

From the Heart of a Grapefruit

I'M JUST a juicy grapefruit, inoffensive as a lamb,
A poor, provincial grapefruit, none too wise.
And yet, to humor humorists, at breakfast time I am
Compelled to squirt my juice into your eyes.
The victim of a credo that implies opprobrium,
In silence have I borne my secret hurt.
Oh, will all baby grapefruit in the dismal years to come
Be harnessed with the heritage of squirt?

Internally most modest, and by instinct rather shy,
I'm not the crafty creature that I seem -
But cruel anticipation lurks within your blasé eye,
So grimly I emit my acid stream.
No doubt some grapefruit martyr in the future will rebel
And valiantly our birthright he'll assert,
When we no longer number in our patient personnel
The saddened souls who flourish but to squirt!
Arthur L. Lippmann.

The Adventures of Alice

"WHAT'S Political Economy?" Alice asked.

"Don't make me laugh," said the Mad Hatter. "It's one of those dead languages they teach in college."

"I thought it was a science," said Alice.

"No, it isn't a science," said the Mad Hatter. "It's an art—one of the lost arts. When a congressman walks two miles to save a nickel carfare and then spends a million dollars for a courthouse for his home town, that's political economy."

"But why does he want to save the nickel?"

"Because it's his own money, of course. Don't you remember the words of one of our great statesmen, 'Millions for expense, but not one cent will I contribute'?"

"It sounds familiar," said Alice.

(Continued on Page 62)

Seventeenth-Century Governor—"It's a Great Country, Mary!"

Twentieth-Century Clerk—"Great Country! Appliances!"

The Broadway Limited—

Pride of the "Standard Railroad of the World"

New York to Chicago in 20 hours! Nine hundred miles of swift, safe, luxurious travel!

Truly a superlative achievement in transportation is this dependable, over-night service of the Broadway Limited—finest of the Pennsylvania Railroad's great fleet of famous passenger trains.

Less dramatic—but equally dependable—is the day-and-night movement of freight, 365 days a year, over the far-flung lines of the Pennsylvania System.

Only a splendid organization, devoted to the highest ideals of public service, could have built and maintained this standard of service.

Campbell's Soups—

The standard quality of the world

Occasionally a product—just as a transportation service—rises so high in quality that the public, consciously or unconsciously, accepts it as standard.

In soup, it is Campbell's.

Campbell's quality is the quality of the finest soup ingredients the world has to offer—plus the skill of Campbell's famous chefs.

To maintain this quality, we operate our own successful farms where both seed and soil are scientifically selected for growing the most succulent vegetables, the most tasty herbs, the most hearty cereals.

Only the finest ingredients are considered good enough for the making of Campbell's Soups—famous for their flavor, their wholesomeness, their economy.

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

MAN ALONE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"You're Mad!" She Gasped. "I Always Knew It"

XVI

TORQUAY had never considered Miss Ball a woman in the terrifying sense of the word. The very characteristics which made others afraid of her set her definitely apart from the rest of her sex. Figuratively speaking, he would have felt at more liberty to knock her down than to employ his strength against a man of average weight. As far as he was concerned, she had been a neutral from the first hour he laid eyes on her. He respected her, but he was not afraid of her even in the sense his childhood had feared Mega. She came into the room and stood before him for a moment, while he hesitated over how to begin.

"Is the baby awake?"

Miss Ball was taken aback. She cast a quick glance at his face, but he was not looking at her.

"Do you mean Janie?" she asked. He frowned and nodded his head. There was another considerable pause before she continued. "She should be by this time. I'll go and see."

"Just a minute," said Torquay. "Let her come in here alone." There was a pregnant silence during which Miss Ball did not move. "There's another thing," he went on. "I think she's old enough to come to the table with you at noon, and that reminds me it won't be long before she'll have to be taught her letters."

"You needn't worry about that, Mr. Strayton. I was a school-teacher before I became a nurse."

"That's lucky." His frown deepened as he continued. "I've never talked to you about her before, Miss Ball, and I may never do it again. It's enough to say that she's to have all the breeding and training money can buy."

"I can assure you she'll have more than that," said Miss Ball sharply. "Is there anything else?"

"No; that's all. Perhaps it's too much."

He sat staring at nothing until the door was opened by an unseen hand and closed again. He looked up. Janie was standing just within the room, dragging a rag doll by one distorted leg. He braced himself for a repetition of all the stages of approach which had been interrupted on her previous visit by the arrival of the nurse, but he had failed to take into account the fact that his daughter was now fully dressed in her best Sunday frock. She was necessarily a very different person, perhaps struggling with the thought that manners were more welcome in this room than night-dresses. She advanced directly to him, dropped the doll and held up her hands to be lifted to his lap.

For the first time in his life Torquay became genuinely absurd even to himself. He was like a beardless suitor who, having thought out the sequence of all the things he is going to say in an interview, finds himself thrown hopelessly off the track by the unexpected opening of the other side of the dialogue. As he stared down into puzzled dark eyes the calm he had borrowed from the peace of the Barrens began to desert him. He could feel the sweat gathering on his forehead. It prickled and he would have liked to raise a hand to rub it away, but he dared not move. Not knowing what to do, he did nothing so completely that his immobility inspired confidence.

The puzzled look left Janie's eyes and she laid investigating hands on his knee, which turned instantly rigid. She shook it and seemed pleased to find it as immovable as the great limb of a tree. She cocked her head and began to examine him curiously, but from the neck down only. Her angle of vision made him a colossus and her fingers assured her he was hewed out of rock. The whole of him became a place to play. She threw her arms over his thigh and dangled her legs. With the tips of her toes just touching the floor, she tried to squirm up, but could not make the grade without help. Then she found his huge foot and discovered she could stand and even dance on it as if it were a platform. From that elevation she felt much taller. She turned, got a grip on the slack of his trousers and started up the incline of his shin bones. With a shrill laugh of triumph she landed upside down in his lap, lay kicking for a moment and then righted herself.

Torquay had begun to quiver imperceptibly from the moment she first touched him. By a superhuman effort he avoided watching her; nevertheless, he could see her clearly through the feel of her movements. He knew he must remain still at all costs, or crumble. He kept reminding himself of the calm he had felt when he had sent for her. He went over in his mind step by step the road which had led him to the resolution he was through with running away. He remembered the rock on which he had determined to make his stand—to hold one's ground is not surrender. All in vain.

As far as Janie was concerned, the universe began to tremble violently. Her playground was alive! She scrambled to her feet, threw her arms around her father's neck and pressed herself against him. The sudden warmth of her body was like a thunderbolt from the past.

"Don't do that!"

He thought he had shouted, but he had uttered only a hoarse whisper. He unfastened her hands roughly, lifted her clear and set her down. She stared at him gravely, showing neither amazement nor fright.

"Go away," he ordered.

A tiny frown wrinkled her forehead. She glanced away from him and slowly studied the strange room, filing it away in memory. Her eyes fell on her doll. She pounced upon it, hugged and kissed it and then started for the door, once more dragging it cruelly by one foot. She looked up at the knob she had succeeded in turning that morning, driven by the incentive of discovery. That incentive was now lacking. Without raising her head, she uttered a piercing scream. Torquay half rose from his chair as if lifted by an explosion, but before he could get to his feet Miss Ball had thrown open the door. She stood nonplused by the calm of the author of the scream. The child caught her skirt, turned and gave Torquay a long level gaze before Miss Ball recovered sufficiently to pick her up and carry her out. Torquay stared with bulging eyes at the spot where she had been.

"Janie!" he whispered. "Wait a minute! Don't ——"

(Continued on Page 28

*W*HAT could contribute more to the sense of well-being than to travel noiselessly in this new 90-degree Cadillac—enfolded in easeful comfort and environed by elegance and luxury? The greatest car Cadillac has ever built is also the greatest value disclosed in a long and honorable history.

NEW NINETY DEGREE

CADILLAC

Division of General Motors Corporation

(Continued from Page 26)

Then he came to himself and sank back with a sigh of relief. He was safe. The test was over and he had passed it, without honors. He had endured torment and had not retracted. From now on he could see his daughter without fear. He could have her at table, watch her grow and even call her by name. He could buy her a pony, but he realized Jim would have to pick her up and teach her to ride, for there were natural limits to security. In short, he had stood his ground and could face the coming years with an equanimity surpassed only by the unalterable calm in Janie's eyes as she studied him from time to time from within her own mysterious seclusion.

She was seven years old when Torquay, having passed the battery of eyes at Striker's, was stopped by a youngster who stood his ground.

"What do you want, boy? A job at the works?"

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Strayton?"

Torquay was even more at ease with boys than he was with men, perhaps because his own boyhood lived on so vividly in his mind. Besides, he had worked as a boy among boys and now employed them in large numbers. But he could not place the specimen before him. It was a lad of fourteen who wore a bridge of freckles on his nose and an outgrown coat with an equal air of impudence, which at the moment was slightly modified by uneasiness.

"No; I don't remember you," said Torquay. "Whose boy are you?"

"But you do know me just the same. It was me busted a mold in your workshop."

"When were you in my workshop?"

"With my mother."

"Oh," said Torquay, realization sweeping over him. "That was a long time ago."

"Yes," said Ralph. "I was only a kid and I've lived next to you ever since."

It was true, thought Torquay, and yet he had never consciously seen the Damon child in all that time. It made him wince to think ten years could become as a day if it were not that the unaging world kept on hand a steady supply of children as markers.

"I remember. Your name is Ralph. What can I do for you?"

"Perhaps you'd give me a job for the rest of the summer," said Ralph; but Torquay could see the idea had come to him only in the few minutes they had been talking.

"I'll give you a job," he said, "but that isn't what made you stop me." Ralph looked up with something of the expression his face had assumed when he had smashed the mold. He turned red, started to say something, and then changed his mind. Having scored to that extent, Torquay tried a little guesswork. "Of course, you'll have to bring me your mother's permission in writing."

"Oh, that will be all right," said Ralph promptly, and Torquay knew he had guessed wrong.

If he had been at the back of his house half an hour earlier he might have read correctly the impulse which had led Ralph to come to him. Janie was busy with a trowel and her small spade, digging in the bed which had been assigned to her as her own garden. From the other side of the cedars Ralph spied her. He had his pockets full of apples which frequent tests had persuaded him were too green to eat.

There are only two things a boy can do with an apple, eat it or throw it at something. The first one he threw went so wide of the mark that Janie did not notice it. The second struck the wall in front of her and bounced toward her. She straightened quickly and looked up, puzzled, directly away from Ralph. The third apple described a high arc over the tops of the cedars and descended majestically to strike in the exact center of her back. She cried out with fright as well as pain and turned just in time to see Ralph's triumphant face framed in the gap in the hedge.

"Oh!" she screamed. "You bad, bad boy!" And only then burst into a paroxysm of tears.

Torquay reached home in an unusually reflective mood. The encounter with Ralph Damon had done more than remind him he had lived for nearly half a century. It had led him to review all his life from the time he had started gathering parisons from the ring hole at just Ralph's age to this day, when he had offered to take on the youngest of the Damons as a boy helper in the Pine Tree Glassworks. That little fact alone was the true measure of the distance he and his father had traveled, but he did not see the matter in that light.

All he could think of was that thirty years over pots, furnaces and continuous tanks had brought him not one inch nearer to tearing the secret he sought from the fusion of glass. He was considering his life as a waste. If it had not been for the few minor improvements developed through his experiments, he would by this time be popularly thought a madman.

At times he shrewdly suspected that, even as it was, there were those, among them Miss Ball, who could have described to their own satisfaction the nature and degree of his insanity in scientific terms. He could shake that sort of thing off his mind with a shrug of his broad shoulders; but there was one other matter which would soon have to be faced squarely with all the resources at his command. Rumors had reached Hopetown of an automatic bottle-making machine which was destined to do to the industry what Mount Pelée had just done to the island of Martinique—shake it to its very foundations. He was scowling as he stepped in the door, and his frown deepened when he heard a suppressed altercation between Miss Ball and Janie, who was sobbing persistently.

"What's the matter?" called Torquay.

It was the first time he had ever had to ask that question of Miss Ball. She came down half carrying, half dragging Janie, and in a few words told the story of the well-aimed apple. So that was what the boy had had on his mind, thought Torquay.

"Well," he asked finally, "what do you want me to do?"

"She's been saying over and over again that the boy was wicked. I don't know what will make her stop crying unless you can think of some way to have him punished."

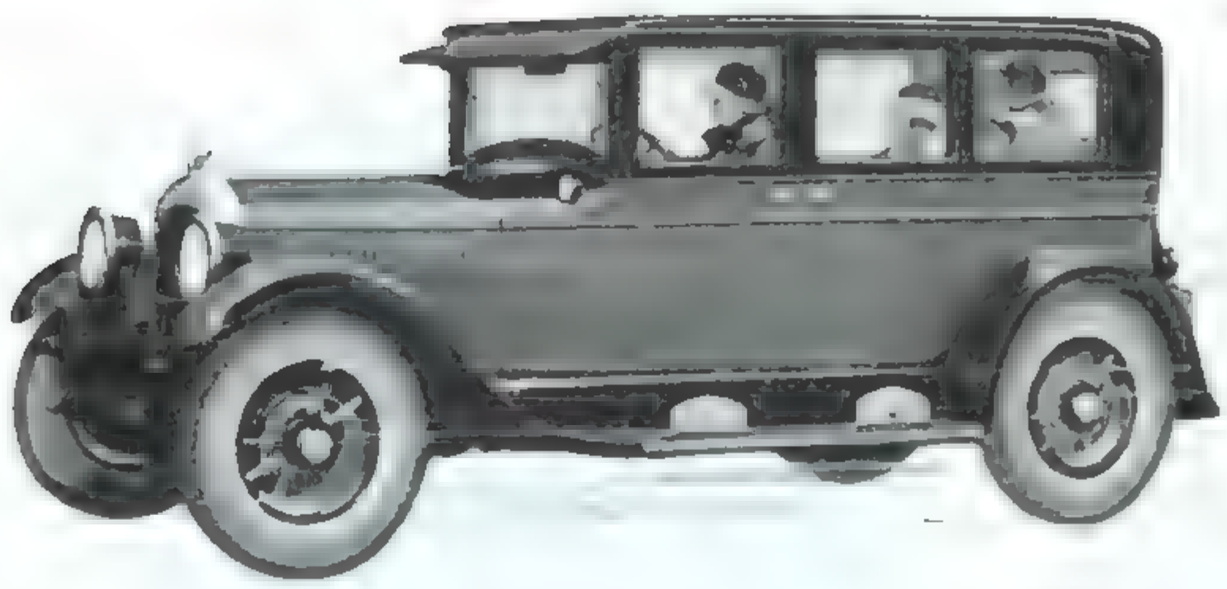
"Do you think that would make her stop?" asked Torquay skeptically.

Almost before the words were out of his mouth, Janie nodded her head, choked her sobs and fastened on him a grave expectant gaze. He was troubled, caught on the horns of an absurd dilemma. There was no escape from a choice of two evils and no mistaking the look in Janie's eyes. Either he was her man in time of trouble or he wasn't, and this moment was going to decide it.

"I'll write a note to Mrs. Damon," he promised, "telling her what her boy has done—that's all."

(Continued on Page 50)

"Only You—That's What's Come Over Me. I've Never Had a Chance Before. I—I Think You're the Most Beautiful Girl I Ever Saw"



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CHRYSLER

WHEN MUSIC HEVENLY MAID WAS YOUNG

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

MONDAY, December 1, 186— went to school today for the ferst time. i have been awful sick. father sed it was knip and tuck with me. he sed that one time he thought i was booked for the buzom of Abraham or the land of Cannion. mother she says father didnt goke mutch while i was sick but had doctor Perry come up 2 or 3 times one day. but now i am all rite he gokes all the time. he says i am the champeen boar constricter in town and it nearly sent me to join 1000 harpers harping on their harps.

You see in the xcitement of the prize fite i got a cold and the next day was my birthday and we had mince pie and mince tirnovers and i et two mutch. ennyways Aunt Clark, old J. Alberts mother, always sed stuff a cold and starve a feever so i done the ferst. well i had a feever and i didnt know it and it neerly killed me. and spoiled the thansgiving dinner.

but now i am all rite and can go out again and i am glad of it becaus what do you think. we are going to have a big concert in the town hall to by the niteingale a new singing book for the grammer school. everybody is going to taik part. Keene and Cele are going to sing a duett and peraps 2 if the first one goes prety good and four men old Francis Old Hobbs the fotografer and not the old Hobbs whitch oaned the horse on the vane whitch we gnocked to peaces and mister Fonce and Mister Clapp is going to sing a 4 part song and Sarah Hibbard is going to sing and Charlie Gerrish will play the fiddle and tickets is going to be 25 cents whitch is a grate deel of money. me and Pozzy and Bug Chadwick are going to try and get a gob pasing hanbills just like me and Pewt and Beany usted to do and peraps we can get tickets free. but it will be jest like Pewt and Beany to get the gob first. Beany can most always get into the shows because his father takes tickets to most of the shows.

today after school me and Pozzy and Bug went to the school committy and asted for a gob. the school committy is old Joe Hilliard whitch liked my story whitch old Francis burned up in the stove and licked me for, and old Gnatt Shute whitch is a cuson of my father and very frendly, moar so than old Ike Shute whitch aint, and William Perry Molton whose apples and pears me and Pewt and Beany have hooked so menny times.

wel when we asted them for a gob pasing hanbills they sed they had given that gob to Clarence and Elbridge whitch is Pewt and Beany you know. we asted them how mutch they was going to pay them and they sed 1 ticket eech free. i woodent have thougt Pewt and Beany wood have did this to me but you jest wate Pewt and Beany.

wel than I asted if there was enny other gob they cood give us and old Joe Hilliard he sed aint you the boy whitch rote the composition about Scalplock Sam and i sed yes sir and he sed and you rote a book of poims and i sed yes sir and he laffed and sed i was a buster and he always wanted to encurage yuthful ambitions especially when ambition receeved a crool gnock and he sed if i was still in the printing biziness perape he cood give us the gob of printing the programms. then Pozzy he sed he had one and Bug he sed so two.

then he talked with the other committy and then he sed if you boys will print us a good programme we will by the paper or the cardboard and pay for your ink and give us free tickets so we are going to do it. old Gnatt Shute and old William Perry Molton sed they wood leeve the matter to him and he must be responserble for the results and they sed they washed there hands of it. so old Joe Hilliard he laffed and sed all rite and they went off and old Joe Hilliard he told us jest what to do. he told us to go down to the News letter office and get the paper and the cardboard and the ink and he rote a note to old Smith Hall and Clark. then he told us to go to eech one whitch was to play or sing. and write down just what peaces they was to sing and then maik the programme. he sed he wood arraign it. i bet Pewt and Beany will be mad because printing a programme is lots better than pasing hanbills and we are going to have our names on the programme Chadwick and Shute gob printers.

today we had a meeting, me and Bug and Pozz. we oiled up there printing press and cleened the tipe what was left of it. we drew straws to see whitch one must go round to see the singers and players and i lost and have got to go. first i wrote down the duets Keene and Cele are going to sing. then i went to see Sarah Hibbard, and she told me what she was going to sing and i rote it down very carfully in a little book. that was enuf for one day. tomorrow after school the 4 men singers are going to practice in the school room. i am going to wate and hear them.

Tuesday, Dec. 2, 186— Today was brite and cold. sum of the fellers has been skating but i dont dass to yet for father wont let me go on the river befoar crismas and not then unless the ice will bare a load of wood and 2 horses today after school the 4 men singers sang. i was in the wood box all the time. i had been put there by old Francis for missing in my Gography. if it had been speling i wood not have missed. but Gography is one of my week points, old Francis sed i have got moar week points than enny feller he knows. ennyway he put me there and i gess he forgot me for he maid evrybody go home befoar they begun to practise there singing. so i sat in the wood box and lissened. it was grate. they sung 2 peaces, come where my love lies dreeming and fly like the youthful Hart and Rowe.

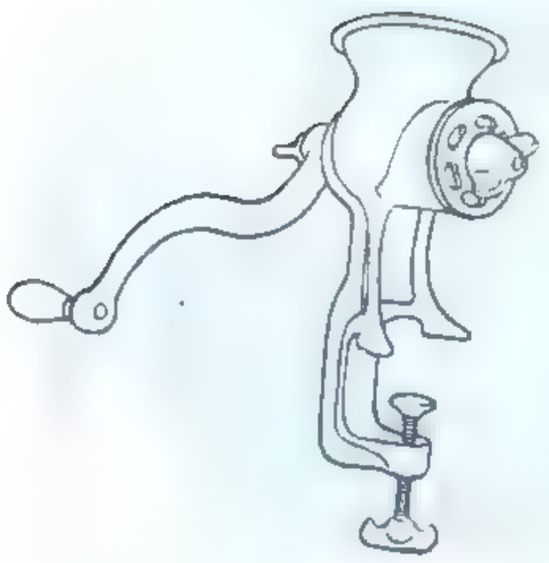
I liked the first one best. first they all sung come where my love lies dreeming, dreeming the happy hours away and then old Francis sung come with the lute and old Fonce sung come with the lay and then they all sung come come come come jest like marching.

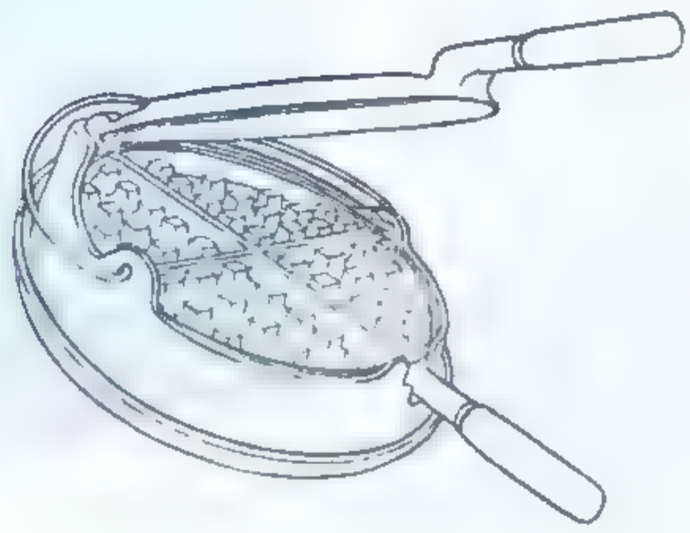
when they got throug old Fonce sed that is the best peace Steven Foster ever rote. gosh i never gnew old Steve Foster

(Continued on Page 110)

They Begun to Practise There Singing. So I Sat in the Wood Box and Lissened. It Was Grate

Double action
single cost





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So many extra motions, so many little special jobs—they're what put drudgery in kitchen work!

Here's a wonderful way, now, to combine two necessary cleansing processes. To scour off dirt and stains and at the same time sweeten and destroy every trace of strong, stale odor.

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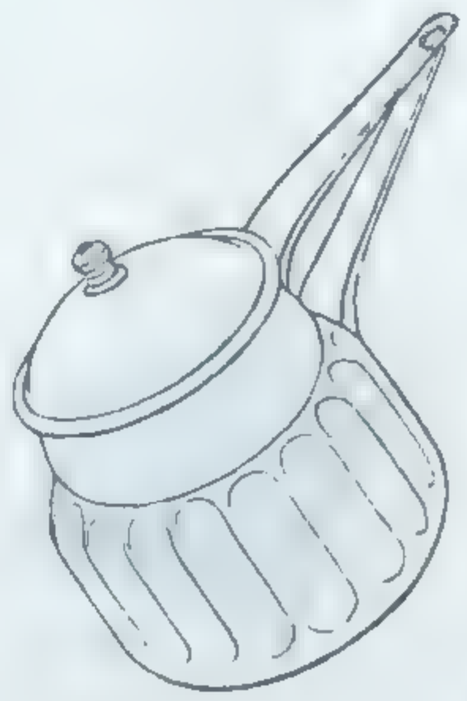

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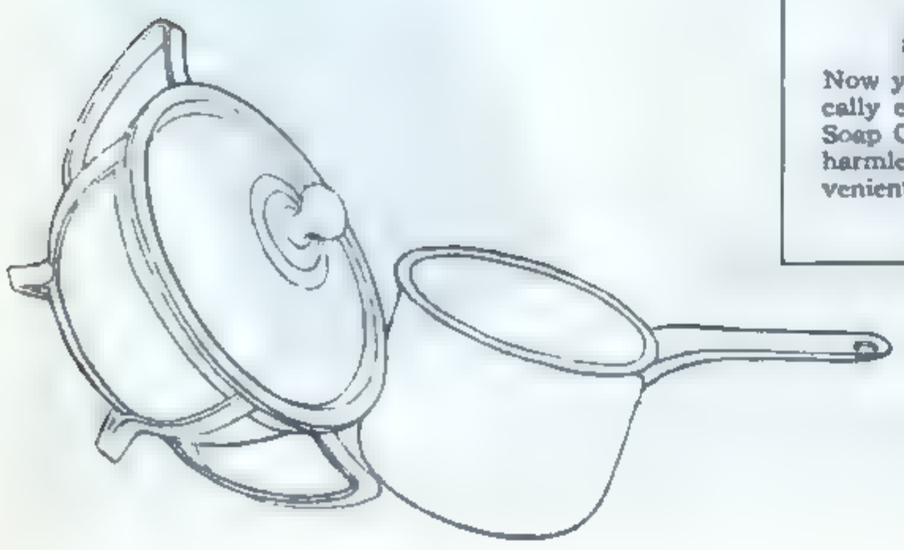
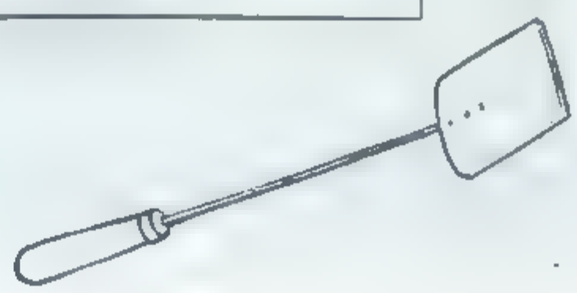
a quality soap in convenient form

Now you can have it—a soap which answers practically every household need, in Quick Naptha White Soap Chips. It loosens dirt quickly, yet is mild and harmless on fabrics and hands. Its flake form is so convenient to use—dissolves instantly. It is especially fine for the washing machine.





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When dressmaking time comes 'round —you'll doubly enjoy a Congoleum Rug

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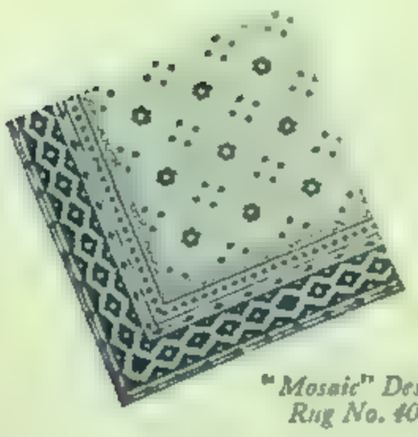
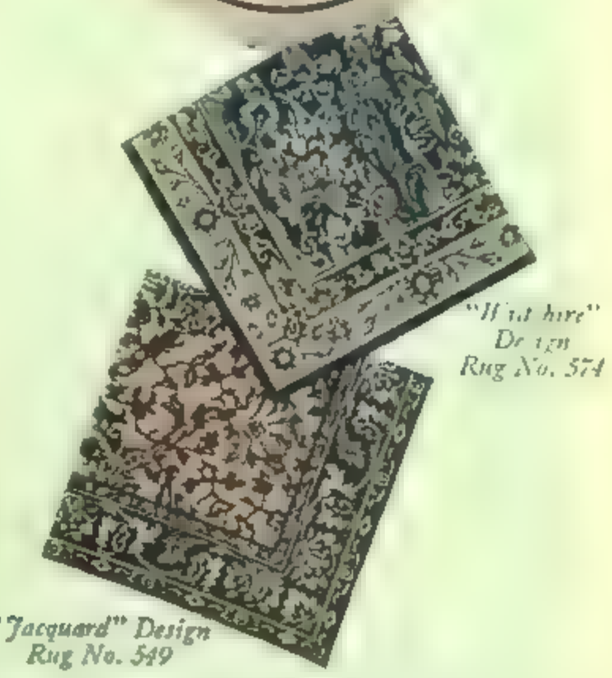
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK



"Mosaic" Design Rug No. 408

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS



"Hi-at-hire" Design Rug No. 574

"Jacquard" Design Rug No. 549

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL WHEN YOU BUY

ARCHERY IN AFRICA

By Stewart Edward White

The Arrow Makers—White and Black—Compare Methods

NO DOUBT such few readers as may have happened to follow these articles in their entirety have wondered why I have not had more to say of the long bow and the broad arrow. The first purport of this expedition, it will be remembered, was to determine how those weapons would work out in Africa. We already knew how they worked out in America, and I have spoken my words in unqualified praise of them. In my own mind, and certainly in the minds of my companions, there existed little or no doubt that as far as the ordinary run of bucks was concerned they could not but be successful. The only uncertainty was as to the larger and more dangerous game. I believe I committed myself in a newspaper interview to the offhand assurance that, whatever else happened, we could certainly keep ourselves in camp meat. Bucks are bucks, and as vulnerable here as elsewhere; only as there are thousands of times as many of them in Africa as there are at home, the opportunities would thereby be as much multiplied.

As for the dangerous game, my own prognostications differed somewhat from those of my companions. Their argument, backed by much enthusiasm, was that all these creatures were, after all, of flesh and blood, and that a well-placed arrow would bring any of them low. They had even constructed some especially large and sharp heads, on awesome shafts heavily feathered, which they called rhino arrows, and which they seriously intended for that armored dreadnought. They also talked elephant. Buffalo were not mentioned. My own opinion was that if the gods favored us we might get a crack at one, or at most two, lions unawares in such a situation as to land an arrow in the chest cavity, in which case we would most likely kill them. I never had the slightest faith in our success against the heavier game. The whole matter I always looked upon and described as an experiment; though, as I say, I had an almost overweening confidence that as far as common game was concerned the experiment was already a success.

Archery à la Buffalo Bill

OUR desire was merely for a good time and to make the aforementioned experiment. We were not out to do circus stunts nor to seek publicity nor to take moving pictures. As far as possible, we avoided letting anyone know of our intentions at all, for we feared that premature newspaper comment might arouse opposition among those who did not appreciate what it was all about, and that this opposition might conceivably prejudice the African authorities against the whole enterprise. Since the performances of a certain "explorer" on the main roads, and of a "museum collector," the African authorities were very skittish as to new stunts. And, as I say, we did not consider this a stunt at all.

But, of course, as our time for departure neared and necessary arrangements had to be made, more and more people heard about it, until finally the sheer novelty of the thing attracted the newspapers. One rather extravagant reporter went so far as to say that the eyes of the sportsmen of the world were upon us. Certainly a great many people became interested, and as these people were told what we hoped to do, it is only right that they should now be told as fairly and honestly as possible what we did accomplish. And it is quite possible, from the growing ranks of field archers in America, some few might contemplate following our trail—if it is worth while. In order that my opinion should be based on as complete returns as possible, I have deferred this article to the last. I wanted to be sure no unexpected elements might intervene to nullify conclusions. Now we are in our last camp on the way out. It is time to report.

To give the conclusions first—with intent to explain them afterward—it must be confessed that Africa is unsuited to the long bow and the broad arrow as weapons of the chase. In spite of the fact that a certain amount of game was killed with the arrow, this verdict is inescapable. The archers hunted very persistently and very ingeniously. They loosed thousands upon thousands of shafts. They employed every possible expedient and method. Their total bag in return for months of daily effort consisted of four or five Thomson's gazelles, two wildebeest, one reedbuck and an eland as game animals; and four hyenas, three jackals, a baboon, a honey badger and a few miscellaneous small creatures and birds, besides the lions from the other list. In quantity, this little bag was as a drop in the bucket compared with the average of something more than one meat animal a day which our necessities demanded, and which had to be supplied by the rifle. We had hoped to use the rifle only as a self-defense emergency weapon. In timeliness archery was nowhere. That is to say, we could never rely on going forth bow in hand in any hope whatever of filling an empty pot. The few kills were haphazard, at odd times, the product of a happy concatenation of circumstances. In variety the bag was wholly disappointing.

When we saw that we were not going to be able to make even a start toward supplying ourselves with meat by means of the long bow, the archers resolved at least to see how great a variety they would be able to collect. Try as they would, and expend as many hours and as many shafts as they did, they never succeeded in landing even a single specimen of such common beasts as the zebra, the topi, the waterbuck, the kongoni, the Robert's gazelle, the impalla, not to speak of the other species not so common. That one lone reedbuck was the sole result of innumerable expeditions.

The waterbuck fairly hung around our camp and were the objective of numberless attempts and dozens of ingenious stratagems, but never one fell to the feathered shaft. The eland was not stalked and shot fairly, but was run up to by the motor car and the arrows were plunked into him à la Buffalo Bill at a few feet range. All in all, the conclusion is inescapable that though the animals killed were shot intentionally, because they were shot at, and because the archer had done his job conscientiously and well, nevertheless, the infinitesimal proportion they bore to the efforts made throws the feat out of the category of skill into that of luck.

Were I to leave my statement at this, the reader would be justified in thinking either that the bow is not so effective a hunting weapon as we had believed or that the archers were dubs. Curiously enough, neither is the case. The long bow remains, in my opinion and in fact, just what I described it in the first article of this series—the one entitled Nyumbo. It is humane in that it kills promptly and surely when the shaft is implanted in the right place; it is accurate within the limits of its range; it can be mastered and shot by anyone capable of a moderate game of golf; it furnishes more sport for each head of game killed than any other weapon; a decent shot is certain to fill his bag—in America, not Africa. Our archers are not dubs. On the contrary, they are the finest field shots we have, as their American record fully testifies. The experiment was in competent hands. If those two men could not make it work no one could. That is why it was satisfactory as an experiment. It was this that consoled me for my own inability to do more.

The first six weeks I was so busy acting as life-insurance agent with the rifle that I had little opportunity to shoot the bow. Then a slight sprain of the left wrist kept me from it. Just as this was about well, leopard bites in the left arm and right shoulder completed the job by touching up certain nerves whose sensitiveness has persisted up to now. If the others had, during all this time, been killing stuff with their bows, I should have felt very sad, for I am fond of the bow; but in the existent circumstances I reflected that if they could not make good, certainly I could not. The effort was in the best possible hands. That is still my feeling in the more general sense. If they could not succeed, nobody could.

Nor was the fault with the weapons *per se*. The broad arrow was just as deadly in its effects here as it had proved to be in America. In my first article I stated that a hit in the body cavity was almost immediately fatal in every case, and pointed out that the effectiveness in a belly shot—where, by the way, the bullet is likely to be very chancy—was due to the admission of air, causing the lungs to collapse, and due to the severity of the internal hemorrhage.

A Defeat for the Long Bow

THE basis of this assertion was, I find on looking it over, the effect on deer. Our archers have killed more deer than any other of the American big game. They have also shot a great many bears of both kinds; two moose, some mountain lions and mountain sheep—to mention a few of the big ones. But these were all killed in circumstances and at ranges which permitted placement of the shaft somewhere in the chest cavity. We really had nothing to go on as to the rest of the body, but generalized rather too hastily from experience with deer.

If one were to formulate the killing power of the broadhead, one would then say that, as far as American big game is concerned, a hit anywhere in the body cavity on all animals up to and including deer is certainly and humanely fatal, and that on all larger animals a chest shot is thus fatal.

This is also true of African game. If one confines his attention to deer-size animals and under, it is literally true that a hit almost anywhere is either fatal or inflicts so slight a flesh cut as to be negligible. Even a rump shot on an animal as small as this is most apt either to cut the femoral artery or to break the beast down otherwise. But unfortunately the overwhelming majority of African game is bigger than deer size. It falls in the second category. To be fatal and humane, the arrow must hit the chest cavity. At once, when this is requisite, there springs into existence a wide proportion of outside area, so to speak. It does not do to shoot at the whole animal, as one does at deer beyond a certain range. One must shoot at a certain limited space on that animal. And if one hits outside of that, one is likely to inflict merely a distressing and uncomfortable and perhaps eventually disabling wound. This is the more undesirable in that, owing to the multitudes of beasts, it is difficult or impossible to track down the stricken animal.

That, of course, is nothing against field archery. It is equally true of the bullet. It means, as with the bullet, merely that one must eschew long-range chance shots; that one must stalk to the range within which he is pretty certain of hitting what he wants to hit. That, as I say, is a problem similar to the one that confronts the rifleman.

This range is somewhere about sixty yards. I have heard our archers say that they considered eighty their favorite long range; but from long observation and a limited experience of my own, I think they overestimate their possibilities

With weighed and balanced target arrows, under fixed conditions and range and at an immovable target, they may be right. But in the game field any archer will have quite all he can handle to place his arrows regularly in an appropriately sized mark at sixty, especially if he has to guess the range. And he is none too certain even at that distance.

Before I go on I wish to repeat for emphasis that the chest-cavity shot is quite as deadly in Africa as in America. Since such was the case, there would seem to be no reason why the experiment should not have been successful. Indeed, we had every confidence that it would be. Nevertheless, in Africa the long bow suffered a signal defeat. As an amusement it gave endless pleasure, but as a practical weapon, carrying with it even a fair assurance of regular success, it was on the whole futile. If we had had to depend on it for camp meat, as per my overconfident prediction, we should have starved.

Now here is a strange thing: An unheard-of abundance of game, a proved weapon, skilled practitioners of that weapon—and yet negligible results. I omit from consideration for the moment the really notable fact of killing five lions in the open. That, as we have seen, was an especial game in itself, impossible without the efficient backing of rifles and therefore not pure archery. One very fine lion also fell to a single shaft delivered by Art without the backing of rifles, but it was done from a secure boma at night. It offered a wonderful demonstration of the killing power of the broad-head, but was accomplished from an absolutely secure position at eight or ten yards range. The weapon used did not matter. It might just as well have been a rifle. The killing power is about the same, and neither rifle nor long bow should miss at ten yards. The feat is in an especial category and cannot be considered when estimating the long bow as an all-around game weapon in Africa. Why, then, this failure? Our analysis of the reasons is in itself—at least to me—absorbingly interesting.

Catching Animals Off First Base

IN THE first place the game is altogether too plentiful. Ordinarily in stalking, one has to avoid the observation of but one pair of eyes; here one must remain concealed from hundreds, perhaps thousands. In even good stalking cover this is an almost impossible task, and African game is rarely to be found in good stalking cover. When by infinite care and patience one has succeeded in eluding the vigilance of every animal in sight, there is sure to be some concealed and unsuspected beast to give the alarm. And when one moves because of suspicion all are on the alert. It may be merely a throw of the head in a certain direction; that is enough. One catches the occasion from the next. Just to keep up the measure of discomfiture, there are noisy birds, monkeys, baboons and other busybodies whose joy in life it is to discover and advertise your presence. Much of the time it is difficult to get even within distant rifle range.

On one occasion I tried for more than two hours to get with the rifle a zebra for meat, and was forced by dusk to return defeated, though there were not less than 2500 of these animals within a half mile of camp. The condition above described is more or less true everywhere in East Africa; but singularly enough, it is more true in this virgin unshot country than on the trodden *safari* routes where the pop of the rifle is often heard in the land. About Nyumbo there are no men to be seen, not even savages. It is perhaps the absolute unaccustomedness of the upright creature, the distrust of the wholly strange animal, that causes this extreme wildness.

Now when you reflect that the archer must approach, not to within the 200 to 300 yards of the rifleman, but to within from forty to sixty yards of his certain shot, you will see that an immense difficulty is imposed at the very outset.

But this is a difficulty merely, not an inescapable obstacle; and difficulties may be overcome, given time and sufficient patience. It merely requires more expert stalking, implies more failures. But it can be done. Even the wiliest runner may occasionally be caught off base. Early on some fortunate morning, some morose old kongoni or wildebeest may be encountered solitary; or on an overcast day the Tommies or Robert's gazelles may prove unexpectedly approachable; or a blind at a water hole may be propitious. Difficulties are merely a challenge, and every old hunter knows that the goddess of good fortune is occasionally kind. I instance this merely as an added difficulty in the way of success, not as a real reason for failure.

However, here intervenes another element that has nothing to do with either skill or good fortune. The very essence of successful field archery is the ranging shot. The arrow's trajectory is so high that one must get his range very exactly to bring about the coincidence of his shaft's curve with his quarry. A miscalculation of but two or three yards either way will result in a shot too high or too low. With American game this does not matter. The deer rarely pays any more attention to the winging shaft than he would to a bright-colored bird. I have even seen them stamp playfully at the missile as it struck quivering into the ground at their feet. Thus the archer can correct his aim and his guess at distance. No African animal ever permitted more than one of those things to come anywhere in his direction even. He departed thence with suddenness and dispatch. I do not remember that our archers ever had a second chance at the same buck in anywhere near the same place. If they did, the occasions could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Still, this, too, could be accounted only a difficulty to be surmounted. To be sure, it is a very large difficulty, and when compounded with the first it offers a problem whose solution would be, to say the least, a matter for prayer and fasting. But the third element is the one that defeats them. It is a matter of education. The education is of the game, not of the archers. These beasts live in the land of lions, of leopards, of cheetahs and a variety of smaller predatory animals and birds. The first thing their children are told in the morning and the last thing at night, with sundry like admonitions thrown in afterward, is, dodge first and inquire what it is afterward. In that way only does safety lie, and well do they act on the advice. The motion of a bow arm, the snap of a string, the very reflexing curve of the bow, will set them at it, even before the arrow has fairly left the string. Never do they run straight; at least not until they have gone through twenty feet of the most expert and erratic twists, turns, doublings and dodgings you can imagine. And they apparently can pull off the performance from a profound slumber. A standing start means nothing to them. And to this accompaniment they add the ability to dodge an arrow actually in the air. I once saw a topi, caught off guard, unaware of the shaft until it was not more than ten yards from his flank. He got out from under! Time and again the archers, when shooting well, have passed an arrow accurately through the spot where the animal was. These shots they comfort themselves with by calling them technical hits. But they bring home no meat.

Now when the permutations and combinations possible to all these elements are assembled, the chances of success are so reduced that the bagging of game, even with the weapon itself as effective as it is, becomes a matter of almost pure luck.

The archers did not acknowledge this without a plucky effort. They tried every expedient possible to ingenuity, but with the same result. For a time it seemed possible, with this great abundance of game, to accomplish something by lobbing at extreme ranges. Not one shaft in fifty could be hoped to reach the mark, perhaps, but it was possible to shoot more than fifty shafts in the day. The bowmen's movements, being beyond dodging distance, so to speak, permitted the launching of the arrow without the animal's instant reflex; and the trajectory of the missile, being so high, took it above the beast's normal range of vision. But here size and vitality stopped the experiment.

The fate of the celebrated and awesome rhino arrows was very amusing. They were truly a fearsome weapon in appearance, and were often exhibited to the worshipful admiration of both white and savage. They were supposed to be a sort of armor-piercing device, the rhino furnishing the armor. The argument was the usual one: The rhino is, after all, only flesh and blood, like all other things so easily slain by the broad arrow. Once one of these arrows was driven into the lungs, the course of Nature must be followed.

I never had much faith and rather less than zero in enthusiasm for this enterprise. A charging rhino is rather easily downed by a cool shot armed with a heavy double-elephant rifle loaded with solid bullets. He merely lets the beast come in t. within fifteen or twenty yards and then, as it lowers its horn, he shoots over the said horn to break the neck. The rhino goes down like a rabbit. But that implies the rhino is charging straight on. If he happens to come in at an angle—as when he pursues an annoying and demoralized archer—that is a different thing again. And in our party the heaviest weapon was a .405, which is all right for lions and self-defense, but is a little light for foolishness.

Sudden Demise of the Rhino Arrows

FORTUNATELY the rhinos near Nyumbo proved both scarce and coy. It was only when Art and I took a three weeks' tour of the outlying districts that we had a chance to make tests. There he encountered a good specimen for a trophy, and as circumstances were, fortunately, not propitious for the arrow, he collected it with the rifle. As we prepared to do the skinning I had a bright idea.

"Here," I advised him, "is the best chance in the world—and the safest—to try your arrows."

Art had with him his heaviest bow. He had no rhino arrows, but he sharpened his broad-heads to knife keenness, backed away to twenty paces and let drive at the softest spot, which is low back of the foreleg where the joint works back and forth. Incidentally, it would be an impossible shot at a live rhino unless the beast were lying on its side or Art on his belly at about five yards range. The arrow penetrated about two inches. Art, somewhat chagrined, cut it out. The steel point was curled over.

"It hit a rib," said he.

I refrained from pointing out that the arrow was, theoretically, supposed to shear right through the rib, and advised him to try until he did not hit a rib. He fired a number of shafts with similar results. At the last he was standing on the side of that rhino shooting straight down in a desperate effort to get somewhere into that animal's little insides. The farthest he got was about four inches; as useful in an animal of this thickness as hitting the beast with a pea shooter.

After this we did a little analysis. The initial reason for the lack of penetration was the resilient quality of the two-inch skin. It closed about the head and the shaft like rubber and bound it fast. If there happens to be an archer or so among my readers, he can try it on an automobile tire and get much the same effect. The second reason was the hardness of the bones, which stopped the shaft and bent the point as though it had been delivered against a stone wall. We stripped the skin off the side. The ribs lay less than a half inch apart and were some three inches wide.

Leaving the stopping power of the skin out of the calculation, it was evident that the chances of hitting between the ribs were as one to six. But even worse, the arrow to slip in would have to be within about twenty degrees of perpendicular; otherwise the breadth of the blade would dig it against the ribs on either side. As the shaft rotates in flight, this brings in a one-to-eighteen element. In other words, the chances of penetrating a skinned rhino's lungs, even with a perfectly delivered arrow, are exactly one to one hundred and eight! And there are remarkably few skinned rhinos abroad in the land. The celebrated rhino head would be even worse for the purpose because of its broader blade. Art, who is the best of sportsmen, threw up both hands and joined me in a good laugh.

We all agree that as even possible arrow game the rhino is out. The rhino arrows will undoubtedly lead a long and revered life as the chief objects of worship in the grass palaces of African kings.

Thus we cannot but confess that in tackling Africa the long bow has, in the old backwoods phrase, bitten off more than it can chew. That does not in any way modify my opinion of it as the pleasantest and most sporting weapon for America. I doubt if at home I shall ever use the rifle again. When I fare afield I shall sling my quiver, strap my braces and take my fashioned yew stave as confidently and as full of expectation as of yore. There lies the true pleasure and romance of hunting. But in this fiercer country where I now write these words I should never give it baggage room again.

To be sure, there are a great many among the native tribes who make a

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Just to Keep Our Arms In

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E X C E L L E N C E

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living, and a very good one, with the bow and arrow. They generally manage to have meat hanging up. The answer is, the poisoned arrow. It then does not matter particularly whether they hit their beast in the rump, the belly or the left hind foot. Just so the sharp bodkin point scratches below the skin to the blood, they are sure of their quarry. The poison is vegetable in character, and made from the wood of a variety of trees and shrubs. This they split to match size and boil in water until the liquid is of about the consistency of pitch. Doc says it has a paralyzing effect on the motor centers, and he is busy collecting samples to submit to medical science.

The natives have various methods of hunting. They will lie in wait for days in small blinds just on the off chance something may graze to within a few yards. They institute great drives in which the whole tribe may take part. Or they will dash into the dust raised by the great hordes of game and discharge arrows at random, and at extreme ranges. It does not matter to them how long they have to wait or how many arrows they may have to shoot. If one lands, all eat. Those who lie in wait use weak bows. Our own Wakoma, who affect the long-range system, have on the contrary very powerful well-made weapons, running up to eighty pounds in pull. It is worth while to see these tall, fleet naked savages dashing half revealed through the thick clouds of dust, and the dimmed forms of the black wildebeest and the sun shining through the murk.

The Magical, Crazy White Man

AS TO the native attitude toward the experiment, it is a little difficult to speak with full confidence. I think there is no doubt that they were very much impressed by the sight of our weapons. The latter were obviously so much more powerful and so much better made than their own that the exhibition of them inspired great respect. But those who were about us enough to witness results, or lack of them, soon lost that respect. On the whole, as far as getting game was concerned, we did not do so well as they could with their poisoned shafts. They came finally to look on us as crazy in a new way; all white men are crazy according to them, though crazy in a magnificent and magical and highly effective manner.

I do not think they ever fathomed our reason for shooting with the bow when we possessed such wonderful affairs as rifles. Indeed, the three or four of our own men with whom I could frankly exchange views—such as N'dolo and Suleimani and Asani—confessed to a slight contempt of our judgment in this one respect. It was all right, of course, if we wanted to do it, but they could not see why we wanted to do it. The killing of the lions interested them hugely, but they were quite clever enough to realize that without the rifle to stop the *carli* ones the feat would have been impossible. If it had not been for our lion hunting with the rifle, and our willingness and ability to get *nyama* with a sensible weapon that would deliver the goods regularly, I am afraid that through us the white man's prestige might have suffered a little. Not that it was important, but it is always interesting to observe any human reactions.

But though archery must acknowledge defeat in this enterprise, nevertheless, as always, the by-products have been even more important than the success of the idea would have been. There is the trip itself, which never would have been undertaken save for this incentive; and the lions, and the new country, and Nyumbo, of all of which you have read in the preceding articles; and infinite amusement from small episodes. As, for example, early in the game, when the archers were full of confidence, we came upon a group of wart hogs, and our bowmen each loosed a shaft.

"I hit mine!" cried Doc excitedly.

"So did I mine!" echoed Art, also excitedly.

"You both shot under," denied Leslie.

"I did not! I hit mine in the rump. You can see the arrow sticking in him!" rejoined Doc with heat.

"Mine too!" quoth Art.

"Then you must have shot four arrows apiece," remarked Leslie dryly. "Just look at the other hogs!"

Sure enough all eight were legging it away as fast as they could go, each with an exactly similar arrow sticking up in exactly the same place. Then we broke it to the chagrined archers that each and every wart hog is endowed by Nature with such an appendage. When the beast is at rest it hangs down like any well-regulated tail. When he runs he sticks it straight up and stiff as any arrow, and the flat tuft of hair on the end does look like the feathers.

Another time we had built, in the wide forks of a tree near a water hole, a flat platform of sticks, disguised with twigs and leaves. In this I roosted with Suleimani, hoping something foolish would come along at which I could loose a shaft. Nothing did, but I saw many interesting things, and watched the game at its daily affairs.

About seven o'clock each morning the sand grouse came to drink. The first flocks lit on the ground a few hundred feet from the water and immediately squatted and humped themselves into the semblance of so many brown rocks. Another lot came in and took due and proper place behind the first. The third lot lit behind the second, and so on, until the ground was knobby with them for almost as far as I could see. But by now I noticed that the first comers had crept forward and were actually at the water's edge and drinking. There had been no perceptible movement that I could distinguish, but there they were, and the others in unbroken mass behind them. They took some minutes to drink, but until they had finished, the others all squatted patiently in their proper order. The first flock suddenly arose, uttering their weird cry, wheeled to the right and flew away. And, lo, the second flock were at the water's edge, and all the rest had flowed—it is the only word—one move nearer to their refreshment. Once something alarmed the flock in possession and it rose, startled. But in returning it did not attempt to regain its lost precedence; it resignedly fell in behind all the rest. This was interesting.

Before long came a goose, a beautifully marked creature with an iris of gold. She alighted on the ground and started to waddle toward the pool, when her attention fell on our blind. No nest like that had ever been her experience before, and she came over to investigate. I could see her through the interstices of our floor gazing at us, turning first one eye up, then the other. It was too much for her, so she fluttered laboriously straight up and sat on a limb not two feet from us, whence she looked us over again. Not being a roosting creature, she did not long retain her balance, but dropped back to the ground directly beneath. Evidently, however, she approved of the thing as a nest, for soon she flew up again and actually sat down on the platform alongside the other geese—Suleimani and myself! She might have stayed and laid an egg for all I know, but I could not resist making a grab for her legs, whereupon for the second time she returned to the ground directly beneath, whence for a long time she surveyed with a disapproving golden eye. That was interesting too.

Once when Art and I were off on *safari*, leaving Doc at Nyumbo, the bow brought him an interesting by-product. One evening he came in about the warmest, reddest, all-in man in Africa, but bearing proudly about two-thirds of a mangled Tommy. When he had absorbed a lime juice and got his breath back he told the following tale:

"I lobbed into this remainder Tommy at just 155 yards and was feeling pretty cocky for about a second; but hardly had he hit the ground when a hyena dashed out, seized him and made off. So I ran after him. The ground was rocky and rough, but I made pretty good time. So did the hyena. I was bothered by the rocks, but he had a load to carry. Every time he'd get a little ahead he'd lay down my Tommy and take a bite. Then he'd pick it up and go on. I saw I couldn't catch him, so I had the bright idea of yelling at him all the opprobrious epithets I could think of, and I expressed them with emphasis and in the coarsest tunes and terms. Darn him, it just seemed to inspire him! It sounded awful to me; but after listening all his life to the squawks, howls, groans and idiotic noises hyenas make, I suppose he thought I was encouraging him with cheering and praising. I was getting tired, but so was he; that Tommy must have been a heavy load. Once I stopped long enough to take a shot, but the arrow didn't go close enough to attract his attention. After about half a mile he stopped for another rest—which we both needed badly—and I got an arrow so close it surprised him. He dropped the Tommy—what was left of it. Lord! I never was so done up since I tried to catch three grizzly cubs in the snow!"

The Hyena's Only Passion

THIS hyena may not have known that Art intended to be unkind; but one I put a bullet into a few days later must have guessed that I did not mean him well. Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that he had received a wound that proved fatal within 100 yards, he dashed back to the kill, seized a piece of meat and carried it off. Talk about the ruling passion strong in death! The hyena's only passion is *chakula*—food.

The flivvers are successfully out; the men are paid off; we are on the high seas headed westward. The adventure is at an end. But before we make our bow I want to add just a few lines as to the people we—and you—have been consorting with so long. They, too, I do not doubt, would like to make their bow.

N'dolo, then, is apprenticed to a garage. The *moto* car has fired his ambition in quite a new direction. He wants to be a mechanic. To us, with our wider sophistication of value, it seems rather anticlimactic. After dealing familiarly with royalties, commanding a half hundred and more of men, traveling far into the out spaces, meeting danger from the forces of Nature and of wild beasts, to fill his days with grime and oil and spanners and the rigidity of mechanical processes under a tin roof has a sort of inversion to it. But N'dolo finds in it an outlet for his desires; and since such is the case, N'dolo will succeed.

Suleimani's physical condition is good, save for the loss of one eye. We tried to get him to go to the hospital for examination to find out whether the withered eyeball should be removed. Immediately, at the bare idea, Suleimani's fine courage that had never failed him for an instant through all his hard times broke utterly. So we had an expert examine him privately. He now enjoys a small pension and a corner of land Percival has allowed him on his farm.

Sabakaki, to our great surprise, came to make a visit even after he had been paid off and had received his precious *barua*, or letter of recommendation. He maintains stoutly that he is still off hemp smoking and intends to remain so. Sale, N'thitu and the eleven ambitious Wakoma who made the plunge into the great world already have more work in sight. Several of them came down to see us off when the train pulled out from Nairobi.

But the most touching of my experiences were the numbers of my old men—1910–13—who, hearing that I was in Nairobi, sometimes made long journeys to see me. Invariably they brought gifts—very beautiful and valuable gifts. My old gun bearer, Memba Sasa, showed up. He is now a headman, or minor chieftain, of about 1000 men under appointment from the government. We had a good talk of old times. Incidentally, I mentioned that Mrs. White had for years used a beautifully embroidered Swahili cap he had made her as a sewing bag, and told him how grieved she was when it was stolen. His face brightened.

"I have just finished a very nice one, *bwana*," said he. "It is at my *shamba*. I will bring it in Monday."

"That's good," I agreed heartily. "One of the last things the *mem-sahib* told me was to be sure to buy a good Swahili cap to remind her of the one you made her. And now I can buy her one of yours. Bring it in and I'll be only too glad to pay you."

He drew himself up.

"*Bwana*," said he with dignity, "did I say anything about bringing it in for money?"

The story has even more point when you consider that a good cap such as this brings in cash about half of what Memba Sasa receives from the government in a year.

He brought the cap in Monday, and I said good-by.

"*Bwana*, while you are in Africa it cannot be good-by between us. I shall be at the train when you go."

And he was. This was three times in the one week he had come in, and each trip meant twenty-four miles afoot.

Roaring a Curfew for Mac

AT THE station, just before the train started, the group consulted hastily apart. Then Mavronki made a request.

"We all want you to send us back a picture of yourself that we may place it in our houses," said he.

"You shall have it," I promised.

"Yes, but, *bwana*," he supplemented, "we do not want a picture in *safari* clothes. We want a picture all *meredadi*"—dressed up.

Although we did not sail from Mombasa for several days, I like to think of my farewell to Africa as the last glimpse of the station platform at Nairobi, and the receding faces of friends there gathered—white and black.

But I cannot say farewell to you also without just one more lion story. This was the experience of an acquaintance who forgot that one should not be out after dark in Africa. Beguiled by the beauty of the country, he wandered farther and farther afield, until to his horror he realized that he was at least three miles out and the sun was touching the horizon. Just to rub it in that he had made a mistake, a lion roared. It was a distant lion and its exact direction was, as usual with distant lions, not to be identified, but it was a perfectly good hint, and Mac started back briskly. After a few moments the lion roared again. This time it was noticeably nearer. Mac increased his pace. Nothing happened until he had covered a good half mile. Then for the third time the brute opened up. And now there was no doubt of it at all—the lion was shortening his distance, probably by the customary leaps and bounds.

Mac broke into a gentle dogtrot. It was now dark. The evening was, of course, tropical and sweaty. The ground was wabbly and full of holes. This form of exercise was not one which Mac would have selected of his own accord. But, as quite audibly that extremely vocal lion was getting nearer and nearer, he did not revise his plan of action, which was to get there regardless and as soon as might be possible.

At first the situation was merely an uneasy possibility, but soon it became a very real menace, and just at the last developed into a race for town. Nearer and nearer sounded the great voice until, as Mac, gasping and wet and exhausted, stumbled to the first house, the roars of the infuriated beast were not more than fifty yards away. Never again would he forget to be in before dark.

Nor has he abandoned this determination since. No, not even though he shortly discovered that the lion that had uttered the roars was the oldest and best-known lion in Africa and that he lived in a nice strong cage just at the edge of the town. Naturally he got nearer and nearer—as long as Mac went toward town.

Bassi—it is finished.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth and last of a series of articles by Mr. White.

THE AMBASSADORS' CHOICE

Those who are selected to represent this country at the courts of the great capitals must in turn select the things which will be in keeping with the importance of their missions.

Ten prominent diplomats have recently chosen Packard cars as affording that distinction so necessary to their business and social activities.

In England, a Packard Six has appeared at the Court of Saint James's; while in France, an Eight has stood, an object of beauty, at the gates of the Palais de l'Elysée.

In either Six or Eight is found the full measure of Packard beauty, Packard distinction and Packard dependability.

PACKARD

Ask The Man Who Owns One

THE MARRIED MAN

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THERE is no age at which a man can be sure he will die a bachelor, any more than he can be sure that he will die in his bed; so I'll say no more than that, up to the present, it has never happened to me to be married. To my mind, a wife, a home and all that, call for a special gift in a man, and I haven't got it. But I know fellows who'd be as lost and forlorn without 'em as I'd be with 'em.

No; when I get a spell ashore, I waft my chest and my portmanteau to clean lodgings not so far from the shipping and the kind of chaps I'm accustomed to live with. And from there I can reach out to the theaters on the one hand and to the waterside pubs on the other; I can lunch aboard a friend's ship in dock and talk freights and owners, and dine the same evening up west and argue about Conrad and Shaw. In other words, I can make the most of the life that is open to me, and to share it would be to halve it.

But, as I said, there are men who live in marriage as fishes live in water; it's their natural element. There's one I'm going to tell you about; I went to see him this afternoon.

The tall youngish sea captain tipped the ash from his cigar into his coffee cup and regarded the glowing end meditatively for some seconds. The broad white of his shirt front threw the bronze of his shaven face into a strong relief; he seemed another species from the three rosy and comfortable gentlemen who sat about the table with him.

He lives in Wapping, continued the captain. There's a little shop there whose front always reminds me of the faces of old sailors I've seen, battered and scarred by years of profitless hardship and toil, without hope of anything different in the years that remain to them. It sells candles and halfpennyworths of groceries and farthingworths of tea and all those scrapings and leavings of commodities with which the poorest of the poor eke out what they call their lives. Within, it is a square room split in halves by a greasy counter littered with the trash in which it deals, with shelves scantily loaded, a stack of firewood against the wall, a leaky drum of kerosene, and smells from all this muck that sort of blend into a single sour stench. Talk of the odor of sanctity! For me that—that miasma is coming to stand for the odor of domesticity.

There's a bell attachment to the door of the shop, and as I shoved it, the beastly thing exploded in a shrill jangle, and then, instead of stopping, swung to and fro like a church bell and tolled a single stroke every two seconds for about a minute. The door at the back of the shop opened and the lady of the house came out. She's an old acquaintance of mine now, for I always call there when I'm in London; but she isn't exactly one of those people who improve on acquaintance. In the desert of her tired face only two things seemed to be alive, the courage and the malice of her little eyes. She is, I suppose, going on for fifty; she has had fifty years in which to strip herself and be stripped of beauty, vanity, desire, tenderness and the mere outward appearance of a fellow human creature. Her clothes, slovenly and frowzy, made her shapeless; the look in her eyes, hostile and greedy, made her hateful. I raised my hat to her.

"Good day, Mrs. Salter," I said. "Is Bill in?"

She had come forth in the expectation of a customer and some poor fraction of a farthing's profit. Her greedy eyes turned angry.

"You, is it?" she rasped bitterly. "Yes, 'e's 'ere, an' much good may 'e do yer! Bill!" she vociferated—a boe'n with a voice like hers would provoke a mutiny once a watch—"Bill! 'Ere's Mr. Warren wot's come to see yer!" She turned to me. "'E's out back," she said. "You better go through."

I thanked her with tremendous politeness; I find that a sort of protection against her, a way of keeping her out of striking distance. The room behind the shop was a kitchen parlor, into which the general style of the shop—its sticky and smelly foulness—had overflowed, and here the odor of domesticity found reënforcements from a table cluttered with unwashed dishes from the midday meal and a sink in the corner. I hurried through it, and out, by way of a door on the farther side, to the little pit in the surrounding brickwork which was the back yard. You know—such yards as you overlook from the train when you come into London from almost any direction, dreadful little garbage dumps where nothing grows but props for clotheslines. In the middle of it there was a washtub on a broken chair and a man in shirt and trousers bending over it. He straightened up as he heard my step and turned to me. "It's Mr. Warren!" he cried. "Why, sir, I wasn't expectin' you, not for weeks yet. 'Ope you're well, sir."

He wiped his hand first on his trousers and then under the left armpit of his shirt, before he took the hand I offered him. He beamed on me with undisguised pleasure at seeing me; and there was pride too—an honest snobbish pride—in being thus visited by an overpowering aristocrat like me. There never was anything so flattering as Bill's welcome when I go to the slum shop in Wapping; it's probably part of the reason why I go. He's a big chap; not tall, but massive in a compact and handy sort of way, a man who can make his weight count for something on braces and halyards, and his hairy forearms, with the faded tattooing on them, were like a blacksmith's. He's about his wife's age, I should think, but he's worn better. I suppose, really, that no man's life is as wearing as a woman's. Anyhow, though his shirt was filthy and his hair and beard matted with dirt, there was a kind of cheery confidence in all his look and bearing. Manhood was not extinct in him as womanhood was in her.

We chatted as we always chat, and meanwhile Mrs. Salter drifted out of the back door and past us where we stood. I saw the white shine of her jealous and tyrannical eye as she went by. She moved on to where some dingy linen hung from a sagging line. "'Ere!" she squawked suddenly "Call these sheets clean, ye 'ulkin' loafer?"

Bill Salter spun round convulsively at the stab of that awful voice.

"Aw right, Susy," he replied placatingly. "Aw right, old girl. Jus' a minute! Me an' Mist' Warren 'ere 've got ——"

"You an' yer Mr. Warren!"—with a hell-fire accent of scorn for the title. "Any excuse for not doin' of yer work, ye dirty dog! Livin' on me after desertin' of me for twelve years, an' then can't do a bit o' washin' to keep things decent and respec'able. Like to go orf for another twelve years, I dessay."

"Susy, Susy, old girl!" Bill Salter turned an imploring eye on me.

"It's all right, Mrs. Salter," I called. "I didn't mean to interrupt work and I'm just going. Good morning, Mrs. Salter."

I shook hands with Bill again, raised my hat to the lady and fought my way out to the street through the smells and disorder of the house and shop. And before the bell of the outer door woke up to ring me forth, I heard that awful saw-edged voice raised again in a sort of hysteria of cruelty and anger.

One of his audience stirred in his chair. "If that's your idea of a typical scene of married life ——" he said, and broke off. "I'm married myself," he added.

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The Ship Stood Burning Upon a Great Circular Plain of Shining Water

DEPENDABILITY

The greatest thing about a Ford is the way it keeps going, even under the worst conditions. The dependability of Champions—which have been standard Ford equipment for 14 years—is an integral part of Ford dependability.

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CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

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A new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles will restore power, speed and acceleration and actually save their cost in oil and gas

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The captain smiled. "No," he said. "But it strikes me as a good test of a man's gift for marriage. And it's about the man himself I want to tell you."

I'd taken no particular notice of him—the captain went on—otherwise than to observe that he was a quiet man and a good seaman, till the evening of the day when we left the bark Portone in the boats, with her cargo of jute handsomely ablaze and the fore end of her, as far aft as the waist, glowing like a furnace. This happened at the southern end of the Bay of Bengal; we were bound from Calcutta to London and I was mate of her. Some days before, we'd run into one of those flat stagnant calms you can get in those latitudes. The ship stood burning upon a great circular plain of shining water as level as this table. My boat, as we lay off and watched her pour her smoke in long upright columns at the cloudless dome of the sky, would roll an inch or so as someone shifted his seat or stood up, and settle back again sluggishly to motionlessness as if she had been bedded in mud. And as the evening darkened swiftly, what had been a forest of smoke pillars with only a pale show of flame took color, and, when the night settled, the Portone showed as a vague and changing shape of pure fire, dyeing all that mighty water mirror with the color of blood and flame

The captain's boat was about twenty yards away from us and he shouted to me

"Somebody ought to see this," he called, "if it wasn't for this calm."

The men in my boat listened eagerly. They had before them a prospect of some dreadful days, or weeks, of rowing, perhaps only to die of thirst in the boat, after all Whispers fluttered to and fro among them as they waited to hear more. Then one of them spoke aloud to me

"Looks like as if there was some wind over there, sir," he said.

I recognized the mild and respectful voice of the seaman, Salter, and my eyes followed his pointing hand. There was no moon, but the whole vault of the sky was spangled with the great tropic stars

Northward, whither he pointed, there stood upon the horizon a slowly broadening blot of blackness that was darker than the night

"By Jove, I think you're right, Salter!" I said, and stood up and shouted to the captain. Those squalls from a clear sky that come slashing through the heart of a dead calm can be dangerous things.

"Better get some sail on the boats," the captain called back. "Close-reef your lugs'l, Mr. Warren, an' take care not to part company. If you lose us, make north for the B. I. steam lane."

Those were the last words I ever heard him speak. No, he wasn't lost; he was picked up next day, but I didn't happen to run across him again

The squall came, sure enough, a regular baby tornado, pushing a sea ahead of it. First the boat lifted her bow lazily to the thrust of an eddy; then the chill of the coming wind reached us and I payed her head off to drive her close-hauled. And thirty seconds later I had my foot braced against the lee gun'l, hanging onto the sheet with a single turn round the pin, and the boat was racing into the darkness like an express train. The men were all up to windward, hanging on for their lives; none of them made a sound, when Salter spoke again. The wind brought his words down to me.

"There goes the old Portone and my passage home," he said.

Can you believe it? In the stress of those moments I'd clean forgotten her. The sailor's words sounded like a reproach and I eased the sheet a foot while I snatched a look toward her. But I looked too late. The night was around us on every hand, unbroken by any show of light. He told me afterward that he had seen her last as a patch of fire that seemed to sink slowly downward and then flick out all in a second.

The wind blew itself out by next morning, and by evening the sea had fallen again to its great inertia and its thousands of miles of hush. I set watches and overhauled the stores. There were nine men in the boat, counting myself—not many for a big ship's lifeboat—and there had been room to provision her amply. I put Salter in charge of the other watch and we settled down as best we might to our eight hours a day of rowing, the daily torment of the sun and the killing monotony of it all. In all, we had eighteen such days, varied only by an occasional flaw of wind that came to relieve the labor of rowing, and twice by tempestuous tropic rain with which we refilled our water breakers. It wasn't pleasant, but it could easily have been worse, and at the end of it we were picked up by a tramp bound for Rangoon.

But in the meantime I had come to know Salter. His promotion to charge of a watch had seemed a very real rise in life to him; he was for the time being an officer and entitled to associate with me. So when in the evenings the oars were shipped and the ration of food and water served out, he would bring his grub aft and sit facing me on the after thwart and deliver himself of such small talk as he considered genteel and appropriate to his new status. It had a good deal to do with bars and the private lives of celebrities he had heard or read about. Then one evening, about the third or fourth after leaving the Portone, he asked me suddenly, "You don't 'appen to be a married man, sir?"

"No," I replied. "And not likely to be. Why?"

I thought he sighed. "I am," he said. "It's 'ard on a married man to be a sailor, sir. I ain't seen my missis for more'n ten years. Seems like I warn't meant to see 'er no more, sometimes."

"Is she in England?" I asked.

"Yes, sir—down Wappin' way. It's a little shop wot she's got; nice little 'ome, sir. There she is, b'ind 'er counter, doin' 'er reg'lar trade; an' 'ere's me, driftin' about between ports an' never managing to get shipped aboard anything that's 'omeward bound. I was 'alf orf me 'ead with joy when I signed on in the old Portone"

"But surely," I argued, "ten years, and not a ship home in all that time! Didn't you ever have a good enough pay day to pay your passage home?"

He shook his head, munching the while on his meat and biscuit, his pannikin of water between his knees.

"I sends my pay to 'er," he said simply. "It's a nice little business—now; but there was years, before she'd worked it up, when there warn't a living in it."

And from that he went on to tell me his story. He had been a sailor all his life, save for an interval of some months when he had procured a job as rigger in London at good wages. And upon this rise in his fortunes, he had married a little slavey whose parents lived in Wapping. "Timid li'l thing she was, sir; and some people works their servant cruel 'ard. So we got a room and some sticks o' furniture, an' one Saturday we walks up to Whitechapel, where she'd been in service, and gets spliced. And there I was at last, with a wife an' a 'ome of me own!" You should have heard him talk of that home, the pride and tenderness in his voice, and of his wife, the timid little thing. "It was the makin' of 'er," he assured me. "Perked up wonderful, she did, till it was as much as me life was worth to come 'ome late or look in at a pub on the way." And he smiled reminiscently.

But the rigger's job had not lasted and it became needful for him to go to sea again, leaving her his half pay and sending her most of the rest of it as he drew it. They had saved a little money while he was at work ashore, and there came a time, during one of his brief returns, when opportunity beckoned them. The shop I have told you of was for sale for forty pounds, and they bought it.

"She saw wot a chance it was," explained Salter, "Wonderful 'ead for business she's got."

They moved in, with a meager credit from the small bandit of a wholesaler who was their landlord; and Salter went to sea again to tide the enterprise over its first vicissitudes, leaving his wife to take shape from the buffets and frictions of a poor life in Wapping.

And since then he had never seen her. He detailed his voyage to me. There was scarcely a big port in the world to which his wanderings had not carried him, and there were some little ones of which I had never heard. From every seaboard in both hemispheres his earnings had trickled back to uphold the horrid little shop in Wapping to which he was bound by an invisible but unbreakable bond. And in all that time he had never found a ship to carry him home. You know, although it's different now, all this is not so very many years ago; and it was true enough that in most parts of the world a man before the mast had literally no say as to the ship he would sign on in. The boarding master sold him for his current value in blood money or hustled him before the shipping master in haste to procure his advance note. He went where he was wanted and when he was wanted; his preferences were his own affair and no one else's.

I had evening after evening of these confidences. I might be a genuine copper-riveted chief mate with a master's certificate in my chest and he merely a foc'sle hand: but on the other hand he was a man with a wife and a home, the head of a household, with his own hearth to sit beside, his own vine and fig tree. I suppose the old Christian martyrs must have had a pride like that: "I'm poor, I'm weak, I'm helpless; you can burn me, slaughter me, crucify me. But ——" See what I mean? He jumped readily enough to an order; he was respectful with all the formalities and with a simple and sincere good will, but he patronized me; there was a point at which he knew himself to be my superior

It was the night before we were picked up that he headed off on a new tack.

"I s'pose you'll be makin' for home pretty soon, sir?" he inquired diffidently.

I nodded. "Soon as I can get a ship," I agreed. "If there's nothing in whatever port we get to, I'll take a passage back to Calcutta. I want to go home and try for a command."

He nodded in his turn and spent a couple of seconds in profound thought.

"I was jus' thinkin', sir," he said. "If I was to—if I could manage to ship along with you, maybe I'd manage to fetch up at Wapping at last, an' I don't see 'ow I'm goin' to do it else."

"Well," I said, "I might have nothing to say in the matter, Salter. And I may not get a ship for home myself, you know."

"That's so," he answered. "That's so, sir. But your case an' mine is different, sir; cos sooner or later you're bound to get back, and there ain't no kind o' certainty o' that for me. So I'd take a chance on shippin' with you, sir, wherever you was makin' for."

"I see," I said. "I'm to tow you home—is that it, Salter?"

He smiled. "But I'd be pretty light on the bow, sir," he argued. "I reckon I'm worth my wages aboard anything that floats."

And he was right. He was an admirable seaman, one of the old kind, with an aptitude for the small sailorly arts The liners have mopped up most of them now as quartermasters and bos'ns, but at the time I am talking of there were still enough to furnish a core of fine proficiency and courage to the average windjammer's crew.

Next day we were picked up by the steamship Eorivan and duly landed at Rangoon. And things fell out as Salter had planned them. I found a berth, and a very jolly one, on a tiny bark that worked no farther east than Manila and no farther west than Colombo. Her master and owner made no bones about shipping Salter as a combination of bos'n and second mate, and I had a little more than a year among the islands, which I thoroughly enjoyed. There were times when I was almost resolved to settle down for good to that life in the narrow seas, where one gains friends in every port. It was the nearest to domesticity I ever came, the domesticity of an existence in a stable and unchanging environment. But Salter it never claimed.

I remember one afternoon as we crawled to our anchorage in Surabaya. I was for'ard with a serang and a Malay sailor at the toy windlass. The captain himself was in charge aft, and Salter, reverting from second mate to

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The extra service that makes a tire great instead of merely good—

May the Best Man Win

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By the very nature of the service it must deliver, it takes a tire longer than most products to demonstrate its true worth.

When a tire completes the mileage expected of it, people call it a good tire—and there are many such.

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The Cost of Distribution Is Lower—The Standard of Quality Is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

(Continued from Page 40)

bos'n, was about the main deck with the hands as they clewed up and hauled down. He moved for'ard presently till he stood beside me, gazing at the crowded harbor with its huge four-masters, its big steamers and its couple of Dutch men-o'-war.

"Sugar!" he remarked at last. "It's sugar they're loadin', for London an' Liverpool an' Philadelphia an' Falmouth for orders. Those is ships, Mr. Warren, not little, bark-rigged bumboats like this 'ere. Look at that feller with the painted ports—all o' three thousand ton, I'll lay! That's the kind o' ship you's ought to be mate aboard of, Mr. Warren."

"Especially if she was bound for London?" I suggested.

He sighed. "I'd take a chance meself o' shippin' aboard o' one of 'em," he said, "only I'm scared o' me luck. And, anyway, this 'ere ain't goin' to get you that command you used to talk about, sir."

The thing settled itself when the little bark's owner died in hospital at Batavia some months later and his widow sold the bark to a Chinaman. And presently came the day, dizzy with hope renewed for Salter, when the pair of us went aboard one of the big sugar ships at Surabaya, bound for Wapping, home and beauty—or, at any rate, to Falmouth for orders as to our final port. My luck held, for I went as mate; he went before the mast, where he belonged; but to judge by his face, as I gave him a lift across in my sampan, many a man has been saved from imminent death with a less sense of good fortune and gratitude.

She was the Stanville, a Glasgow four-masted bark, and except for me, everybody in the afterguard was a Glasgow man. She was a good enough ship of her kind and purpose, a very capacious cargo tank with no more lines to her than a mud scow; but there was plenty of spread to her spars and, upon occasion, on her favorite point of sailing she could reel off a respectable tally of knots an hour. As to personality, that thing which alone makes a ship lovable, she had no more than a spitkid; she was just a moderately responsive machine that could be relied upon always to react in the same manner to the same impulsion.

Salter was in my watch, able, ready and cheerful as ever, and now again, on quiet nights, I had a chat with him during his trick at the wheel. She steered well, I'll say that for her; and I have a clear memory of the way he used to lean against the wheel, one arm outstretched toward a further spoke, the other hand grasping a spoke at the level of his waist. The binnacle threw a light to his face, upturned to watch the delicate shiver of the back of the mizzen to'gallants'l.

"Well, Salter," I remember saying to him, "homeward bound at last, eh?"

"At last, sir," he answered.

"Ninety or a hundred days with luck," I said, "and you'll be sniffing the smells of Wapping. You thinking of taking a long spell ashore?"

He turned his face to me then. "Long spell!" he repeated. "Why—wot 'ud I go to sea again for? I'm goin' 'ome!"

"I see," I said. "Going to swallow the anchor. Well, see you don't fall from aloft or tumble overboard or anything and spoil it all."

He nodded. "I've 'ad that on my mind ever since I come aboard," he said quietly. "Funny you should say the same thing, sir. But you c'n depend on me; this time I'm goin' 'ome!"

His grim seriousness made me remorseful. There are no high ideals or low ideals; they are all on the same level, and to belittle them is blasphemy. I hastened to make amends.

"Of course you are," I said. "And I expect your wife'll be jolly glad to see you."

He pondered that a moment; then the light from the binnacle showed his face merry and smiling.

"Lord, 'ow she used to go on when I come 'ome 'alf an hour late!" he said. "And now, 'ere I am twelve years late! She'll 'ave my life!" And he shook with quiet merriment.

But the voyage achieved itself without mishap to Salter. We ran into a cyclone where we ought to have found the doldrums and off Algoa Bay a steamer nearly ran into us. In short, nothing happened; the Stanville was a prosaic ship of a serious bent, and adventures for her were disreputable. She brought us to Falmouth as decorously as a cross-Channel ferry and the captain duly went ashore to learn our further destination.

We lay there four days, painting and polishing; it seemed that there was something the matter with the world's sugar supply and folk ashore were speculating in cargoes. I was hoping we'd be ordered to London, but on the afternoon of the fourth day came the news. The best harvest on the Continent had failed over huge areas and there was a shortage of sugar stocks, and we were to carry our cargo—of all places—to Hamburg.

"Towboat'll be alongside at six," said the captain to me. "See all clear for getting away, Mr. Warren."

The news spread, of course, and all hands cursed. To be paid off in Hamburg meant for most of them shipping again from there, as likely as not in some German five-master with auxiliary steam running to Chile for nitrates. I'd have had a word with Salter right away if I could and relieved his mind. He had a pay day coming, and under two pounds would carry him across to London. There was no reason why he should suffer anything but a week or two of delay. But I didn't get the chance just then, and later it slipped my mind.

It was about ten o'clock that evening that I came on deck to take a look round. It was a chill night, with mist on the water, and hardly a show of the lights of the town through it. The two men of the anchor watch were smoking in the lee of the galley. I passed them and went for'ard for a look at the riding light and the cable compressors. We had a long foc'sle head, and as I approached the ladder to go up to it, the space beneath showed pit-dark. I should not have glanced at it, but someone stirred there. I don't know why that should have made me pause.

"Who's that?" I called. There was no answer. "Come on," I ordered. "Who is it?"

"Me, sir," answered the voice of Salter in subdued tones.

"What are you doing there?" I demanded, and as I spoke he came forth to what light there was.

"I ain't goin' to 'Amburg, sir," he said, in a flurried hoarse whisper. "I ain't goin'; you wouldn't 'ave the 'eart to make me, not after we been shipmates so long—not after them eighteen days in the Portone's boat. Sure as death, this 'ere's my last chance; I can't keep 'opin' on forever."

I stared at him. He was unrecognizable; he was holding out both hands to me in a manner of abject supplication, and trembling violently.

And his purpose, which I had interrupted, was plain to see, for he was barefooted and his boots were slung about his neck.

"You fool!" I said. "You weren't thinking you could swim ashore, were you? Go to your bunk, man, and you'll be in London in a fortnight."

He shook his head. "It ain't two miles to the beach," he said. "An' I've swum five before now. An' I'll be in London tomorrow night. I got the money for the train."

"You'll probably be in irons down the forepeak in five minutes," I warned him.

"Sir," he said, in the accents of a cry, but without raising his voice, "Mr. Warren! You know yerself the kind o' luck wot I've got; you know it's my last chance. An' s'posin' I was drownded—ain't that better'n the kind of life I'll 'ave from now on?"

"But you won't have it, you idiot," I argued. "I'm leaving the ship in Hamburg, too, and I'll bring you across myself."

"No," he said. "No! The luck's carried me this far; if I throw it away now, it won't bring me no farther."

Of course I know what I should have done then. I should have called the anchor watch and taken him aft to the captain. It was a plain duty that stared me in the face, and if I did not do it I was chief mate of the ship on false pretenses. But then, whenever I have made myself a judge or an oppressor of men, it has always been on false pretenses. I am used to living upon them; they are a chief part of my stock in trade. I considered him and he fell to trembling again.

"I don't believe you could swim it," I said.

"As Gawd sees me," he swore, "if I drop down dead where I stand, if I never speak another word, I can do it on my 'ead!"

"Well," I said, "mind this! If the anchor watch raises a yell of man overboard I'll lower a boat and pick you up, and you won't get away a second time."

I heard a hoarse "Gawd bless you, sir!" as I went up the ladder. I did not look round. But as I was examining the compressors, I thought I heard a splashing in the water ahead of the ship.

In Hamburg my mail included a post card that fortunately flicked into my hands before anyone else had cast an eye over it.

The captain fished in his pocket and produced a crumpled post card. "I meant to tell you this story tonight, so I brought it with me," he said. And he read:

"*Mr. Warren, dear sir:* I take pen in 'and to 'ope this finds you as it leaves me, and a 'earty welcome waitin' for you if you favor me with a call which would be a honor. My missis is well, though a bit changed in the looks, but it is 'eaven to be 'ome again in my own 'ome sweet 'ome and never to leave it no more. Talk about carryin' on when I used to come 'ome late, she 'as surely been givin' me hell ever since I shoved my nose in at the door.

"But as the song says: East, West, 'ome's best. With my 'umble service and duty,

WM. SALTER.

"He's happy, of course; saints in hairshirts with peas in their shoes used to be happy, like them, Bill is a man with a vocation. You fellows have marriage mitigated for you by pretty, clever, lovable wives and charming, comfortable houses to live in. In other words, you take your powders with jam; whereas Bill prefers the powder to the jam; he wolfs it down alone. Here's to Bill!"

PHOTO BY E. A. MCGINLEY, MT. WASHINGTON, PA.

Pond in the Adirondacks

Practical "Waste-Control"

Help yourself to greater net profits

GOVERNMENT reports show constant growth in industrial output.

In 2 years, total production has increased 19%

In 4 years, number of plants has decreased 10%

This is peculiarly significant; the concentration means that the increase in the individual plant relatively is far greater than the total increase in output.

This growth should mean greater net profits. Does it?

Whether or not an individual plant executive can show increased net profits depends largely on his ability to control preventable wastes.

Here is an offer of practical help in three directions:

1) Through the correct lubrication which we recommend, it is often possible to make a net saving of 10% on power costs.

2) We can help you to extend the useful life of your machinery through the correct use of the correct oils we recommend. If you add but one month for each year of its useful life, you save over 8% of your investment in your machinery.

3) Interruptions in operation due to mechanical repairs and shutdowns, can largely be reduced by the correct lubrication we recommend.

You cannot possibly have maximum net profits until your plant lubrication is correct. If you consider oil as a mere item of expense, you cannot expect economy. If you buy oil for its effect on net profits, get in touch with us.

With the coöperation of your personnel, we will gladly assume the full responsibility for prescribing correct lubrication throughout your plant.

IF the Vacuum Oil Company lubricates your plant, you use an organization which has specialized in lubrication for 60 years, whose engineers and field men visit over 200,000 plants yearly, whose treatises are recognized engineering text books. Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are approved specifically by 225 foremost machinery builders, and lubricate industries the world over.

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Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Boss' Son

THE most to be pitied and unenviable creature in business or banking is the boss' son. He is expected to do so little and to be so much. His supposed advantage of knowing the boss so well usually, if the truth be studied, works to his disadvantage. If he takes any initiative he is liable to be looked upon suspiciously by the old-timers as a usurper; if he doesn't he is rated as just another dud and censured severely for wasting such a fine opportunity. The boss himself is usually to blame. Either he tries to make things too easy—how often have we heard a self-made-with-a-struggle man say, "I don't want my boy to go through what I had to go through"—and pushes him along so fast that he does not thoroughly learn the business, with consequent ruin to the morale of the entire office by such flagrant favoritism; or he leans backward the other way and in his sense of loyalty to the business makes it almost twice as hard for his son as anyone else, so that no one can accuse him of favoring his own at the expense of others. Added to this is the fact that the boss is the boss probably because he has an iron will and domineering manner, and his son's character -to which responsibility is like sunshine to a tree—is often dwarfed and stunted in the shadow of so great a personality. Yes, the path of the boss' son is far from rosy.

I remember a very amusing boss' son story in London. One of my friends was there in the British branch of the boss' company learning the business. He worked hard and long; used to get down to the office at nine or even eight-thirty with the clerks in the morning. Sometimes never left till four-thirty or five, going without tea! The senior partner stood it just as long as he could, then came to him in a very apologetic and tactful way.

"My deah Mr. Workwell, a gentleman never arrives at his place of business before ten in the morning or leaves later than three in the afternoon. I really wish you could alter your habits to that extent, as I verry much feah the clarks won't know what to make of it."

Tradition has had it that this type ideal of boss' son must be a dapper, rather weak and incapable spoiled youthling who sits in a mahogany swiveled chair and plays with the operating levers of the big, money-making machine. Today a very different sort of boss is more frequently found, a man who has built up a well-tuned organization of distribution, a man who has created a new industry where none existed before, a man who has founded factories on an idea and turned the abstractness of that idea into a reality of everyday production. These men are proud—and justly, for anyone who can pay good wages, make an article of daily life a little better, distribute it a little quicker and less expensively, with a little less profit per unit, is working just as surely for the public weal as a doctor or an altruistic statesman. For this reason and a sense of pride the modern boss tends to look upon his business as an end in itself and above all a thing to be carried on successfully after him at any cost. Our country is dotted with these living monuments of men's achievement, more expressive than Napoleon's tomb, still doing their humble daily service to the nation or some part of it. Son or no son, the business must go on, and personally I think it's a fine conception, though I blush to confess I am a boss' son.

Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him

POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC

Handing it Back to Pa

EVER since I could walk pa used to say, "If you're any good we've got a good opening for you; if you're not, we don't want you. I'm not going to have our concern saddled with any dead wood and go to dry rot like some of those I've seen."

I drank these words in with my baby milk. I really can't remember when pa didn't say them to me, which he did every chance he got. However, I had a little spunk, too, and just about the time I got sick of hearing them, one day I said:

"Well, pa, maybe if I'm any good I won't want to come with you."

That held him for a while.

Then came prep school—I worked hard. College—I worked hard. Meanwhile I had made up my mind to finish up afterward at Oxford. Truthfully I think pa was afraid to let me go abroad to study. He knew I'd ten times rather wander through an art gallery than eat, or hear an opera than a musical comedy, or sit up all night with the Arabian Nights. He didn't say so, but he was afraid I wouldn't come back at all, and if I did, would be ruined for work.

Still he came through like a brick. Of course I came back and right off the bat had offers for a couple of good jobs. I talked them over with pa and watched him wince, because it would have broken his heart if I hadn't gone into that business of his, yet it tickled him to think that someone else wanted me.

"One thing I object strongly to about coming with you, pa, and that is no matter what kind of success I make or how I build this business up, I'll never get any credit for having any ability or doing it myself. It'll always be: 'His father certainly left him a wonderful business' or 'Who couldn't make good with a chance like that?' However, I'm willing to swallow that and let people believe I've ridden to success on your coat tails; I'll even work my darndest to double the worth of the common stock and have the pleasure of buying it back from you later on at the increased valuation due to my day-and-night efforts. But it's a go. I'll come. Please don't overpay me; it might turn my head."

He took me seriously and didn't. Put me to work on less money than common labor was getting in our coal and lumber yards—and kept me there a couple of years. I was a lot like the bluing cork you see tossed into the wash tub and left there to bob up and down and be whirled around, until it could find a berth for itself in some corner or other. I had no job in particular—everybody else had one and was busy. I had to carve one out. Looking back I guess I carved a big one, as a boy with an ambitious stomach slices a birthday cake. But I was used to working hard at college and fell right into it.

A Substitute for Experience

I BONED that job just as I boned for final examinations. I had had nine years of extraneous education which left me just that much back work to make up. All the other boys had been learning business and had a head start on me. It was new—no textbooks, no boiled-down points, Item 1, Item 2, Item 3, to get down cold by heart. Eyes and ears open, read trade papers nights, any amount of thinking, and then remembering it all. I took the stiffest courses in college, but for common sense, quick deep thinking and many sidedness this boning up a business has them all beat. While I was translating Latin poetry—with a trot—these other fellows were passing practical mathematics and lumberology. The short of it—I went after the business just like a course, took notes, made clippings, read all the literature in the field, then organizing this material, put it to the practical test of experience during the day, discarding what did not work. What a subtle compliment it is when people around you begin to come to you for advice or information!

I lost my English accent quickly—the broad "a" was the last to go—and soon came to be regarded as a regular fellow after all. The captain of our office said to pa, "Why, it didn't spoil him a bit, Mr. Blauvelt," which pleased pa some more, so he raised me ten dollars.

I had charge of hiring men and picked some mighty good live young fellows, all about my age. We began to make things step around the place and would get together every so often to discuss business and swap our experiences—imagine, practically all of us under thirty. But pa has slow, sound judgment and makes a good balance wheel. It occurred to me that the rest of the boys ought to have the benefit of the material and information I had amassed about the business, so I decided to hold school. We gathered on Thursday night every week at the main office and I gave a regular college course on our business, notes required to be taken, and a final written examination at the end with $100 in gold pieces as prizes to be awarded for high standing and prompt regular attendance. It was a great success. I taught them some of the theory of economics in our business and then opened the class meeting up for discussion and questions. As usual, being the official teacher I learned perhaps more from the pupils than they from me. At any rate we all learned a lot. My personal opinion is that most of us give up studying our home work nights too soon, and most business men, especially salesmen, who have to know so much before they can succeed, should go back to school. It's the only way a young man can make up for his lack of experience—by studying the recorded experiences of older men and guiding his career on the lessons taught by them.

Pa is a shrewd man. He gives us *carte blanche* responsibility. When we pull a costly flivver he never blinks an eyelash—just says, "Charge it up to experience." I'm beginning to believe the proverb ought to be changed to "Experience is an expensive teacher." But he knows it's the only way to develop men and that no business can run without them—real, live young men.

Well, some of the boys are pushing me mighty hard. Just let me say again, this job of being the boss' son is no cinch! One consolation—we've almost pushed the boss out of a job, and that just about pleases him to death, because in our business everyone's the boss' son—if he's got the goods.

—HIRAM BLAUVELT.

"I'd give a million dollars for a good night's sleep!"

YOU'VE met this man. Nerves on edge, jumpy, irascible, at his wit's end. "I'd give a million dollars for a good night's sleep!" And he looks as if he would—if he had the million.

Somebody has figured that lack of sleep costs this country over a billion dollars a year. That doesn't interest you, even if it's true. But it does interest you when *you* lose sleep . . .

We don't have to be adrift at sea on a life raft to appreciate the overwhelming value of the great fundamentals—sleep, food, water. Many a man in this country today is on the ragged edge, tottering, because he needs sleep. He may not be overworked. He may go to bed early. He may lie on the finest linen, beneath coverings of down, and then fight—fight—*fight* the dragging hours for the priceless thing that is denied him.

Perhaps this man is you

There is no nightmare like a wakeful night. The maddening ticking of the clock. The quivering nerves. The inimical darkness. The horrible day to come . . .

One outstanding reason why this country is the most nervous, restless, sleepless country in the world is because it is the largest consumer of caffein.

Caffein is an artificial stimulant that excites the nerves. It disarranges our own private ignition system—holds the switch open when Nature seeks to close it—keeps the batteries discharging when Nature seeks to recharge them. It is an enemy of sleep.

One good hour's sound sleep is worth more to the normal man than all the caffein in the world. You like a hot drink at mealtime? Of course you do! And you can have it—without a trace of any stimulant. Try Postum!

Whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted—that's Postum. A rich, full-bodied drink, with a flavor that is distinctive and delicious! It cheers the appetite and warms the stomach—gives you every good effect of a hot drink, without drugging.

There is a woman in Battle Creek, Michigan, who has the reputation of making the best Postum in the world. Her name is Carrie Blanchard. She has traveled all over the country, demonstrating Postum at expositions, food fairs, and the like, and she has seldom served a man who didn't want a second cup. She is making a special offer to you.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Men have always been partial to my Postum. I want to tell you how to make it my own way, and to give you one week's free supply toward a thirty-day test.

"I suggest a thirty-day test of Postum because that is a long enough period to throw off the effects of caffein, completely. You can't expect to quit a habit of long standing and get back to normal in two or three days, or even a week.

"If you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply and my directions, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (made instantly in the cup), or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

© 1936, P. C. Co.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P. S. E. P. 1-25-36

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐
Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling) ☐
Check which you prefer

Name.....
Street
City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
45 Front Street East, Toronto 1, Ont.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-equipped elevator in the plant of the American Zinc Company, Mascot, Tenn.; inset photograph of the plant

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

That five cents less—and the G. T. M.

Nineteen different belts, of five different makes, were put on and taken off the jig tailing elevator job between 1913 and 1924, in the plant of the American Zinc Company, at Mascot, Tennessee. They lasted, as you see, an average of seven months. The best of them registered a tonnage of 486,400 tons; the poorest, 113,000 tons; average, 267,388 tons.

Then came the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—with an idea that proved as sound and serviceable and profitable for the American Zinc Company as it has for hundreds of others. He did not have a belt to sell, but a plan to work out, and, if it looked feasible, to apply to that particular job.

"Let us analyze this together," he said, "and see if we can determine first what factors of strength a belt should have to last longer and carry more tonnage at low cost on this elevator. If your Superintendent will give me the special operating conditions, I'll make the necessary measurements of pulleys, diameters, speeds, loads, center-to-center distances, and so on."

What the G. T. M. recommended after that practical and expert analysis was a *Goodyear Elevator Belt*, 139 feet long, 22-inch, 7-ply, with 1/8- and 1/16-inch covers.

That Goodyear Belt lasted 376 days, as against the seven months' average of the others. It carried 842,967 tons, *and it did its work at a cost of five cents less for every hundred tons it lifted.* That was a *saving* which amounted to nearly two-thirds of the *entire* cost of the belt.

"Most satisfactory service, and up to our fullest expectations," writes Mr. H. I. Young, Manager of Mines, in submitting the performance report from which the foregoing figures are taken.

If you want the service that better belts can give in your plant, it will pay you to have the G. T. M. analyze your belting problems. He is an expert on belting, and he has a practical knowledge of a wide range of industries. You may rely on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods—Conveyor Belts, Transmission Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—that he may specify, to give you longer, more economical and more trouble-free service.

Write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California, for full information about the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan or records of Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods in your particular industry.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES • PACKING BELTS • HOSE

GOODYEAR

THAT OUNCE OF PREVENTION

By Clara Belle Thompson

IN ONE month we allowed 1750 businesses to ground on the rocks of bankruptcy with liabilities totaling more than $24,650,000. Yet every failure represented unnecessary economic waste, not only to the debtors and creditors but to the unoffending general public. Organizations built of the warp and woof of a man, of many men, deserve a kindlier fate than the cold burial of a receivership.

This fact has been recognized for years by a few credit men. Almost forty years ago a San Francisco organization began to take definite steps to prevent business failures, if prevention was possible. And more than twenty years ago a Denver credit association felt sufficiently encouraged by its sorties in the field of rehabilitation to recommend its methods to a national organization. But it is within the last ten years that the National Association of Credit Men has regarded the movement of importance deserving its official recognition and its supervised control. With such sanction, adjustment bureaus are flourishing in eighty cities, self-supporting, but not operated for profit.

Their activities can be simply defined—conservation of assets, rehabilitation of embarrassed debtors and, in hopeless cases, friendly liquidations.

Their assistance, though willing, is never forced. To be secured, the debtor himself must ask for it, or one of the interested creditors.

The head of an influential bureau was trying to define his methods for me:

"We recognize first of all that insolvency is an effect, not a cause. Any administration can line up assets and liabilities and estimate what amount, if any, is coming to the creditors. But we go back to the beginnings of the business and find out the cause of the present insolvency in order to suggest a possible remedy. Browns' is a case in point. The three brothers formed the corporation when they were all young men. It grew until the capitalization was $2,000,000. But its development stopped twelve years ago. There were no new members admitted to the firm, the youngest Brown was past sixty and the business began to suffer from a not uncommon ailment—dry rot.

"I did not realize how serious the situation was with them until two years ago. Harold Brown was a guest in my drawing-room. He refused coffee. 'Does it prevent your sleeping?' I asked. He laughed harshly. 'I have not slept for five years. My business is driving me crazy.' I did not pursue the matter then, but the next day I made a point of seeing him at his office."

To the Rescue!

"WHEN I had explained our brand of service he summoned his two brothers to conference. I soon found that their confidence in me was not business appreciation, but grasping at a last straw. They were not headed for the rocks; they were already there—had been for more than a year. Three brave and broken old men, who were making their last stand by the use of their personal fortunes. We introduced a new cost system, which speeded the routine record work and made possible a $4000 saving on cash discount alone. We pensioned five old employes whose service was costing the business thousands annually in wrong estimates and misdirected capital. We introduced new machinery and in a few glaring instances revised the personnel. Now, less than two years later, the business is perfectly sound, has recently declared a 12 per cent dividend and has only outstanding debts as liabilities."

I found many cases analogous to the Browns'. Changed markets, greater competition, antique methods had made outside help imperative. At the same time there were others like Jones, who had no business method, either old or new.

Jones had invented a radio part, very ingenious and very necessary. Assuring himself that there was money in his idea, he opened up a small factory. Before six months had passed, four of his largest creditors came to the adjustment bureau and asked for a creditors' meeting. Jones was asked to attend.

"He certainly had a poor showing," said the credit man who was detailing the case to me. "He had mortgaged his accounts receivable, he had mortgaged his machinery and equipment. In fact, he had nothing left worth liquidating. But his idea was still worth capitalizing. I suggested that he make an assignment to be held in trust, executing a note to me as the representative of the creditors which covered the entire indebtedness. I mailed an acceptance of these conditions to all creditors, who signed willingly enough, as the loss was already standing to be 100 per cent. I acted as supervisor of the business, with Jones in direct charge under me. Every Saturday night we balanced the books and he gave me every cent he had over $500. This surplus was applied on the creditors' notes. The $500 he used on current obligations. He will be able to redeem the last note next month, but he is not relinquishing his connection with us. He has discovered that his talents do not lie along business lines. So every month he is going to have us audit his books and plan his business for the next thirty days. The unusual feature in his case is his clear recognition of financial ineptitude and a willingness to take assistance."

Sometimes a debtor with decided business limitations not only is not grateful for aid but has to have it foisted upon him by his creditors. Such a man was Carlton of Nevada.

He had a general store—grocery, feed, clothing and shoes. He had obligations amounting to $25,000, distributed mainly among ten creditors. The latter asked the local adjustment-bureau manager to visit Carlton with a view to helping him. Carlton greeted the man with a sneer:

"You know all about my business because you live in the same county, don't you? Well, I have been getting along without your help for fifteen years. I calculate that I can worry with the store a while longer without a college degree."

"You can indeed," agreed the credit man—"about a week longer. As soon as I can get a creditors' meeting I shall advise them to throw you into involuntary bankruptcy. You have admitted in writing that you cannot cover your bills, and that is sufficient ground. I came to give you every help that I could. I am in touch with the market; I have the friendly ear of your creditors, who do not want to see you fail, but who do require some assurance of receiving their money. I had full power to act for them. But you do not care to treat with us. You are within your rights."

Carlton stepped from his high horse.

"You might look over my books, now that you are here," he suggested. "I do not want to go bankrupt."

After a careful audit and general investigation, the creditors and adjustment bureau advised putting a man in complete charge of the business, with Carlton retained on a salary. Carlton agreed, since his books had given a very disheartening showing, and he also executed a joint note covering his indebtedness. The trade, which was limited to ranchers, was put on a strictly cash basis. The turnover in shoes and clothing was very slow, about one in two years. So there was a large closing-out sale in these two lines, which realized enough to pay 30 per cent on the creditors' notes.

Thawing Out Frozen Assets

AFTER one year of operation the notes were further reduced by 40 per cent and the line in groceries was extended. Fancy groceries had an appeal that second-rate clothing had never offered. The turnover was brisk and there were no outstanding accounts, with the basis cash. When the business was turned back into Carlton's hands at the close of a second year, he had been given a better system of operation, all deadwood had been cleared away, he knew the most profitable merchandise to handle and he was entirely solvent. The business had been saved to the community, the creditors still had a paying customer and the man himself was a much better merchant.

But a business may be adequately manned and progressive, yet still find itself in embarrassed circumstances. Unusual market conditions, acts of God, as the insurances read, a change of the political party in power, cause numbers of concerns to face insolvency. A corporation in Southern Texas had assets of $400,000, liabilities of $400,000. It had five branches in Mexico and Central America. The outbreak of the war suddenly froze the assets in the branch houses. Several creditors filed suits, two had attachments on one of the properties. A first-class panic was being staged, with bankruptcy inevitable.

The stockholders had a meeting and decided to turn the entire business over to the adjustment bureau. They realized that any sales required could be made at the bureau's discretion and would not be forced sales. Also the bureau, with its close relation to other bureaus throughout the country, could have a much broader market for disposition of its wares. The first act of the bureau was to place a man in every branch house with instructions to have a close-out sale and liquidate all accounts receivable, equipment and properties. Enough was realized on the branch concerns to pay the merchandise accounts 100 cents on the dollar.

The main establishment continued in operation. But the stockholders were by now in an unsettled state. They had advanced money to finance the concern and held corporation notes. The bureau advised that all stock be called in and new reissued at present value, while they pressed collection on old accounts receivable and recognized the

Trees at Night

Who's Zoo

amounts owed to the stockholders by bills payable on demand. A new manager was installed, the branches were not reopened, the business was conducted on a more conservative policy. When the stockholders saw that the concern was not only a going one but a money-maker, they signified a willingness to take stock in place of their outstanding notes. The local bank made the same offer and the troubled waters had been safely navigated.

I asked the head of the bureau how much his organization had charged to handle the case.

"Our actual charges were $800," he said. "Those are exclusive of salaries paid to the men employed to close down the branch offices or any special aid from attorneys. But we collected more than $165,000 and found markets for goods sold and suggested all business revisions. The concern did not feel that we were overpaid."

"Hardly," I answered, "when bankruptcy charges average 18 per cent of an estate."

"Yes; and a still more decided contrast to Smith & Smith. They operated in Oklahoma and Wyoming. Their business was to buy in accounts receivable and do the collecting themselves. Occasionally, when they had an excess of accounts, they might resell to a smaller concern at a good profit. But generally they did the collecting personally. They cleared $1,500,000 in just a few years—six or eight, I believe it was. Many another fortune was made in the old days in just such traffic on the needs or misfortunes of involved concerns."

I agreed that the new methods were better than the old, and then I asked him a second question:

"Do you not sometimes find persons who have allowed themselves to become insolvent deliberately, lacking sense of financial responsibility?"

He smiled as he answered:

"I can give you two very pertinent illustrations. A man had a small business ten miles away from the railroad. He was at least fifty years old, barely making ends meet, when a fine purposeful woman took him in hand and married him. When the man's first amazement had subsided he found that his wife had married him not for what he was but for what she intended to make of him. She pushed him into the township interests, made him lecture on irrigation, had him boost a town bond and even forced him to trim his beard. He had never been so brisk—and his business never so neglected. Before the bridal year had passed, the creditors were after him like a pack.

"His wife sent for me. He was completely cleaned out. His merchandise was almost nonexistent, and to take it to the railroad for quick sale would have cost 20 per cent of its value. It looked like a case of five cents on the dollar. I did not talk to the man at all. But I explained to his wife that the business could be just made to pay for itself if there were someone in charge. 'All right,' said she, 'I can handle it. Now tell me how to get out of this mess that Joe has stirred up.' I suggested that she borrow from the bank enough to cover all present bills and thereby reëstablish credit. Her cattle could serve the bank as collateral for the loan. She procured the $3000, which she used to liquidate old bills. She had the business transferred to her name, and remarked to her husband, 'I'll never leave you until you have paid every cent back to me with interest. Do you understand?' It seemed that he did, for he answered meekly, 'Yes, my dear.' 'Don't yes me,' she said severely. 'Weigh out some five-pound lots of sugar.'"

"Now the business is thriving," I interrupted, "and they are conducting it happily together?"

The Prodigal Son-in-Law

"I DO not want to make an overstatement," he replied carefully. "At least the business is sleeping comfortably; it is not dead. The man is resigned.

"But the second case I have in mind also involves a man and a woman. This was a young chap who had a grocery store close to the border. He was about twenty-six, hard-working, frugal, honest, a good credit risk. From his store he made a living and was able to put small amounts in a savings bank. But his business offered no prospects of riches either in the present or the future. Then one fine morning his heaviest creditor came to me with the news that the store was closed and locked and the proprietor nowhere to be found. The town was small enough to gather data quickly. We learned that his taxi bill had been averaging eighty dollars monthly for the past three months. He had been running a florist bill that amounted to several hundred. Grocers told of his bringing bags of flour to them and selling below the market price. 'I happened to make a good buy,' he would explain. 'I wanted to share it.' He had disposed of sugar, dried fruit and canned goods in the same manner.

"When we entered the shop we were not surprised to find the shelves bare, the bins empty. The taxi drivers had an interesting story to tell of frequent rides to the home of an old Mexican hidalgo who owned a beautiful house and much land. But it was not the land, nor yet the house, that drew the young grocer; it was the lovely young señorita. I motored across the border and sought the man at the home of his Spanish lady. There was a fiesta in progress, music and dancing and good red wine. I asked a peon what was the occasion of the celebration. 'It is the marriage of our mistress,' he answered, 'to a wealthy Americano.'

"I did not summon the American, but I sent my card to the proud hidalgo. He came in a moment, presented me with his house and announced that all he had was mine. 'I understand your gracious Spanish courtesy,' I said. 'But this man whom your daughter has married has made some bad business mistakes.' I related the full circumstances. The old man tore his hair and shrieked a thousand *carambas* and *caracolitos*. But the situation was not altered and the young person was his son-in-law, and therefor a member of a proud old family.

"Finally, when he had become calmer, he said, 'Bring me a careful statement of our obligations in a week. We will be ready for you.' He was. He met the debts by a check and he had his son-in-law execute notes to the full amount in his favor. 'You are now employed by me,' he told him. 'You will manage my estate. It is not easy; there are long rides and the days are sometimes hot. But I will hold your notes, and in Mexico we have no rules against imprisonment for debt.' They are now a happy family: husband, wife, father-in-law and grandson. The husband defers to his wife's father in every particular, a fine illustration of the respect from young to old."

Damaged Beyond Repair

BUT with the best will in the world on the part of an adjustment bureau, and the most cordial coöperation between debtors and creditors, some businesses are beyond the pale of redemption. As one credit man summed the situation:

"If the business is ill, we are a careful doctor who prescribes the proper medicine and supervises its administration. If it is dead, we bury the remains with the least possible expense to the sorrowing relatives."

If a business is indeed hopelessly involved, there is the greatest need for a wise and equitable administration of its assets. An old man and his wife had handled a drug business for thirty years. They were generous to charities, enterprising in their work—in short, good, substantial citizens. The man had a stroke and was confined to his bed for months. A brother of his wife took care of the business, while his wife remained at his bedside, nursing him. The brother's main claim to assistance was the monthly drawing of a large personal salary; his management was execrable.

When the old man resumed charge he found nothing but creditors' letters and depleted stock. The creditors met. The man was able to make no statement, but wept quietly, his head on his arm. His wife was in bed from shock at the business predicament. The credit man advised that the creditors give the man a full release and accept his assignment as complete payment of the debt. They accepted the arrangement, which saved the man from the stigma of bankruptcy and left his credit clear. They did more—they established him in a tiny shop that carries notions, hosiery and post cards, and he can once more hold up his head in the community.

A New York adjustment man was telling me of two fortunate deals that he had consummated for the benefit of the creditors. In both instances the debtor was beyond financial aid. In the first case the man had a tiny music house. The radio had given him a bad jolt, which poor accounts and poorer bookkeeping had transformed into a knock-out. He had his little shop under lease for $200 a month and the lease had five more years to run. The adjustment man saw the landlord and assured himself that all he wished was his monthly rental, regardless of the present tenant. So the adjuster re-leased the house to two tenants, who agreed to pay $150 each to him. That transaction has saved the creditors $6000—that is, $100 a month for five years—and has made possible a liquidation of 75 per cent.

"But the creditors had to wait a good while for their money," I commented.

"They got it," was his answer. "In the other case, there was no wait at all. A corporation had a mortgage on a piece of property valued at $18,000. The mortgage was for $12,000 and it fell due. The debtor was unable to take it up and the corporation holding it foreclosed. There were no bidders for the property and the corporation bought it for $6000. There was still $6000 more due to the corporation before it came even on the deal. I found a man who was willing to purchase the property for $18,000. I got in touch with the deficiency-judgment holders and found that all they wanted was the $12,000 that was the amount of the original mortgage. I gave them that amount and got the release, which enabled me to sell the property for $18,000. By that stroke I saved $6000 for the creditors."

"The creditors are fortunate in their friends," I said.

"They are—if they behave themselves. Sometimes a creditor will have advance data and will try to save his own account. A clothing merchant had a business that was slated for a fall. One of his creditors, a man to whom he owed only $300, heard of his insolvency. Before any action was taken he took his wife and daughter and bought them suits and dresses to the amount of $300. Of course it could not be proved that he had advance knowledge, so his purchases were allowed to cancel his bill."

"Then there are no preferential creditors?"

"No preferential creditors, but there are preferred claims—labor, taxes and landlords' liens. Any mortgage on fixtures that was taken at least four months prior to court action is also preferred. But the creditors are pretty shortsighted who allow such a mortgage to go unchallenged. It means that the man is doomed and it behooves the creditors to get busy immediately.

"A similar signal is an attachment made by one creditor against a debtor. If the debtor were solvent he would not permit it. I generally expect a creditors' meeting about twenty-four hours after the attachment, long before the trial. I had such a one last week. The creditor holding the attachment said, 'I am going to force the sale. I cannot afford to lose my money.' The other creditors answered, 'Neither can we. If you have the sale tomorrow, you will be a few hours too late. We shall put a stop by involuntary petition in bankruptcy this evening. We have grounds.'

"So the single creditor waived his right and entered the creditors' ranks on an equal basis with the others. The business was liquidated by friendly agreement and the creditors stand to receive about 70 per cent, a very fair percentage, and about three times more than they would have received if the business had gone through the courts.

"Another chap had a still brighter idea. He was a creditor in a case involving about $75,000. At the creditors' meeting, which I attended, it was decided to liquidate under the adjustment bureau. The decision seemed unanimous, although it developed later that this lad had not voted. We made the sale duly and cleared $50,000. When we asked him to send his claim of $3000 so that we could settle it at $2000, he wrote back that he would hold it until the man reëntered business. Then he could liquidate in full. We closed out all claims but his. I held the $2000 for four months, then turned it over to the debtor. At my suggestion he immediately filed a petition in bankruptcy, giving his assets as $2000 and his liabilities $3000. When the settlement was made, instead of $2000, the clever creditor received $600. It never pays a man to try for preference. He suffers now or sometime in the future."

I recalled a case in which the punishment had been several years in coming. A man had a claim for $100 and refused a friendly settlement. The large creditors stood to lose thousands of dollars if the debtor was pushed into bankruptcy, so a couple of them bought the $100 claim. But their admiration for the small creditor was nil, and they felt pretty sure that they would meet him again, as they all dealt in allied lines of merchandise. They were right. Three years later a firm that had been doing a mammoth business suddenly closed its doors. There were numbers of men who were hard hit, but none so seriously as the erstwhile small creditor. The affairs of the big business were so greatly involved that there seemed little point in trying to settle outside of court.

Danger of Speaking Too Soon

"BUT we must avoid bankruptcy at all odds," said this creditor. "We must. Our losses will be frightful."

"You mean yours," was the callous answer, and no further attention was paid to his claim for special aid.

He is still trying to reinstate himself in the good graces of his competitors, but the sledding is slow. If he wants credit information it is always meager and of little value. I detailed this case to a Philadelphia adjustment man.

"Some men are very shortsighted," he agreed. "We had quite an involved situation last month. A creditor heard that a firm was facing failure. He came in haste and took back his last order of merchandise."

"I did not know that procedure was allowable," I said.

"That was the first point. It is not. It would amount to preferential claim. If the merchant had been on the verge of failure, this creditor would have been obliged to restore the goods to him. But the fact is that there was no need for apprehension. The business was in good shape. The creditor's move, however, led to a general tightening of the credit reins. The merchant came to me and asked that I assist him to file suit for libel against the hasty creditor. He probably would have won the suit, too, for the law is very jealous of a man's good business reputation.

A Los Angeles man put the situation rather neatly.

"It is not merely the money we save to creditors," he said, "although we are justly proud of our record, which shows 58 per cent as the average amount collected on 193 estates which we have liquidated. But we are giving a real business service. We are making every effort to keep the honest merchant in business. We advise him, we shoulder the responsibility if that seems the proper move, we intercede with his creditors, we give him the advantage of all our experience and business backing. He may make out a check to us for $50 or $100, but he cannot pay us for that service. As a matter of fact, if he were generously inclined, we could not accept the money. The minute we become a producing concern we would have to pay an income tax."

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MAN ALONE

Continued from Page 28

Janie accepted the words as addressed solely to herself. Not even whimpering, she turned to leave the room. A quirk of satisfaction came to Miss Ball's straight mouth as she followed. Her reading of the omens had been correct. They left Torquay to the most difficult composition he had ever attempted. After destroying much paper, he evolved a bare statement of the occurrence and sent it to Mrs. Damon. Ten minutes later Ralph himself arrived with the answer and insisted on delivering it in person. Torquay felt sorry for him. The boy was evidently as frightened as he was determined not to show the white feather. There were smudges on his cheeks, but one knew they had been left by tears of rebellion. The note was the personification of Eloise Damon in three lines.

"A Damon should be able to take punishment from a Strayton by this time," read Torquay. "You may whip Ralph yourself."

Torquay's cheek bones flushed a deep red; he was angry, but it was the kind of anger that turned him calm. He tore up the note and dropped it in the wastebasket.

"You won't throw any more apples at my girl, will you, Ralph?"

"No, sir."

"Then that's all right. You can have a job at the works whenever you want it, with or without permission." Ralph did not move. "You can go now." Ralph licked his lips, swallowed and stared stolidly at Torquay, who finally asked impatiently, "Well, what is it?"

"Mother sent me over for a licking and said for me to be sure and get it."

Torquay was infuriated.

"Tell her to go to hell!" he roared.

"All right, sir; I will," muttered Ralph. "Between the two of you, I can see I'm bound to get a licking and I don't care much which one does it."

XVII

ON A DAY in August, 1903, Torquay sat at his desk, staring at a clipping from a trade journal which he had pasted on a square of cardboard and propped against his inkwell. It read as follows:

"The machine settles completely the problem of mechanical bottle and jar production, lowers the cost to a vanishing point and cannot fail to revolutionize the industry, displace the can as a fruit package, and by providing a cleaner and cheaper vessel will greatly increase the use and demand for glass bottles and packers."

What the article failed to add was that the invention would give pause to boards of directors of the strongest bottle companies, bring sleepless nights to the heads of every successful proprietary concern and send many a less fortunate establishment to the wall with a crash. Almost overnight, credit became the key to life or death of every bottle-making glassworks in the country. Torquay was placed between the alternatives of admitting outside capital with its consequent interference or staking everything he owned to raise the funds for a drastic remodeling of his entire plant.

It was not in him to brook interference. His sledge-hammer manner was becoming to a man who was master of all he surveyed, but it was poor equipment with which to go into an enforced partnership. He took his decision and began to lay his plans accordingly. Between his first reading of the circular and the day when he installed the first leased automatic bottle machines to reach Hopetown, five years elapsed. During all that time his inner life remained suspended, for he was in such a death grapple as he alone could measure. There were hours, days, when the very existence of all he and his father before him had wrested as spoils on the battlefield of trade was threatened with a wipe-out. He had no thought for Janie; he was not even conscious of her presence. Nor did he once go near his experimental workshop.

Certain weaklings would have liked to see him totter and fall, however general the resulting ruin, but their hopes were destined to disappointment. At fifty-six years old he emerged a winner from what most people, including himself, regarded as the greatest battle of his life. There were a few gray hairs in his thick mane and beard, but not a scar on his reputation as a mighty fighter. He was still Torquay Strayton, master and owner of the Pine Tree Glassworks, the captain of his own ship. With almost as big a rush as it had poured out, money now began pouring in, and from the moment he took up the first of his notes he realized he need never lack funds again.

That fact alone was enough to bring about a sort of pause in his life, a breathing spell which was bound to usher in some radical turn. But he himself did not sense his situation. If he had he would doubtless have put his will in command of his actions and resumed at once the habit of his workshop. Instead he took an interest in trivialities. On his desk lay a letter from Alfred Polperro, his companion on Hensbarrow Hill, asking him to find a situation for Albert, one of his three sons. Torquay had had the letter for almost a year and had never answered it. Now he felt suddenly expansive. He wrote offering to give Albert a start and inclosed a draft for his expenses large enough to create a sensation in Roche. After this magnanimous act he left the office an hour before Jim could be expected with the horses, crossed the bridge and walked toward the house.

There was no chance of his meeting either of the Damons, as Ralph was in college and that morning's paper had told of Mrs. Jake Damon's departure on an extended visit to her married daughter. He took the opportunity to look at the gardener's cottage for the first time in many years. Tucked away from the main street and cut off from his own house by the flourishing cedars, it had the air of a secret dwelling attended by fairies. There were narrow flower beds and window boxes. There had recently been a fresh coat of white paint on the clapboards and of leaf green on the shutters. Only the old shingle roof showed signs of needing attention. The gap in the cedar hedge was all but closed. He managed to push through it and came face to face with a total stranger, a slim young girl in tight-fitting riding clothes and boots. He drew back startled and so did she. They stared at each other.

"Janie!" he whispered.

"Yes; oh, yes!"

Her face seemed to break into light. She threw herself against him and buried her head on his breast, her arms half around his waist. In an instant he was shaken as no moment of the battle for the life of the Pine Tree Glassworks had been able to move him. She was his daughter—and he did not know how to hold her. He seized her elbows and his hands closed on them with a vise-like grip — neither of acceptance nor repulse.

"You're the strongest man in the world," she whispered, but Torquay scarcely heard her. He was listening to his father. He was muttering his father's words aloud without knowing it: "You can't catch up with a woman. She can travel for weeks and months without moving her body. She can leave her body fussing around the house and all the time she's traveling, getting a start on you before you know she's gone."

"Oh, father, how can you say that! I'll never leave you, never!"

He could not remember how he had broken away from her, but long afterward he still felt as if her hands were clinging to his coat. He took to watching her at table and for the three hours she was permitted to stay up after supper. She was a pale girl, like her mother, but with that indefinable refinement which comes with expert care of the body and everything on it. Miss Ball was more than content with a nurse's uniform and two or three street dresses for herself, but all her aborted sensuousness seemed to have found a vent in clothing Janie. It was a cold sort of passion. It gloried in the chance to despise money and throw every emphasis on texture and line.

The result to Torquay was an added barrier and a defense. He saw Janie as living across the wall from himself in that faction which had all his life been an enemy camp. She belonged with Eloise Damon in her youth, or with the high-headed young ladies of the Misses Kinkeads' school. She was of the quality but not of the body of the elect. But she was his property—a hostage which he could hold by force on his side of the wall. When Miss Ball confessed she had taught her pupil all she knew, reminded him that Janie was sixteen and suggested reluctantly that she should be sent to a finishing school, he burst into a rage.

"What for? There's only one finishing school and it will find you wherever you are. What you do is what teaches you. Who knows more about glass than what I do, and where did I learn it? What good has your schooling ever done you? She'll stay here, and if you're tired of watching her I'll get somebody that isn't."

Miss Ball was not offended. The moment was upon her when one throb of love in her heart might have lifted the scales of professional efficiency from her eyes and shown her herself as she was—a woman whose joy consisted in feeding her own and Torquay Strayton's suppressed fires. She had done her duty. She had suggested that Janie be sent away. But now her mind leaped to find pathological excuses which would justify her in perpetuating her domination. There was the vague legend of old Thomas Strayton's days of madness. There were her own conclusions as to Torquay's attitude to his wife and his extraordinary behavior ever since the birth of his child. "Unnatural" was too loose a term to apply to him; he ought to be in a psycopathic ward.

"Janie should never marry," she murmured.

"What?" cried Torquay.

His attention was seized and turned from his wrath. His eyes narrowed as he read accurately the workings of Miss Ball's brain, and then suddenly opened and gleamed. What did he care what she thought as long as her motives would work to the same end as his? In a moment his vague desires as regarded his daughter were crystallized. He wanted her never to leave him. She was the Janie of his youth perfected, lacking the storm spots that had turned her mother black. He wished to have her always where he could watch her. He wanted to sweep the room with a swift glance and always find her face with its strangely dark eyes. When she was immobile, as the older Janie had so often been, he tasted the forbidden fruit of idolatry without knowing he sinned.

Albert Polperro arrived out of a clear sky; Torquay had even forgotten sending for him. He was a pink-and-white youth of twenty-two with the beauty of a half-ripe cherry and the heart of a counter jumper. The size of Torquay's draft had already prepared him to show deference, but when he saw the size of Torquay's house and of the Pine Tree Glassworks his servility became abject. He ignored Mega by turning his own eyes to the glaze of glass when she was present, but he groveled to Miss Ball with the astuteness of his kind. Perhaps he would not have cleaned Torquay's boots, but he would gladly have licked them. He never missed a chance to sir him.

Combining in his sleek person every quality which Torquay despised, he became oddly enough a godsend. Just as the monarchs of old had their court clowns, so Torquay now had his private buffoon. He invented for Albert the job of glorified errand boy, with the official designation of secretary. When they were alone he ignored him utterly; but when others came into the office he would call him Albert with a plaintive drawl and revel in otherwise humiliating him. But the cream of delight was to bait him after supper in the presence of Miss Ball and Janie. The streak of cruelty which in Thomas Strayton had made a victim of the older Janie broke out in Torquay and led him to seize on Albert as a sacrificial goat. What added spice to the pastime was that when the lash of his tongue fell on Albert's thick skin it was Janie who winced.

Next to herself, Albert was the youngest thing in the house. His youth made her feel vaguely that there should be an alliance between them against everything that was old, set and unyielding. But he could in no sense become her playmate because of the implacable rule of Miss Ball and the demands her father made on Albert. Every moment of Janie's waking day was pigeonholed to certain employments; and Torquay, whether from abstraction or malice, absorbed Albert to his own uses. Sometimes he kept him up unconscionably late and again he would make him ridiculous by ordering him to bed at some absurdly early hour. On only one occasion had Albert rebelled weakly, spurred by a faint look of wonder in Janie's eyes and the scornful twist of Miss Ball's narrow mouth.

"I think I'll read for a while," he said nervously, looking around for a book.

"The hell you will!" roared Torquay. "I said go to bed and I meant it."

Janie felt a queer constriction of her throat at seeing Albert obey. She was at the age when a girl is apt to pin her affection on any man within her reach, and she would doubtless have come to idealize Albert if some such incident as the foregoing episode had not infallibly cropped up just in time to nip her dreams in the bud. Sometimes she suspected her father of a deliberate intention, and she would think perhaps if Albert were only planted like a tree out in the lawn, with plenty of room about him, he might grow into something beautiful. But whenever he spoke with his odd mispronunciations, always saying "denner" for "dinner" and "dhree" for "three" and "tike" for "take," she awoke with a start from her self-deception. She could forgive him for being made ridiculous by others but not by himself.

Instead of his being company for her, his restricted presence only troubled her fancies and made her more lonely. In addition, illness fell on Miss Ball, suddenly eliminating her from the ground floor of the house. In common with the generality of the medical profession with which she was so closely allied, she had no fear of sickness in others. But when it threatened herself, sound judgment deserted her. She refused childishly to believe she was ill until the day she could not bend her legs to walk downstairs. The doctors diagnosed the malady as rheumatic fever, acerbated by her stubbornness, and predicted a long confinement. Torquay assigned to her a great room whose last occupant had been Mrs. Burk Damon, then dead some forty years.

Miss Ball did not resign the management of the house. Propped high on the pillows which she sometimes crushed in her arms to smother her agony, she received every morning not only Mega but the girl who helped in the kitchen, the housemaid and even Jim. She did not always have orders to give, but she wished to see them. Without suspecting it, they were the tentacles by which she kept in touch with every corner of the large dwelling and every activity of its occupants. After the servants came Janie, with her work or a book. She was not required to read aloud or to talk. It was enough that she should be steeped for two hours of every day in the influence which had laid out her life with the precision of a builder's blue print.

Janie neither loved nor hated Miss Ball, but she was permeated by her, and Miss

(Continued on Page 58)

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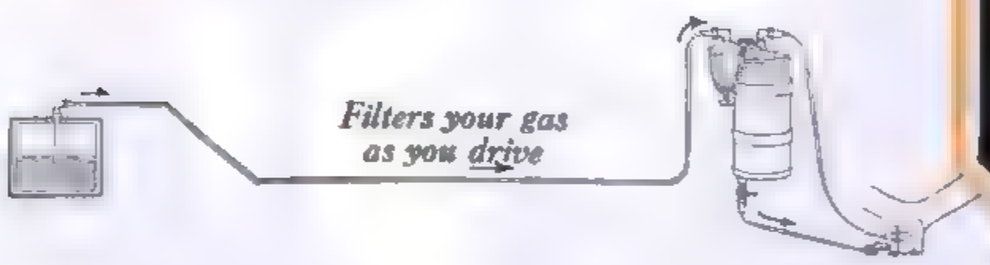

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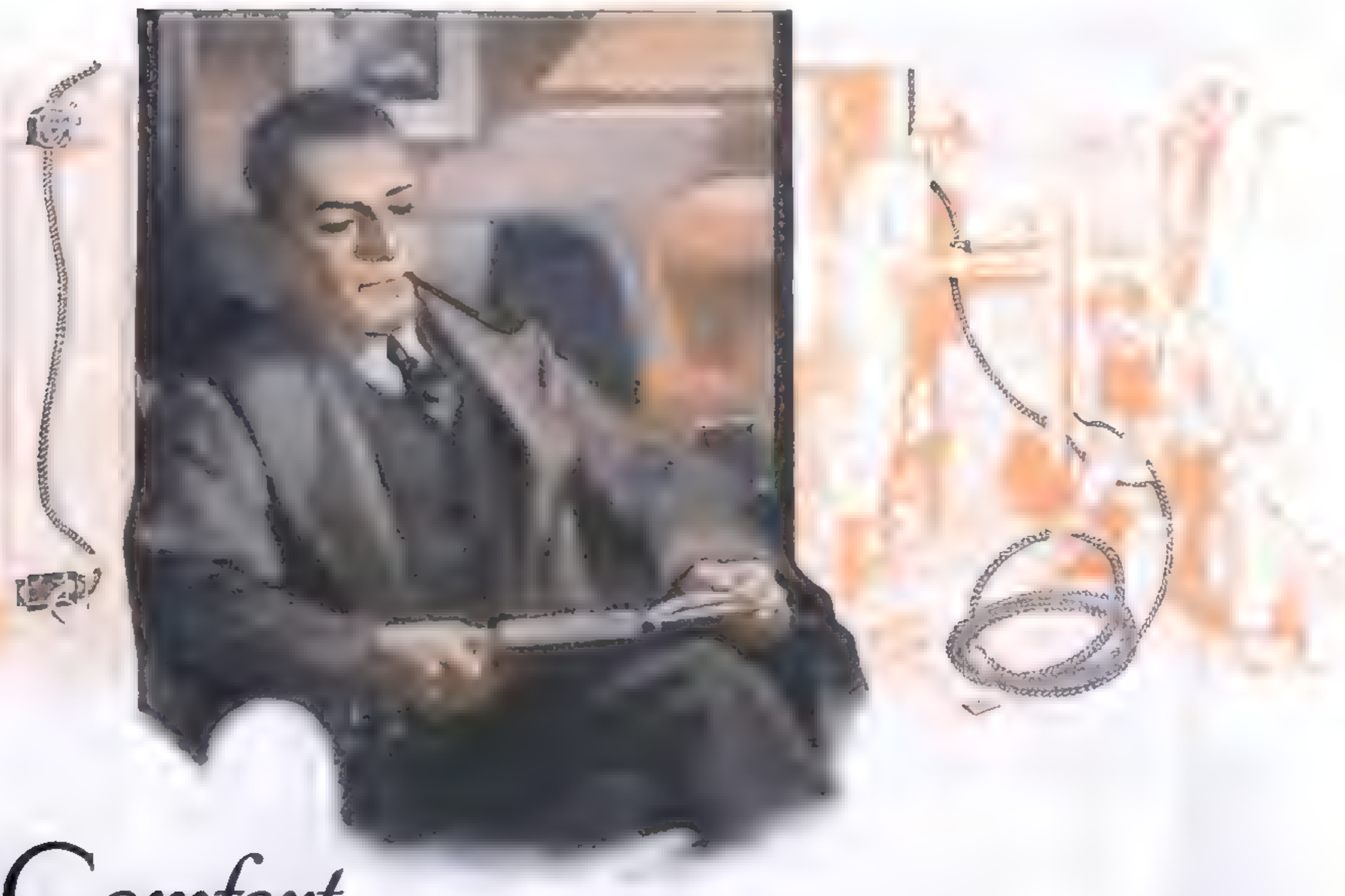

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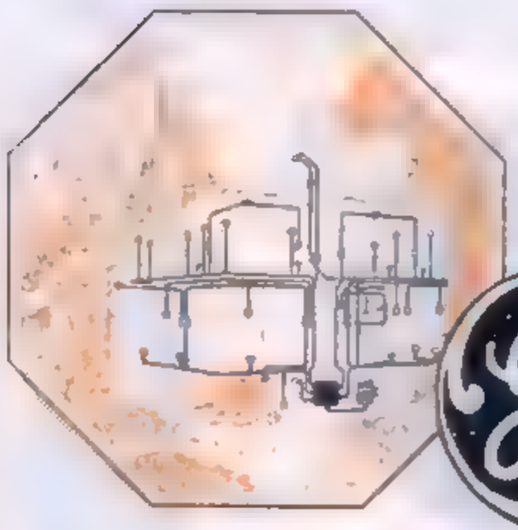

GE WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 60)

Ball knew it. Mother love may be a mere accident, as dependent on individual characteristics as any other brand of affection; but the habit of a lifetime is a definite force, immeasurable in its power. Janie had had the habit of Miss Ball from the hour of her birth, and far from wishing to break away from an unchanging pillar in her life, she would have trembled at the thought of having it suddenly withdrawn. She came to the sick room not as one under orders, but to receive something she could not name and yet would not know how to do without. Consequently she felt a sinking of the heart when she entered one day to find Miss Ball with a strangely stricken face, staring at one of her ankles. It was startlingly puffy and swelled.

Janie withdrew instinctively and went up to her own room, which faced the overgrown cedar hedge. They were stiff trees, but she loved them because she had grown up with them. She could remember when their tops had been on a level with the sash of her window, and now some of them were out of sight even when she was lying on her bed. She went to the window and stood looking out absently, wondering what she would do if Miss Ball should die. The evenings with Albert and her father were growing terrible. Her father had always looked at her strangely. Now he had become like a huge gray oyster shell. If she should touch him she knew she would cut her hands. When Albert spoke, or more often when he only looked at her, the jaws of the shell would open and close on him as her father's hands had once closed on her elbows.

Suddenly a voice came from so near it was like a slap in her face. "Do you dance?"

"No," said Janie, and stared about wildly as she had done when the apple the Damon boy threw had seemed to come from nowhere.

At the moment she had come to her window Ralph Damon had been crouched in sneakers on the roof of the gardener's cottage, seeking where he should fix his last shingle. He had seen her first only as a ghostly form appearing through the thick top of the biggest cedar. He had crept noiselessly to one side until he was able to see all of her and he felt more than repaid for his pains. He forgot the solemnity with which he had recently taken his degree and thought only of how much he would like to dance with so slim and erect a figure. But perhaps she did not dance. He asked her.

Janie moved to the side of the window and found herself on a level with a young man sitting with his feet hunched under him, a shingle in one hand, a hammer in the other and a nail in the corner of his mouth. Her first thought was wonder as to how he could have spoken so clearly, her next was one of shame that she had answered, her third was red-hot anger. All these thoughts were painted in her face by succeeding waves of color, which, in combination with her blazing eyes, made of her a breath-taking spectacle.

Young Damon wished with all his heart he had not spoken to her in banter. He stood up impulsively to make some sort of amends. His feet slipped from under him. The hammer flew one way, the shingle another. He slid first on his back and then by a superhuman effort on his stomach down the steep slant of the roof. The cedars cut his falling body off from view. Janie felt faint. She caught the window jamb, leaned far out and listened for a thud, but heard nothing. The silence became too much for her.

"Are you hurt?" she called.

"No."

The voice sounded quite calm. She drew back and closed the window noisily just as Ralph let go his double hold on the eaves trough and fell lightly to the soft flower bed below. The next morning he appeared in Torquay's office.

"Would you have remembered me, Mr. Strayton, if I hadn't had to send in my name?"

"Yes," said Torquay, after a quick glance at him; "I would have remembered you all right. What do you want?"

"You promised me a job whenever I came for it, with or without my mother's permission."

"That was a long time ago," said Torquay, "and we've quit taking on boys."

"A promise is a promise," said Ralph pleasantly. "Crawl out of that."

"What particular job would you like to have?" countered Torquay.

"I specialized in chemistry at college, but I'd like to start in where you started, as a carrier-in."

"You're almost as clever as your mother."

"If I were," said Ralph, with his first show of temper, "you could put me in charge of your works and take a holiday."

Torquay was enjoying himself. He rested his blunt fingers on the edge of his desk, caught his toes beneath it and leaned back in his swivel chair until his huge body from the shoulders down was horizontal. "I suppose you'd do anything—anything at all. That's what they all say."

"Anything in reason."

"A-a-albert!"

Albert arose hurriedly from the small desk where he tended a telephone and typed telegrams.

"Yes, sir."

"Sweep out the office," ordered Torquay.

For an instant Ralph thought that the formula meant he was to be thrown out and he looked curiously at the man who was expected to do it. But Albert was not advancing on him. He was going to a closet, from which he took out a broom and started sweeping the immaculate floor.

"Would you do that?" asked Torquay.

"The white-bellied slug," murmured Ralph. "I'll do it if you let me use him instead of the broom."

The instant the words were out of his mouth he regretted them, for Torquay's chair and fist came down with a simultaneous bang as he shouted, "A promise is a promise! Sure I'll let you!"

"You're even cleverer than my mother, Mr. Strayton," said Ralph, with a smile. "I could do it, but you know I won't, promise or no promise."

"Now I'll give you a job," said Torquay, "because I damn well please."

XVIII

THAT evening Janie grew desperate. She, her father and Albert were sitting in the large drawing-room which the Damons themselves had used with much more ceremony than Torquay. There was something too big about him to bend to saving a room or even a suit of clothes for special occasions. What he wanted he bought; what he had he used. The left side of the house was divided in three. The drawing-room opened with a wide arch into the library, which in turn opened on the dining room through folding doors. Except in the library, there were tall French windows which gave directly on the lawns and trees that bordered a broad veranda only a step high whose flat roof was supported by fluted pillars. The expansiveness which resulted gave the whole place an air of having been built to fit Torquay.

Janie, especially in winter, would have liked to curl up in one of the big leather chairs before the open fireplace in the library, but her father prevented her. He did not speak to her, but he would walk up and down and around her until her passive resistance was exhausted. She had learned that as soon as she moved into the drawing-room and formed one of a group around the big lamp which stood on a mahogany table in one corner, her father would not only settle down at once but leave her more or less to her own devices. It was as though Torquay could feel at home only in a reconstruction of the triangle of the old house above the flats—his father, himself and Janie's mother.

He did not altogether leave Janie alone, for there never was a moment when he was not conscious of her presence. He would stare at his outstretched feet, propped on another chair, at Albert, at the furniture, and then shoot a glance at Janie's face. Sometimes she would look up uneasily to find his eyes engulfing without recognizing her. Again he would talk at her through Albert.

"Well, A-a-albert, tell Janie what they call you down at the works. Speak up. Don't be afraid. Perhaps that's what she calls you herself."

"They call me Peaches, sir."

"Did you hear that, Janie? They call him Peaches. I wonder why. Perhaps it's your lovely skin, A-a-albert."

Ordinarily Janie paid no heed, but that evening she felt she must find some escape at all costs. Like her mother, she seldom offered conversation, for though neither she nor her father was conscious of the fact, Torquay had ground silence into the warp and woof of her being. Consequently merely to hear her speak was always something of a sensation, and now, unknowingly, she was about to let fall a bomb.

"I saw Mr. Damon yesterday."

Torquay's hands gripped the arms of his chair and his whole frame grew rigid.

"You saw Mr. Damon," he repeated softly; and then exploded, "What Mr. Damon? Where?"

"Why, Mr. Ralph Damon," said Janie, staring at him in amazement. "He was on the roof of their house. He slipped and fell off. That's what I was going to tell you."

"Did he speak to you?"

"Yes," said Janie, flushing at the memory.

"What did he say?"

She shook her head.

"What did he say?" roared Torquay.

"He—he asked me if I knew how to dance."

"The first time a man sees you, you let him ask you if you know how to dance, eh? Where were you? You were in your room, that's where you were! You were in the window of your room. What did you have on? I'll change your room. I'll put you on the other side of the house. I'll teach you to make a show of yourself to every man that wants to climb on a roof to look at you."

A pink flood poured over Janie's neck and face and then receded, leaving her as colorless as paper. Her dark eyes looked steadily at Torquay, but there was no emotion in them, no fear and no grief. They seemed to have become suspended, to have ceased to see, feel or reflect the thought in the brain behind them. They were severed from herself.

In the end they defeated Torquay. His torrent of words stopped as abruptly as it had begun. He sat back in his chair and looked from Janie to Albert and from Albert back to Janie. Every movement of his eyes stood for a lot of rapid thinking. His brain was in the grip of a fever, but it was a fever which brought with it no blindness. It merely sharpened his wits to the verge of insane cunning. He arose, plunged into the hall and left the house, slamming the door loudly behind him. For the first time in their two years of living in the same house, Janie and Albert were left together alone.

Albert glanced over his shoulder instinctively to see if the curtains were drawn. He straightened in his chair, leaned forward and started to speak, but his lips had gone suddenly dry. He wet them with his tongue.

"Janie!" he whispered, but as if she had not heard him her eyes remained fixed on where her father had been sitting. "Janie!" he repeated more loudly, and she turned her face slowly to him.

"What is it?"

He leaned far toward her and talked rapidly, with one ear cocked at the front door.

"Only this: It's something I've always wanted to tell you. You're the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

"Why, Albert!" gasped Janie, recovering abruptly from her abstraction. "What's come over you?"

"Only you—that's what's come over me. I've never had a chance before. I—I think you're the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

It did not occur to her to tell him he had said that already. Her mind was in a turmoil and she could think only of how changed he was and of how profoundly she had misjudged him. He jumped up, glanced at the door and then dropped on his knees beside her. She thought he was about to propose to her in the old-fashioned manner, but before she could catch her breath he picked up her hand, kissed the tips of her fingers and hurried back to his chair.

"I've been wanting to do that for ages—just kiss the tips of your fingers."

She sat looking down at her hand without speaking. It seemed impossible that only five minutes before she and her father and the old Albert had been sitting in the dead air of all their intolerable evenings together. Somehow the room had become vibrant, and it was the new Albert who had brought about the change. The blood tingled in her veins as she listened for what he would say next. But it was not he who broke the long silence.

"Janie!"

The voice was thin, muffled, and came from far away. She straightened tensely and listened.

"Janie!"

"It's Miss Ball," whispered Albert, aghast. "What do you suppose —— Why, she couldn't ——"

Janie arose and went slowly into the hall. As she started up the stairs the front door opened and her father came in.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Miss Ball called me."

"She must have shouted pretty loud."

"I just could hear her. She didn't seem to be shouting."

"Go back in the drawing-room," ordered Torquay.

"Oh, I can't do that," said Janie. "I must go to Miss Ball."

"You're not going to her now," said Torquay, "because that's where I'm headed myself. You go back or to bed."

"I'll go to bed," said Janie, and went quickly up the stairs before him.

But she did not go all the way to her room. She stopped halfway, leaned on the rail and listened. She heard her father rap sharply on Miss Ball's door and enter, closing it behind him. They began to talk; but though she had heard Miss Ball from the drawing-room, she could not make out a word they were saying, now that she was much nearer. She saw Albert come out into the hall and start up the stairs cautiously. His room was a small one at the back of the house on the same floor as Miss Ball's. He hesitated when he got to the top of the flight and she thought he was looking for her.

"Albert!" she called softly.

"No, no!" he whispered hastily. "I can't come up to you."

"I just wanted to say good night," explained Janie.

"Oh, yes. Good night, dear. Don't tell anything."

He hurried to his room. She had a feeling of disappointment in him, as if he had changed back into the old Albert while she was not looking. She fixed her mind on his sudden boldness in the drawing-room and tried to think that if she had been present he would not have turned soft again. It was her influence that had made him into a man and if it had happened once it could happen again. If she truly loved him and he her, she might make him into anything she wished. She went on slowly up the stairs, dreaming.

Both Torquay and Miss Ball were of the sort who can be violent without noise. Torquay had come into her room prepared for a battle and it chanced that he found her in the same mood. He stood by the door for a moment, getting his bearings. There was a great bay window overlooking the lawn at the front of the house, and facing it, against the opposite wall, stood a bed of equally vast proportions whereon lay Miss Ball. Her head was illumined by a reading lamp placed on a stand, but the rest of her showed only as a blurred and bulky outline.

(Continued on Page 57)

The most popular high-grade syrup in the world. A favorite in a million homes in America. Served in the most exclusive clubs, hotels and restaurants, and dining cars.

The shortest distance to a man's heart *at 7 A.M.*

AS YOU women know, most men are easy to manage—*except before breakfast.* That is why pancakes are an institution in this country. They turn grouches into smiles. They start men off right in the morning. And a man started right in the morning is usually a pretty good man.

If you believe in this little homespun philosophy, here is a new secret for you:—the finest, lightest pancake or waffle is still "flat as a pancake" without the *right kind* of syrup.

So many syrups merely add a sweet taste. You want more than that. You want a luscious maple flavor—a *permeating* maple flavor.

That flavor is the secret of Log Cabin Syrup. That is why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today. It has a melting maple flavor unlike any other syrup. A *permeating* maple flavor.

This different flavor is due to the Log Cabin Blend. The 2 choicest kinds of maple: New England and Canadian. Blended with purest granulated sugar—the famous Towle process. A 40-year-old secret.

At breakfast tomorrow, serve pancakes with Log Cabin Syrup. To the surprise and delight of your family. Try this at our risk.

If you do not find that Log Cabin Syrup has a *permeating* maple flavor—*more delicious than any syrup you have ever tasted*—then return unused portion of can to us by parcel post. We will refund you full price, including postage.

Log Cabin Syrup comes in 3 sizes. Order from your grocer today. If he does not have it, send us his name. We will see you are supplied at once. Try this test. You will be glad.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY
ST. PAUL • MINNESOTA

Towle's LOG CABIN *Syrup*

(Continued from Page 55)

Her hair was neatly dressed and she wore a bed jacket over her nightdress, for night and day had become one to her. Pain and its momentary absence were the only divisions of her hours.

Near the bed was a large chair placed for Janie's convenience, but Torquay did not immediately make use of it. He strode up and down, doing something with his hands he had never done before and that he had never seen anyone do except old John Polperro. He was cracking his knuckles one after the other.

"Stop that," said Miss Ball. "If you want to pull your fingers out by the roots, go somewhere else to do it."

She spoke quietly, but with the authority of one who has finished with all servitude. She thought she had no desires left for herself. Food, clothing, shelter, life and death had assumed an equal insignificance. No one and nothing could assail her.

"Janie has got to marry Albert," said Torquay.

In an instant Miss Ball's assurance crumbled into consternation.

"You're mad!" she gasped. "I always knew it."

"I can do anything with Albert," he continued as if she had not spoken. "He'll stay where I put him. He'll do what I tell him. It's like I'd been training him for this all the time, but I never saw it until tonight."

"Janie should never marry. If I thought so before, I think it more now. You're mad. Your father was mad."

"And you're a sick old woman," retorted Torquay brutally, "with only one thought left working in your brain. A lot I care whether you think I'm mad or not as long as I know you're an old fool! If she marries Albert she stays here, don't she? I can watch her and so can you and Mega. But if she marries that Damon lad, he'll tell the lot of us to go to hell."

"That Damon lad?" repeated Miss Ball in a whisper.

"Yes; that makes you think a bit, don't it?" He began cracking his knuckles again, this time unnoticed by Miss Ball. "He'd take her away if it was to live in a barrel. He'd empty this house. I wouldn't ever see her, and you wouldn't. She'd not be Torquay Strayton's daughter; she'd be Mrs. Ralph Damon and all his mother's hoity-toity friends would fall over themselves to call on her in a shack. They'd make a ring around her, with you and me on the outside."

"Why do you think she'd marry the Damon boy? She doesn't even know him."

"Oh, yes, she does. She's known him to talk to for two days. She showed herself to him in her window when he was on the roof of his house."

"I don't believe it," said Miss Ball, clutching one of the pillows beside her and twisting a corner of it in her trembling hands. For a time her body was wrenched with spasms of pain. She did not utter a sound, but agony was written large in her face and in the slow contortions of her limbs. Finally she emerged from the actual struggle and lay panting, her forehead shining with sweat. Some moments elapsed before she murmured with closed eyes, "Send Janie to me."

"You admit she's got to marry Albert?"

"I don't admit anything until I see her."

Torquay laid his hands on the back of the chair and leaned on it. It cracked in every joint with his weight. He stared belligerently at Miss Ball, but she would not open her eyes.

"All right," he said at last; "but let me tell you one thing: If you meddle with my plans I'll lock the door on you and bring in your food myself. No one will come here, only me and the doctor."

He twirled the heavy chair as if it were a thumb top. It tottered groggily and settled down with a thud as he left the room. Presently Janie came in, still fully dressed, and sat down.

"Yes, Miss Ball."

Miss Ball turned her head slightly, suddenly opened her eyes and fastened them on Janie. It was almost as if she had taken a mechanical grip on her with a pair of forceps.

"Well, Janie?"

"I went for a ride yesterday," began Janie presently. "Along the river and across the meadows, and then over the hills to Lower Hopetown. It was lovely. In the afternoon I read the Third Epoch of Jocelyn. It's longer than the second, and there were two words I couldn't find in the dictionary. The evening was just the same as they always were."

"Is that all?" asked Miss Ball, tightening the forceps.

"No. After I came in here I went to my room. I was standing at the window thinking how terrible it would be if anything happened to you. I wasn't looking at anything. All of a sudden a voice quite near by said something and I answered before I knew what I was doing." She paused, but Miss Ball did not speak. "It was Ralph Damon, the same one that hit me with the apple. He asked me if I knew how to dance and I said no. He had a piece of board in one hand and a hammer in the other. He must have been mending the roof. Then he tried to get up too quickly and he slipped and fell all the way down. I tried not to be glad; but I had to ask him if he was hurt and he said no."

"And this evening," murmured Miss Ball.

"You mean when you called me?"

"Yes."

"Father went out. Perhaps you heard him slam the door. Then Albert surprised me. He changed all of a sudden. He said I was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen and he kissed the tips of my fingers. Then we heard you calling."

Miss Ball made no comment. There was a longer silence than before.

Finally Janie asked, "Is that all, Miss Ball?"

"Yes; you may go to bed."

XIX

WHEN her father called to Janie to go to Miss Ball she had responded so quickly that he had seen her come out of her room before he turned. In the half light she looked exactly as her mother had looked when she had stepped out of Torquay's bedroom at Thomas Strayton's command. That was the night of the broken banister and the crashing fall which had maimed Thomas for life. If he had minded his own business he would have saved his leg and it might never have occurred to Torquay to marry. His father had driven him into marriage and through marriage into a shadowy realm of half-seen demons where no man could plant his feet. He would never have known an hour of torture if he had kept on living in and for the Pine Tree Glassworks.

He left the house and hurried down to his workshop. Why had he turned his back on it? He stood on the oyster-shell mound and stared at the black shed, which looked as if it were on the verge of crumbling into a ruin. The sight of his daughter Janie came between him and the dark building. He forgot the five years of his battle for the life of the Pine Tree Glassworks. All he could see was two pale women in one, twisting him this way and that, tormenting him with things beyond the reach of a man's hands, making a mockery of the strength of Torquay Strayton. By thunder, he'd show Janie, and he'd show his father! If she wanted to leave him, she'd have to take the same road her mother had traveled.

He plunged beneath the low eaves of the shed to get away from himself, but the darkness did not soothe him. He struck a match and lit the flares; to his surprise, there was oil in the lamps. He went to the furnace, thinking of the hard work it would be to start it up unaided; but the bed of kindling, logs and coal was already carefully laid. That was the way his plant was run, he thought with a touch of pride. His men knew what ought to be done and nobody had to ride them.

He set the drafts, turned the water cocks and lit the fire. It burned with a roar, for it had been laid and seasoning for five years. He left it for a while, went to his desk in the mold room and lit the double student lamp with green shades whose brass base weighted down a sheet of yellowing paper. On it was written the last of a long sequence of formulas. The stubborn hope of years burst into flame in his heart. Perhaps this was the combination he had sought all his life. Throughout the night he sat in the mold room, going over older experiments and rushing out every half hour to stoke the fire and bring the tank up to fusing heat.

In the weeks that followed, Albert was almost stunned to find that not only was his time his own for much of the day but that Torquay had found something to do besides bait him and watch Janie in the evenings. Albert had once gone as far as the oyster-shell mound with a message he thought important, but he had been met with such a torrent of invective when he ducked his head to pass under the eaves that he had scarcely had time to catch a glimpse of a fantastic Torquay in blue overalls, backed by Ralph Damon, naked to the waist and handling a blowing iron as lightly as if it were a trout rod.

"Get the hell out of here," roared Torquay, "you fruit salad, you pink-cheeked bladder ——"

But Albert waited to hear no more. He hastened away, wondering vapidly how Torquay Strayton, who had flown into a rage at the mere mention of Ralph Damon's name, could be making of that same Damon the companion of his weird orgies. He could not understand that he had stumbled on a master key to that inner Torquay who was so big he could lay a mark and boost a good man on one side of it as readily as he was prepared to knock him down if he crossed it. Ralph Damon never went up the hill from the works as far as Torquay was concerned, but in two months he had become as much a fixture in the plant itself as one of the huge new bottle machines.

Albert was puzzled in the extreme by Torquay's contradictory attitude. He seemed to be treated more abominably than ever, and yet he had come to be trusted enough to be left evening after evening alone with Janie. The fact that he felt he was betraying the confidence placed in him somewhat weakened the style of his courtship, but it did not put a stop to it. His plans were definite. He wished to win Janie's heart to the point where she would declare for him and no other. Failing that, there was a darker road along which he might ride roughshod over Torquay and Miss Ball's objections. He was coward enough to shrink from his own conception, but rascal enough to force his mind to cling to it as a last resource.

As for Janie, she was living with one foot in a dream world and one foot out. Sometimes she found herself standing on one leg, sometimes on the other. There were days when she was sublimely happy in the thought that only a man of great strength of character could have hidden his love for two whole years. There were other times when the creak of a door or a distant footfall would make Albert start guiltily, drop her hand, or leap up from her side and pick up a book.

At such moments her brows would pucker into a frown. She would lose her illusion completely and sit dazed, wondering what had become of the man her fancy was so quick to build up again when she was alone. It astonished her to discover she could love Albert best when he was out of sight. He in turn had an occasional spark of scorn for her gullibility. To him she seemed a fool and the game almost too easy. He could not conceive that she had grown up in an atmosphere from which the idea of avarice had been eliminated.

Like most supreme dictators, Torquay was genuinely democratic. He liked to have the best food, clothing and service obtainable and he took pride in always owning the fastest road horses in the county; but for a person of his wealth and position these were simple needs. He had never felt the slightest impulse to make a splurge, and if his older workmen continued to address him as Torque, it was because the man in him persisted as something big enough to eclipse his money. Janie may have been a simpleton in never once thinking of herself as the outstanding heiress of the locality, but her simplicity was merely a tribute to a quality in her father too large to be ticketed and hung on a peg.

The effect on Albert can be easily explained, but scarcely measured. He had been torn from a setting where a shilling bulked so tremendously in the exigencies of daily existence that perspective was reversed. To him, love, courage, family, children and every other form of human development were things to be glimpsed around the edges of a coin. Naturally the most important thing in life was to be assured one could eat to the end of one's days. The next important thing was shelter. After that came raiment, which offered the first bridge from necessity to luxury; when one was once sure of warmth one could pass on to display. Finally, the man who married money was a genius, worthy of the envious esteem of his fellows. In a manner of speaking, Albert was as straightforwardly simple as Janie herself.

All went smoothly for the lover of sudden ease. He was ready at any time to chance his luck with Janie, but there was one thing that gave him pause. Every time he thought of the moment of facing Torquay the marrow in his bones turned cold. What would the huge man say? More important still, what might he not do in one of his abrupt outbursts of rage? Albert had reason to ponder long on this particular point, for Torquay did not always go directly from the supper table to his workshop, and whenever he lingered it was to indulge in a new habit of cracking his knuckles while he shot glances like blows at Janie's impassive face.

"What's the matter with your father?" asked Albert uneasily one evening just after Torquay had gone out.

"I don't know," murmured Janie. "It has nothing to do with us. He's looked at me like that ever since I can remember."

Albert frowned.

"Has Miss Ball been asking you any questions lately?"

"No; she never did exactly ask me questions. I just used to tell her things. But she's not the same any more. She's changed. I mean her body is changing. There's something terrible the matter with her and I don't think she'll ever get well."

"I know," said Albert indifferently. "It's dropsy."

Janie arose. "Oh, Albert, I'm so frightened."

He sprang to his feet, threw his arms around her and drew her close. She sank against him with a sigh of relief and dropped her head on his shoulder. He began to tremble, but his arms only tightened their hold. Something told him that this was his moment as far as Janie was concerned.

"Don't be frightened," he whispered. "Kiss me."

She shook her head quickly, but did not draw away. Instead she slipped her arms around his waist and clung to him.

Outside, Torquay had run into Ralph Damon, evidently on his way to the Strayton house.

"What do you want?" he asked sharply, making no attempt to hide his amazement at Ralph's venturing to come to the house. Damon was taken aback.

"I had something to tell you," he half stammered.

"Let it wait," growled Torquay.

"It's an infusion of gelatin," blurted Damon, trying to seize Torquay's attention and justify his own intrusion. "It's not the real thing, but if you're going down to your workshop ——"

"I'm not," interrupted Torquay. He turned on his heel and went back to the house.

He glanced over his shoulder to make sure Damon was not following, then he

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LAURA LA PLANTE
in "THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

If you had lived in Russia during the days of the Czar, and you had a sweetheart whom you loved dearly—and a grand duke and a leading banker, with unlimited power at their command, took a fancy to her and made up their minds to have her, what would you have done? You'd fight, of course, but how far do you think you could have gone with all that unscrupulous power against you?

That is the problem which faces a young lieutenant in the Czar's army and his sweetheart, a beautiful dancer, in Universal's gorgeous drama, ***"THE MIDNIGHT SUN."*** Fight as he does, the lieutenant is powerless. Then comes his sweetheart with brains and woman's wit and out-thinks the whole court, saves her lover's life and preserves their romance.

This problem is set in the lavish surroundings of the Grand Duke's palace, the Imperial Theatre and the military academy, and is replete with brilliant uniforms and court fêtes. This gorgeous picture was directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki.

The principals are LAURA LA PLANTE, as the dancing toy; PAT O'MALLEY, the Grand Duke; GEORGE SEIGMAN, the Russian banker; and RAYMOND KEANE, the young lieutenant. In this picture all of these artists have done some of the best work of their screen careers, and I earnestly advise you to see it—and to ask your favorite theatre to get it.

Also ask him to secure ***"The Cohens and the Kellys,"*** with GEORGE SYDNEY, CHARLIE MURRAY and VERA GORDON; ***"His People"*** with an all-star cast; ***"Still Alarm"*** with WILLIAM RUSSELL and HELENE CHADWICK; ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** with LON CHANEY. All these may be termed modern classics and I am anxious to have your opinion of them.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

If you want a copy of our new "White List" booklet—just say the word—it's free—you can also have autographed photograph of Laura La Plante for 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

threw open the door and stepped into the hall. His eyes fell immediately on Albert and Janie, standing in the drawing-room locked in each other's arms. For an instant he felt as if the rush of blood to his head would burst his temples. He wanted not only to kill Albert; he would have liked to tear him limb from limb. He opened and closed his hands slowly, took a stealthy step forward and then stopped. Something passive in Janie's pose had arrested him and given him time to think. This was just what he had been playing for, wasn't it? A hard smile lit up his eyes.

"Well, A-a-lbert?" he drawled.

Albert's dreaded moment of the supreme test had come upon him so suddenly that he was robbed of any opportunity to vacillate. Just as it is sometimes given to the mouse to become a lion and to the worm to turn, so did he face Torquay with an indistinguishable imitation of courage. He even stood away from Janie.

"We love each other, sir," he declared in a full voice. "We want to be married."

"Is that right, Janie?" asked Torquay, ominously calm.

Her eyes were full of Albert standing up to her father at last. He had not really asked her to marry him in so many words, but this was even better. He had been telling her of his love for many days, and now he was not only bold enough to face Torquay Strayton but dared take her consent by storm. She nodded her head, her eyes fixed full on Albert.

"You'll marry him?" persisted Torquay.

"Yes," she said clearly.

Albert turned his head to look at her, the gleam of a first triumph in his eyes. Torquay strode forward and slapped him on the back. It was a terrific blow and it did strange things to Albert. Interiorly it made him see stars and think every bone in his body was dislocated. Exteriorly it made his legs flip up at the knees and forced him to dash across the room and crack his shins against a heavy chair in his wild effort to save himself from a headlong fall. Never did suitor become more instantaneously ridiculous.

"Congratulations!" roared Torquay.

"What did you say, sir?" stuttered Albert, holding to the chair and one shin. He could hardly believe his ears, but Torquay looked more genial than he ever had before. "What did you say, sir?"

"Congratulations!" repeated Torquay. "Blessings! You can have her."

"I don't want him now," murmured Janie.

"What do you mean?" demanded Torquay, turning on her with a frown. "You wanted him a minute ago, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Janie; "but not now."

"Nonsense!" shouted Torquay, feeling a first premonition that he had made a grave error. "Even a woman can't change as quick as that!" He wanted to say more, but stopped himself. "Fix it with her, Albert," he added impatiently as he turned to leave the room. "It's now up to you to shake the nonsense out of her."

The words were all Albert needed to turn him as constantly bold as he had once been cautious. Not only his manner but his fiber changed. The very next morning, upon arriving at the office, he took the broom from the cupboard, marched into the works, opened a furnace door and threw it in. At the house he assailed Janie on every occasion with a flair which sometimes nearly carried her off her feet. But every time her own knees weakened, the recollection of the way in which Albert's legs had flipped up as he started on his career across the floor of the drawing-room blinded her to his new qualities. Her mouth might be warm with the anticipation of a first kiss, but that memory was always enough to make it curl disdainfully, sometimes against a distinct effort of her will.

Torquay grew impatient and then nervous. He had several interviews with Miss Ball and took to spending time at home that he would far rather have devoted to the research to which Damon's inspiration had given fresh impetus. Ever since their unfortunate encounter on Torquay's grounds, Ralph had assumed a distant manner which would have galled any other employer; but it fitted in too well with Torquay's ends for him to quarrel with it. He encouraged the mental mechanism that worked in step with his own brain and accepted the total submergence of sociability without a word of protest.

He was cool and keen in Damon's company in the workshop, but at the house he became a chained beast. He would sit staring at Janie, his feet doubled under his chair, his hands locked and his heavy body leaning forward on his elbows.

"First you say you will, then you say you won't. What kind of dealing is that? Empty as a woman's word—that's the name for it."

"Father!"

"Yes. Cuddle up in his arms, take a good taste of him, and then lick your lips and look around for the next."

"Oh, please, father ——"

"Don't wrap your tongue around me. If I'd said you couldn't marry him you'd have slid down the vines to get at him. You'd have done anything for him—anything. Ha! Women! The blackness that creeps into them while you're watching every hour, every minute, and you don't see it go in! All you know, it's there and if you bust 'em open you'll find a black core."

"But I promised never to leave you, never!" Janie would cry wildly, torn between her present trouble and the memory of that breathless moment when she had cast herself into her father's arms. In those days she had thought that if he would speak to her, if it were only to curse, she would be completely happy.

"Who's asking you to leave me? Who asked you to leave Albert? Blackness—that's what it is. Nobody ever asked you to leave no one, only yourself."

After a series of these scenes, with Torquay roaring as loud as ever Jake Damon had shouted in his drunken outbursts against his wife, Albert made a show of his boldness one evening by bearding Torquay in the drawing-room which had so often witnessed his own humiliation.

"You want to look out, sir. She'll be calling you by the name Ralph Damon has given you down at the works."

"Damon, eh? What name is that?"

"Torquemada of Lion Hill."

"Who the hell was Torquemada? Speak up now! You started this! Spit it out!"

"Why, father, you know," said Janie quickly. She was up in arms to defend him against the supercilious smile growing on Albert's lips. "He was the head of the Spanish Inquisition—the greatest torturer the world has ever seen. You've just forgotten."

"Torturer, eh?" muttered Torquay, scorning to cover up his ignorance. His broad shoulders slumped and Janie sprang toward him.

"It's a horrible lie!" she cried, laying a trembling hand on his arm.

He stared at it, powerless to move. It was as slender and smooth as the other Janie's hand had been with the spot of black ink shining on its whiteness. He struck it away and plunged from the room. Presently Miss Ball sent for Janie. When she entered the familiar room it seemed to have changed. Everything appeared to have grown smaller in proportion as the snowy mountain on the bed had risen. Even Miss Ball's bust had shrunk to nothing, leaving her head almost a disjointed thing inhabited only by her eyes. They were still alive. They fastened on Janie, led her to the old chair and made her sit down.

"Well, Janie?"

"Today I went for a ride. I ——"

"Never mind that."

There was a long silence, prolonged far beyond the limits of any ordinary break in conversation.

It was not a passive pause; it was more in the nature of a profound struggle, a combat of the unnamable forces which determine the intimate relationship between mind and mind.

"One man is as good as another," continued Miss Ball at last. "You'd better make up your mind about Albert."

"You mean ——" whispered Janie.

"That's all," said Miss Ball, interrupting her. "You may go."

What had she meant, thought Janie, standing in the middle of her new room, which overlooked the growing town. Did she mean she was going to die and that marriage with Albert would somehow take her place? She kept on asking herself questions that could be put in words, but deep inside her there was a magnetic needle which pointed steadily to a frozen north. The hours seemed a blank that intervened between that moment and the next evening, when she found herself alone with Albert.

Her father was nowhere around. She had not heard him go out, but the open door showed her the study was dark. She went to Albert with grave purpose in her face. He put his arms around her and to his surprise she did not resist even when he drew her to the couch. She let him fondle her. With half-closed eyes she waited for a sign from within herself that she might some day find in him the man she loved. Her father stepped out from the dark study and stood glaring at them. His eyes were bloodshot and his fists were clenched at his sides. She broke away and sprang to her feet, a wave of color staining her cheeks.

"'More bitter than death the woman, whose heart is snares and nets,'" rumbled Torquay. "'Counting one by one, to find out the account . . . one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.'"

Albert would not have approached him in that mood for a clear title to the Pine Tree Glassworks and all the Strayton wealth, but Janie walked straight toward him. There was a look in her eyes that told Torquay he might strike her, strangle her, and she would not flinch. He half threw up one arm to ward her off, but she slipped inside it, came close to him and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Father, do you wish me to marry Albert?"

His arms closed around her slowly as if they moved against his will, but there was no tenderness in them. They were like iron vibrating in unison with distant machinery.

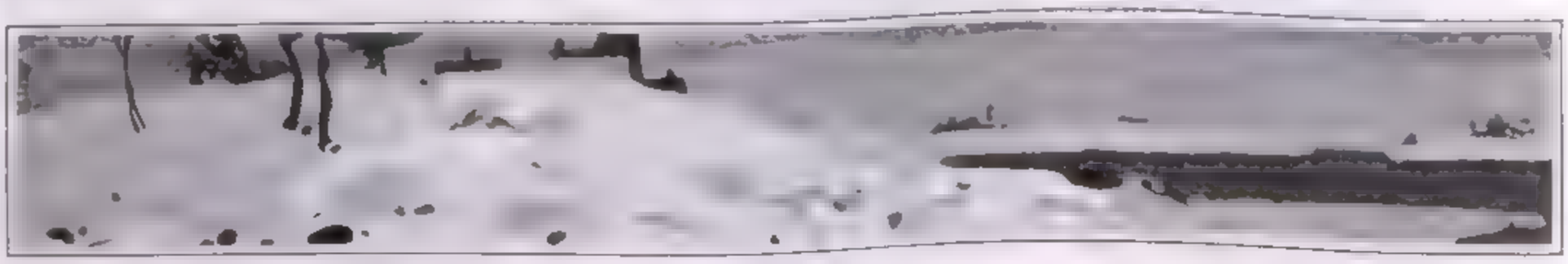
"Yes," he muttered hoarsely.

"I'll marry him for your sake."

"Yes; for my sake," repeated Torquay dumbly.

She burst into tears, her face pressed hard against him. Her body seemed to melt and dissolve so that he was forced to hold it up. He stood staring blindly at the floor until she straightened and released herself.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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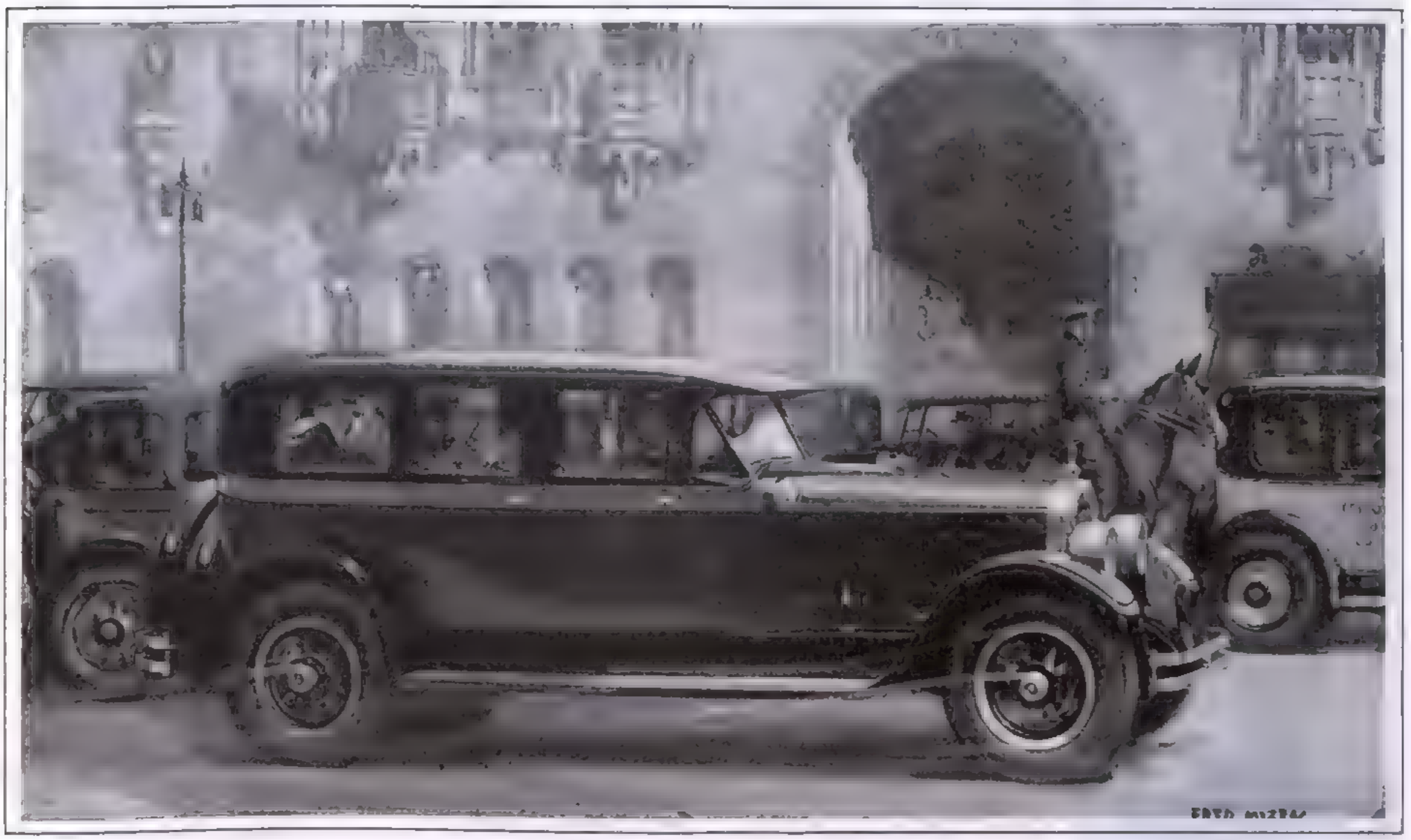

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BED CASES

(Continued from Page 17)

what 'e would do when he 'eard the price. They went upstairs very quiet, as the doctor said he didn't want anybody to see 'im, and the first thing they saw when they got into the room was Ginger lying face downward on the bed with 'is arms and legs spread out, groaning.

"'Wot 'ave you been all this time for?' he ses, as soon as he 'eard them. 'You've been gone long enough to find fifty doctors.'

"'This is a good un, Ginger,' ses Sam very solemn. 'One o' the best.'

"'Charges as much as twenty ordinary doctors,' ses Peter.

"'Wot?' ses Ginger, turning over with surprise and temper.

"The doctor smiled, and arter first putting the chair by the side of the bed and sitting down on it, put it back very careful and sat down on the bed instead.

"'Let's have a look at your tongue,' he ses.

"Ginger put it out, and then put it in again to tell Sam that when e' wanted to 'ear his remarks about it he'd let 'im know.

"'I've seen a worse tongue than that,' ses the doctor—'once.'

"'Did 'e die?' ses Ginger.

"'Never mind,' ses the doctor.

"'But I do mind,' ses Ginger, very sharp.

"'No,' ses the doctor; 'I was called in at the last moment, and arter sitting up with 'im all night, pulled 'im through.'

"'I told you wot he was, Ginger,' ses Peter Russet in a whisper that you could have 'eard downstairs.

"The doctor took 'old of Ginger's wrist, and then Sam got into trouble ag'in for taking upon himself to tell 'im that Ginger 'ad got a natural dark skin. The doctor took out 'is watch and they all 'eld their breath while he counted Ginger's pulse.

"'H'm!' he ses, putting the watch back. 'It's a fortunate thing you met me when you did. Now let's have a look at your chest.'

"Ginger unbuttoned 'is shirt, and the doctor, arter a good look at the ship wot was tattooed there, laid his 'ead on it amidships and listened.

"'Say ninety-nine,' he ses, 'and go on saying it.'

"'Ninety-nine,' ses Ginger, 'ninety-nine, ninety-nine, ninety—— If I get up to you, Sam, you'll know it!'

"'You'd laugh yourself if you could on'y see yourself, Ginger,' ses Sam.

"'H'sh!' ses the doctor. 'He 'asn't got much to laugh about, poor chap.'

"He moved his 'ead a bit and told Ginger to keep quiet. Then he sat up, and buttoning Ginger's shirt acrost 'is chest very careful, made a sign to Sam and Peter to keep quiet, and sat thinking.

"'His 'eart has moved,' he ses at last; 'it's about two inches out of place.'

"'Good-by, mates,' ses pore Ginger.

"'There's no need to say good-by,' ses the doctor, very sharp. 'If you'll keep quite quiet and do as I tell you, you'll be all right ag'in—in time.'

"He sat thinking ag'in for a bit and then 'e sent Peter downstairs for a jug of 'ot water and a tumbler, and while it was being fetched he told Sam 'e was to be head nurse and told 'im all he was to do.

"'You don't want to pay two or three pounds a week for a nurse, I suppose,' he ses when Sam began to speak up for 'imself and tell 'im 'ow he enjoyed 'is sleep.

"'I shan't be much trouble to 'im,' ses Ginger. 'I can 'elp myself.'

"'You mustn't move,' ses the doctor. 'You've got to lay quite still. Even if a fly settled on your nose, you mustn't brush it off. You don't know 'ow bad you are. I want you to keep per-feck-ly still—till tomorrow, at any rate.'

"He took the 'ot water from Peter, and arter putting a little cold to it, put 'is arm round Ginger's neck and 'eld the tumbler to 'is lips. He 'ad four tumblers, one arter the other, except for wot went down 'is chest, and then 'e laid his 'ead back on the piller without a word.

"'That'll do 'im good,' ses the doctor, taking the 'arf dollar wot Sam got out of Ginger's pocket. 'I'll look round ag'in in the morning.'

"'And wot about medicine?' ses Sam.

"'I'll bring some with me,' ses the doctor. 'Good-by.'

"Sam and Peter went to bed early. One thing was there was nothing to do and another thing was Ginger wouldn't let 'em do it. Every time they moved 'e spoke about it and said wot it did to 'is 'art, and once when Sam sneezed 'e called 'im a murderer.

"It was about two o'clock in the morning when Sam woke up from a dream of a beautiful gal with yaller 'air and blue eyes wot kept calling 'im by 'is Christian name. He woke up with a smile on 'is lips and was just shutting 'is eyes to go on dreaming if 'e could when he 'eard it again.

"'Sam! Sam! Sam! Sam!'

"'Hullo!' he ses, sitting up in bed very cross.

"'I thought you was dead,' ses Ginger. 'I've been calling you for ten minutes or more. It's made my 'art worse.'

"'Wot d'ye want?' ses Sam.

"'I've got a nasty itching feeling between my shoulders,' ses Ginger.

"'D'you mean to say—d'you mean to say you woke me up just to tell me that?' ses Sam, 'ardly able to speak for temper.

"'I woke you up to come and rub it,' ses Ginger. 'And look sharp about it. You know I mustn't move.'

"'Hurry up, Sam,' ses Peter Russet. 'Wot are you waiting for? I want to get to sleep ag'in.'

"Sam got out o' bed at last and stood rubbing Ginger's back with 'is fist, while Ginger kept telling 'im 'ow not to do it, and reminding 'im wot a delikit skin he 'ad got.

"He woke 'im up twice arter that. Once to give 'im a drink of water, and once to ask him 'ow old he thought the doctor was. Wot with being woke up and being afraid of being woke up, Sam 'ardly got a wink of sleep.

"Him and Peter Russet 'ad their brekfuss at a coffee shop next mornin' and they had 'ardly got back afore the doctor come in. He seemed pleased to 'ear that the pain was better, but 'e told Ginger that he'd 'ave to keep as still as he could for another day or two, and arter putting 'is face on 'is chest ag'in, said that the 'art 'ad stopped moving.

"'I mean, moving out of place,' he ses, as Ginger sat up, making a 'orrible noise and threw 'is arms round his neck. 'Tomorrow I 'ope it will begin to move back.'

"He fished a bottle o' medicine out of 'is pocket which he said would be another bob, and, arter telling Sam to 'ave a lump o' sugar ready and pop it in quick, gave Ginger 'is fust dose. Sam popped it in all right, but unfortunately the medicine was so nasty that Ginger was quicker in shutting his mouth than wot Sam was in pulling his finger out. Anybody might ha' thought Sam 'ad been killed the way 'e carried on.

"'I'll look in ag'in this evening,' ses the doctor, as he put a 'arf dollar and a bob o' Ginger's in his pocket. 'Don't let 'im move more than can be helped and ——Hullo!'

"'Wot's the matter?' ses Sam, taking 'is finger out of 'is mouth and staring at 'im.

"The doctor didn't answer 'im. He lifted up 'is eyelids instead and looked at his eyes, and then he told Ginger to open 'is mouth, and looked at 'is teeth. Then he looked at Sam ag'in and felt all round 'is throat.

"'Wot is it?' ses Sam, going pale.

"'It might be blood poisoning,' ses the doctor, 'but I can't tell yet. His teeth are in a very bad state.'

"'Ow shall I know if it is?' ses Sam.

"'You'll know fast enough,' ses the doctor, shaking his 'ead. 'P'raps you'd better 'ave a quiet time at 'ome today and keep your friend company, and I'll 'ave a look at you when I come in this evening. Keep your spirits up and be as cheerful as you can—for 'is sake.'

"He left 'em all staring at each other; and then Sam sat down on 'is bed and told Peter Russet wot ought to be done to Ginger before England would be fit for decent people to live in. Peter said it was a wonder 'ow he could think of it all, and Ginger said it was because he 'ad got a nasty mind, and he told 'im wot he'd do to 'im when 'e got well ag'in.

"They spent most of the day quarreling, and on'y left off to find fault with Peter when 'e came in from enjoying 'imself to see 'ow they was getting on. Sam was the worst, cos Ginger was afraid of 'is 'art if he got too excited; but arter the doctor saw 'im in the evening 'e was as quiet as Ginger was.

"He said the poison 'ad got from Sam's finger down into 'is liver and an abscess was forming there. He showed Sam where 'is liver was—a thing he 'adn't knew afore and found out where the abscess was with 'is thumbnail. He found it twice, and was just going to find it ag'in when Sam pulled 'is shirt down.

"'There's no danger,' he ses, 'if you do just wot I tell you. If you keep quite quiet like your friend does, I'll 'ave you up ag'in in a week. If you move about or 'ave any violent shock you'll die afore you know where you are.'

"He sat talking with 'em for a little while, and arter saying that Ginger's 'art was not going back as fast as he could wish, 'e took 'is money and went out. Peter sat looking at 'em till Sam asked 'im whether he thought they was waxworks, and then arter punching up their pillers and tickling Ginger's toes playful-like, 'e picked up 'is cap and went out.

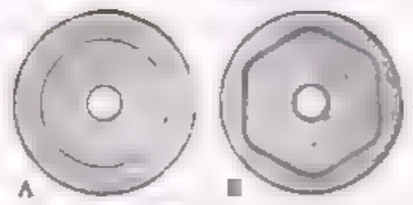
"He spent most of 'is time out, and when 'e did come in, all he could talk about was

PRENATAL INFLUENCE. The Hen: "Heavens! This is What Comes of My Getting Scared at That Flivver a Few Weeks Ago"

(Continued on Page 62)

The New Sport Roadster with Body by Fisher—$1175

Body and fenders finished in two-tone Duco, Mount Royal Blue and El Paso Tan with Faerie Red striping; auxiliary seat in rear deck, gray Colonial grain leather upholstery, inlaid nickel door handles, locked golf bag compartment in right side of body, folding and detachable top, nickeled lamps, nickeled windshield post, plate glass wings, nickeled bumpers, decorative radiator cap, aluminum deck rails and top supports, kick plates, automatic windshield cleaner, rear view mirror, transmission lock, four-wheel brakes, balloon tires, natural wood wheels (wire or disc extra), air cleaner, oil filter, full pressure oiling, and the Harmonic Balancer.



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Free Offer

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MIXTURE
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(Continued from Page 60)

the drinks he'd been 'aving and 'ow glad 'e was that his 'art and liver was as sound as a bell.

"'I wonder you ain't sick of bed,' he ses, arter Ginger had 'ad four days of it.

"'Sick of it!' ses Ginger, choking. 'Sick of it! Why, you ugly mutton-faced son of a ——'

"'Mind your 'art, Ginger,' ses Sam.

"'I don't believe in doctoring and laying in bed,' ses Peter, picking 'is teeth with a pin. 'I believe that if you and Sam was to get up and 'ave a little dance in your shirts it 'ud do you all the good in the world. I'd 'um to you.'

"'Mind your 'art, Ginger,' ses Sam, very quick.

"Ginger minded it, but they was both so disagreeable that Peter got up and went out ag'in and didn't come back until the pubs was closed. He woke 'em both up getting to bed, but when they tried to wake 'im up arterwards they might as well 'ave tried to wake the dead. All they did was to wake each other up and then 'ave words about it.

"They wouldn't speak to Peter when 'e got up next morning, and arter giving 'em both wot 'e called a bit of 'is mind, but wot other people would 'ave called nasty langwidge, 'e flung Ginger's trowsies into Sam's face and went off for the day.

"He didn't come back until six o'clock, but when 'e did come back 'e was a reg'lar sunbeam, smiling all over 'is face. He 'ad a look at Ginger and smiled, and then 'e went and smiled at Sam, with his 'and over 'is mouth.

"'He's drunk,' ses Sam, trying to sneer.

"'Mad and drunk,' ses Ginger.

"Peter didn't say anything. He went and sat down on 'is bed and covered up 'is face with his 'ankerchief and the bed shook as if there was an earthquake sitting on it.

"'Ow—'ow—'ow's the 'art, Ginger?' he ses at last.

"Ginger didn't answer 'im.

"'And Sa-Sa-Sam's pore old liver,' ses Peter, going off ag'in.

"He wiped 'is eyes at last and then 'e got up and walked up and down the room, fighting for 'is breath and saying 'ow it hurt 'im. And when he saw them two pore invalids laying in bed and looking at each other 'elpless, 'e sat down and laughed till 'e cried.

"'It's the d-d-doctor,' he ses at last. 'The—the landlord told me.'

"'Told you wot?' ses Ginger, grinding 'is teeth.

"'He—he ain't a doctor,' ses Peter, wiping 'is eyes; 'he's a bookmaker's clerk, and you won't see 'im ag'in, cos the police are arter 'im.'

"You might have 'eard a pin drop, as the saying is, if it 'adn't ha' been for the choking noise in Sam's throat.

"'You ought to 'ave 'eard the landlord laugh when I told 'im about you and Sam,' ses Peter. 'It would ha' done you good. 'Ow much money 'as he 'ad off of you, Ginger?'

"Ginger didn't answer 'im. He got out of bed, very slow, and put on 'is boots and 'is trowsies. Then 'e got up and locked the door.

"'Wot are you doing that for?' ses Sam, wot was sitting on the edge of 'is bed putting on 'is socks.

"'I'm going to give Peter something else to laugh about,' ses Ginger."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

"Familiar! It's the national slogan. Did you read that Congress recently increased its own salaries?"

"I never read the financial news," said Alice.

"That wasn't in the financial news," said the Mad Hatter. "That was under Help Wanted, Male. They saved so much money for the country that they felt they were entitled to a reward, so they boosted their own salaries."

"Well, they deserve a lot of credit," said Alice.

"Yes, but, in the words of Omar, they prefer to 'take the cash and let the credit go.'"

"Still, I suppose it's pretty expensive, being a statesman."

"I thought we were talking about congressmen," said the Mad Hatter.

"Well, what's the difference between a statesman and a politician?"

"A statesman," replied the Mad Hatter, "is a politician in a high hat. If a statesman can keep people from discovering that he's merely a politician—why, that's statesmanship."

"I see," said Alice. "Well, anyway I'm glad their salaries were raised. They need it."

"They certainly do," said the Mad Hatter. "I suppose you know what a junket is."

"Sure," said Alice. "I eat it for breakfast every day."

"Well, a Congressional junket is more like dessert. They ought to adopt the slogan 'Join Congress and see the world.' I'll bet they'd get a lot of recruits."

"I never thought of that," said Alice.

"Probably not. People don't realize what a burden those trips are on our representatives. The wife always needs new traveling clothes and the children have to be fitted out. And I'll bet the item of picture post cards alone, to send to the folks at home, sets them back a pretty penny."

"There's one thing I can't understand," said Alice, "and that is why more than a year elapses between election and the time Congress convenes."

"Ah!" said the Mad Hatter. "The makers of our Constitution were pretty wise old gentlemen. By this plan the nation is assured of at least a couple of months of freedom from congressional economy. Congress is a great institution when it's not in session. It's only when it's sitting that the nation has any cause to worry about what it is up to."

"I don't believe the public half appreciates the sacrifices that its congressmen make for it."

"You're right," said the Mad Hatter. "I remember the representative we used to have in my home town. Blake was his name—Congressman Blake. That was in the days before the movies and the radio, and it used to be pretty dreary out there during the long winter evenings. So Congressman Blake—he was a real statesman, not a politician—had a brilliant idea. He got leave to print the works of Charles Dickens in the Congressional Record. You can just imagine the excitement in town when the first volume of Pickwick Papers arrived. Needless to say, Congressman Blake was reelected by a big majority, and the following year he added to his reputation as a statesman and orator by including all of Thackeray and George Eliot in his speeches."

"What happened to him finally?" Alice asked.

"His career ended very sadly," said the Mad Hatter. "When he came up for reelection the following year, his opponent hit upon a way to beat him. He accused Blake of appealing to the frivolous-minded members of his constituency by giving them fiction instead of more serious literature. Blake insisted that the Congressional Record was the greatest fiction magazine in America and that it was appropriate to print novels in it."

"He was quite right," said Alice.

"Of course he was," said the Mad Hatter, "but his opponent promised to get leave to print the Encyclopædia Britannica in the Record if he were elected. Poor Blake was badly beaten."

"Poor man. What happened to him?"

"Why, he was appointed to an important diplomatic post, of course," said the Mad Hatter.

—*Newman Levy.*

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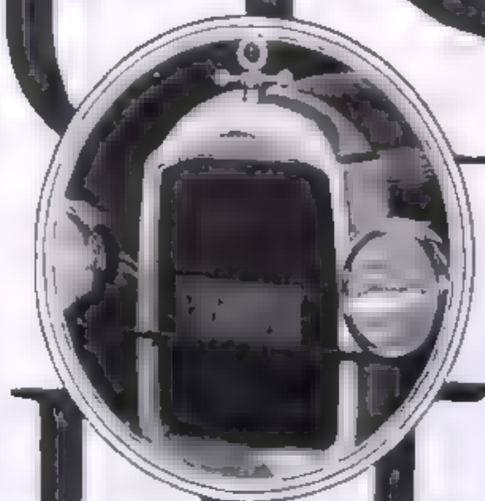

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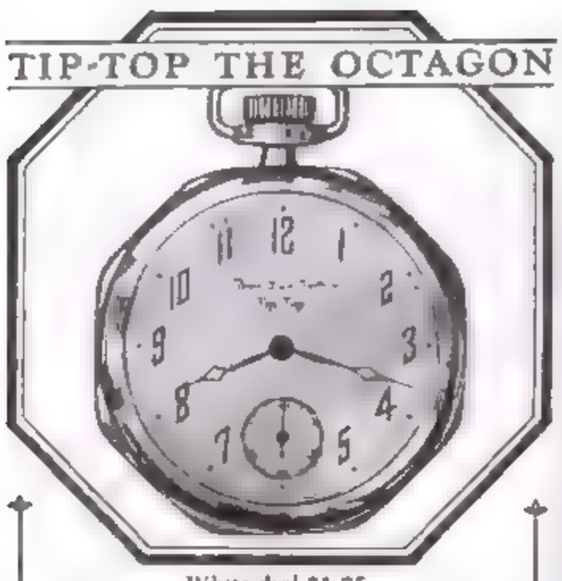

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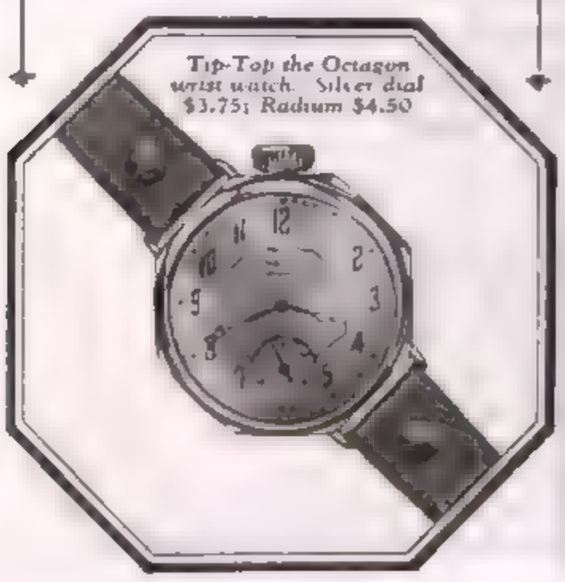

Tip-Top the Octagon wrist watch. Silver dial $3.75; Radium $4.50

THE FIFTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 19)

Try to become one of them. The joy you gain from turning in a good score will be a more frequent experience, and you will know you are becoming proficient in the most useful but most neglected department of the game.

The other element which stands out in my early training was the instruction given by Aleck Smith. The two are closely related. Smith was, and still is, not only an especially able instructor but he has always been a glutton for the practice phase of golf. When he found that I was really ambitious to accomplish something in golf, he used all the force of his commanding personality to impress upon me that the one spot in this world where a man can't get by through sheer luck is on the golf links. I mean by that what he meant—that no one can get by for any length of time. The element of luck hovers over every shot made on the course, but it works both ways. It is against you as often as with you. Sometimes it happens that the fates stick with one player through an entire tournament and land him a winner. But it is a transitory glory. It doesn't last. He doesn't repeat.

"Let me tell you something about this game, kid," Aleck would say. "If you want to learn how to play it, practice; and then after you have practiced for a while, practice some more. The next step is practice. When you've practiced long and faithfully, and have your shots just where you want them, you'll find you're sitting on top of the world if you just observe one little point—keep on practicing."

Champions of the Past

This advice, plus the observance of it, bore fruit the next year when I encountered H. G. Hartwell in the final round of the interscholastic championship and defeated him 4 and 3. In principle, it was still just as good; but in productiveness, less effective in the amateur championship of that same season, my second try for the premier title. I lost to D. P. Fredericks, of Oil City, Pennsylvania, by the margin of one hole, which was as near victory as defeat can be, but quite sufficiently removed from winning to transform my interest in this particular event from that of participant to that of spectator. And yet defeat was not entirely bereft of advantages. I spent the remainder of the week studying the methods of the foremost players, and finally saw H. Chandler Egan, of the Exmoor Country Club, defeat Fred Herreshoff, of Ekwanok, in the final round 8 up and 6 to play. It was this same New Jersey course, Baltusrol, which was destined to be the scene of one of my most interesting golf struggles in later years.

If I were to set down the high lights of my golf experiences here and abroad in their relative order of importance to me, I should have to reserve a place near the top for one that came a few weeks after the amateur championship of that year. Before telling of it, I want to say something of the two men who figured in it with me, Findlay S. Douglas and Walter J. Travis. Indeed, no document which attempted to describe the growth of the game in this country would be even moderately complete without liberal mention of these two famous golfers, whose names are almost as well known to the golfing world today as they were a score of years or more ago.

Findlay Douglas was the winner of the 1898 amateur championship, the fourth time it was competed for under the auspices of the United States Golf Association. His character is so golfish in every detail that it has often occurred to me that even a stranger to the game would size him up as a golfer upon meeting him for the first time. He radiates the atmosphere of the links. He rolls his *r*'s in the most artistic Scottish manner. There is a wholesomeness to his personality which speaks of the outdoors, a suggestion of the tree-hedged fairway flooded with the warmth and good nature of a summer sun; a note of the undulating green where converge most of the human phases of the game—the test of skill, plus the exhibition of stoicism and the ability to accept the vagaries of luck with becoming grace. A fine opponent, Findlay Douglas; a skilled and gracious foeman, and the essence of the most useful of all the psychological qualities of golf—concentration.

The world's foremost amateur golfer of the day was Walter Travis, who was even then known as the Old Man, though only forty-two years old at the time. That season he had crowned a brilliant record by winning the British amateur championship, the first and only time it has ever been done by a player from the United States. The fact that he had come originally from Australia did not detract from his feat being regarded as distinctly an American victory, for it was in this country he had won his spurs as a golfer. Three times the American amateur championship had fallen to him in the four-year period from 1900 to 1903, and when his quest for the British title ended in an unlooked-for and spectacular triumph, he enjoyed the rare distinction of holding both crowns at the same time. The ascension of H. Chandler Egan to the American throne came after Travis' return to this country.

Travis' English triumph is a golf epic. The late Waldo Burton, who was at Sandwich at the time and fancied the long odds quoted against Travis' chances, a foresight which repaid him handsomely, gave me a first-hand account of it. Let me give a brief outline of the incident as Burton related it to me.

The outstanding feature of Travis' play had been the accuracy of his shots. The precision of his putting was uncanny. To many an American opponent the click of his putter had been as a funeral dirge of the links. He was never beaten on any hole until he and his adversary had attended to the formalities of putting. If it happened that his opponent lay six feet from the pin in 2 and Travis twenty feet away in 3, it was no safe bet that this could be counted as a lost hole for the Old Man. In fact, the reverse has happened many times. Travis has sunk his twenty-footer and the other player, unnerved by this exhibition, has floundered around with three putts before holing the ball.

Putting His Way to the Title

But in the 1904 British championship the bottom seemed to drop out of America's hope for success when Travis suffered an unaccountable slump in his putting a few days before the start of the tournament. It was a complete reversal of his usual putting form, and the distressing part of it was that the trouble showed no evidence of disappearing as the day for the championship to start drew close. In fact, as Burton told me, Travis awoke on the morning of that day itself with his putting troubles in their most aggravated form and with none but an outside hope that a sudden windfall would put him back on his game.

The windfall came. It came in the form of a putter which he borrowed from an American friend as he went into action. It was a type of putter the English people were wholly unaccustomed to, a product of golf in America and known as the Schenectady putter because it was invented by a man named Wright, who worked for the General Electric Company at the Schenectady plant. I do not know whether Travis had ever used one of these clubs before, but the effect which the change produced on his play was amazing. Waldo Burton told me he sank the first putt he made with it and from that moment he was invincible on the greens.

Through the various rounds of the British championship Travis literally putted his way to the final round, in which he faced Edward Blackwell, a capable veteran of the game and a demon driver, who some twelve years before had driven a gutta-percha ball three hundred and sixty-six yards at St. Andrews. His streak of phenomenal putting never faltered. The English critics admitted they had never seen anything to equal it. Hole after hole which seemed to be lost to him on Blackwell's advantage from the tee and through the fair green was won by the deadly putts which Travis kept dropping into the cup. One hole may be used as an illustration. Travis had used a cleek from the tee, but the shot was so bad he had to use the same club for his second shot, which found him on the edge of the green about thirty-five feet away from the cup. Blackwell was on in 1. Travis dropped his thirty-five-footer for a 3, and Blackwell took three putts for a 4.

The match was marked by an incident which is unquestionably without parallel in all golf history and stands small chance of ever being duplicated. After Travis had sunk two or three long putts, Waldo Burton seemed to sense that the American champion had embarked on a remarkable exhibition of putting. It was something more than a hunch. It was a conviction.

Even Money on a Ten-to-One Shot

A hole or two later Travis' ball lay some distance from the cup, the chances being about two to one that he would not sink it. As the Old Man surveyed the ground preparatory to tapping the ball, Burton turned to one of his English friends and offered to bet him even money that Travis would hole the putt. The Britisher snapped him up, and Travis obliged his American admirer by dropping the ball into the hole.

When Travis' ball lay twenty, twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five feet away from the pin on subsequent greens, Burton kept offering to bet all comers that the putt would be made, increasing the stakes as he went. The Englishmen, believing that this weird streak of accuracy could not keep up, accommodated him by covering every wager. And Travis continued rewarding Burton for his unwavering faith by shooting the ball into the cup from all distances and all angles.

Burton had won so much money toward the final stages of the match that his English friends were not only broke but refused to make further bets against Travis, no matter if his ball lay thirty-five feet from the pin. I have never heard of a similar situation and never expect to hear of one. The odds against a player sinking a thirty-five-footer should be at least ten to one. I cannot see how the time will ever come again when a gallery will have a chance to get an even bet on the proposition, and certainly no gallery of the future will ever refuse to make the most of such an opportunity, if it comes.

Soon afterward the British golf authorities barred the Schenectady putter from competitive play. Its use is still legal in this country. Aside from the fact that our authorities regard it as essentially fair and in perfect harmony with the best traditions of the game, it would be a pity for us to repudiate an American-invented club which had such an important bearing on the solitary victory of America in the British championship. And then, too, its designer conceived it in one of the strongholds of American inventive genius. Wright used to play at the Mohawk Golf Club of Schenectady. The late C. P. Steinmetz, known as the electrical wizard, and others from the General Electric Company were members of the club. Steinmetz is reputed to have been such an ardent golf enthusiast that on one occasion, when three fellow players were waiting for him at the first tee and urging him to hurry, he became so precipitous in his desire not to mus the foursome

(Continued on Page 67)

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INSURE IN THE

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(Continued from Page 64)

that he rushed from the locker room without his knickers and was totally unaware of the scantiness of his attire until the hilarity of onlookers warned him of his ludicrous appearance.

And now to return to the incident which I started out to relate. It came in connection with an invitation tournament held at the Nassau Country Club in which I managed to work my way through a strong field to the semifinals, the first time I had ever succeeded in going that far in an important event when pitted against the older and more experienced players. My opponent in the semifinals was Findlay Douglas, he of the enormous capacity for concentration, a seasoned player and one of the favorites to fight out the issue in this tournament. My well-wishers and I were hopeful, but certainly not optimistic. And that fact perhaps added a little more zest to the thrill we got out of it when I eliminated the former national champion 2 up and 1 to play after an eighteen-hole round in the morning.

When Golf History Repeated

It was Walter Travis, three-time winner of the American amateur title, the British champion of that year and the recognized master of the game in this country, whom I opposed in the final round that same afternoon. My unlooked-for victory over Douglas had quite naturally brought with it a feeling of confidence, but not of a brand to produce any illusions about the difficulties of the job ahead. Even the aid and comfort offered by my mentor, Aleck Smith, were not entirely reassuring. In a few succinct sentences Aleck hammered it into my consciousness that I must forget that it was Walter Travis I was meeting; such a mental hazard would be ruinous. Sound advice, I'll confess, but try to do it. I doubted my own capacity to generate such high-powered concentration.

Neither was my enthusiasm increased as a result of a disconcerting discovery I had made in my match against Douglas. I had noticed a decided slump in my putting at various stages of that round. I couldn't fathom it and certainly didn't want to worry about it too much. But there it was looming like a portentous cloud on my horizon, a duplicate of the same devilish unexplainable thing which had haunted Travis himself before the British championship. And as putting, together with the short iron work, seemed like the one spot where I could possibly match the skill of my veteran opponent, the sudden appearance of this fault bore every evidence of sounding the knell of the slim chance which comparative form gave me to conquer this doughty, serene, impassive warrior of the links.

Now comes another striking parallel between my own case and that of the Old Man at Sandwich. After my morning round with Douglas, I chanced to mention my perplexities to Guy E. Robertson, a fellow member of Nassau. Robertson, a student of golf, knitted his brow in deep thought for a moment and suggested that perhaps I had suddenly gone stale with the cleek putter I was using.

"Try my putter and see if it helps any," he recommended. And just as Travis' American friend had done at Sandwich in an identical situation a month or so before, Robertson handed to me a Schenectady putter. I took it over to a practice green, tried it out, noticed an improvement and asked if I might use it that afternoon.

"Sure; put it in your bag; if it fails you, go back to your regular putter," Robertson advised.

"No, it's one thing or the other," I replied. "I'm going to sink or swim on the work of this putter. I'm leaving the other one in the locker. If I try using both of them I'll be lost for keeps."

I believe there is a destiny that governs golf shots. In my thirty years on the links I have observed its queer manifestations on innumerable occasions. They were at hand in allopathic quantities that afternoon; and now that I can lift the veil of years and inspect the working of destiny in the first of what was to be a prolonged series of matches with Walter Travis, I am more than ever impressed by the thought expressed by Haultain in his essay on the Mystery of Golf, in which he says:

"The planets move in orbits exact as mathematics itself; the great balls of the universe are holed out year by year with a precision which mocks our finest tools. Predict we can to the fraction of a second when Venus will approach the rim of the sun or Luna fall into the shadow of the earth. But man, the master mechanic of this terrestrial globe, versed in all the laws of parabola and ellipse, can no more govern the flight of his pygmy gutty ball than he can govern the flight of the summer swallow."

And Travis could no more govern and I could no more govern the tricks of fate which bobbed from their eerie hiding places and pranced in elfish glee over the fairways and the putting greens of the rolling Nassau course than we could govern the tricks of circumstances which flit across the paths of our everyday lives. There was, for instance, the matter of the length of our respective drives. By every precedent of our previous form, the forty-two-year-old veteran should have enjoyed a sweeping advantage over his seventeen-year-old opponent in this department of the game. But he didn't. I was invariably well up with him from the tee; sometimes the margin of length was in my favor.

And there was the more important matter of the ebb and flow of the battle itself. By every method of reasoning, by every science of prophecy, I should have wilted under the tension of facing so distinguished an adversary and been crushed under the methodical precision of his shot-making. But I wasn't. The ogre of stage fright was missing; the nervous strain which I came to know only too well in later years never appeared. Why? I should like to know why myself. Perhaps it was the lack of self-consciousness which is sometimes the blessing of youth, or a passing freak ordained by the gods of psychology, or more probably a manifestation of the ungovernable side of golf which makes it so mysterious and surrounds it with such charm.

The First Travis-Travers Match

Only at the outset did it appear that one of us at least would flout the Haultain theory of ungovernable flight and that the tide of battle would flow in entire harmony with the approved principles of science. Travis, the master mechanic, was functioning with the precision of a Swiss watch. His tee shots flew down the course with arrow-like accuracy, his approaches followed the appointed line and his putts dropped into the cup with monotonous regularity. I had made a brave get-away by halving the first hole with him in 4, but on the second he ran down a putt from the edge of the green for a 4 against my 6, the most strokes which either of us required on a single hole in the entire round. And when I followed this with a topped drive from the third tee, to take a 5 for the hole against his third successive 4, it furnished the gallery with the needed evidence that the kid had begun to crack and that the day would be simply another vindication for past performances and form.

Two down after three holes of play. Certainly the principle of ungovernable flight was running true to form in my case. But what of Travis? Nothing ungovernable about his shots. Was he going to prove that scientific reasoning may be well and good for scientists, but something else again for golfers? Was he not only going to beat me but Haultain too? Perhaps, but not for the moment. Haultain and I won the fourth with a 4 to his 5, halved the fifth in 5 and then squared the match at the sixth, aided and abetted by a long putt which I dropped by means of governed flight, thereby placing me in the position of slipping one over on my ally, Mr. Haultain himself. And I followed this with another underhand one in his direction when I sank a short mashie pitch from the side of the green for a 2 at the seventh hole, one less than Travis required.

One up after seven holes. Not so inglorious after all. And what about past performances? Also Haultain? Not that I was worrying about these problems then, but simply that retrospection brings them before me. And my conclusion is that past performance was receiving quite a drubbing while Haultain was being both defied and vindicated—defied equally by the Old Man and the kid when these long putts clucked into the holes, and vindicated when the controls proved they were human through an utter lack of mechanical precision.

My advantage, plus the attendant joy, was short-lived. Form reasserted itself after we had halved the eighth in 4. Travis took the ninth with a 4 to my 5, the tenth was done in even 5's and he won the eleventh with a 3 to my 4. A half for the twelfth, and then came another of those uncanny putts which were transforming this match into a rare exhibition of skill on the greens. It clicked from Travis' putter as he stood on the rim of the thirteenth green, took just the right roll and scored a bull's-eye. And I was thereupon 2 down, with only five more holes to go.

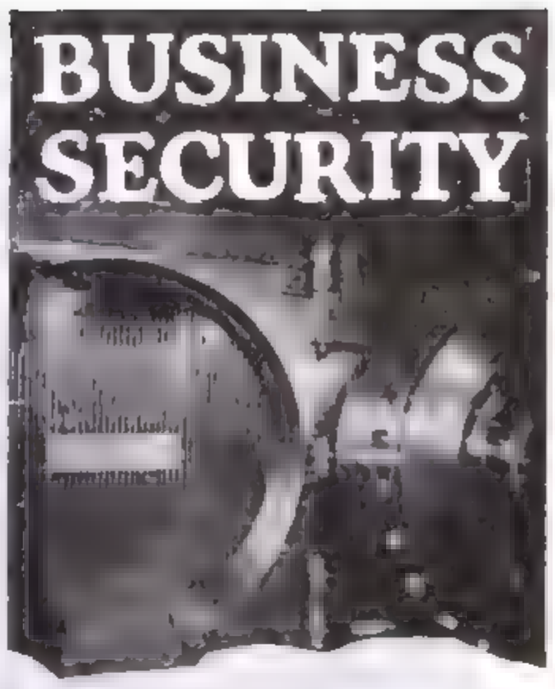
Don't Give Quarter; Don't Give Up

I have led up to this point of our match with another thought in view than a mere description of the contest. It is a thought which has been dinned into my consciousness through a period of golfing which covers a span of years longer than the age of most players who compete for national honors today. It is simply this—that no golfer should feel that he has any match put away on ice until the final putt has been made; and conversely, that none should admit defeat until that moment has arrived. Remember this—that the fortunes of the game are as fickle as the winds are variable, that they shift with meteoric speed, that confidence should not be confused with overconfidence, and that victory is the reward only of the victor and not always of the player who scents it. I speak as one who has learned from bitter experience.

You have heard of the break of the game which puts in an appearance at some point or other in every contest of skill, to swing the ultimate tide one way or the other. In all sports it springs from either a physical or mental source—physical when the uncontrollable element of chance asserts itself to divert the fortunes of war away from their even keel, and mental when the thought of certain success or inevitable failure gets in its deadly work of interrupting a perfect coördination of the faculties. In the physical sense on the golf course, the break of the game may be a pebble that turns the winning shot into a losing one; in the mental, it is the sudden obsession that you can't win or can't lose.

The break came in this match at the fourteenth hole. There was every indication that I was well beaten. I thought so, the gallery thought so and I am sure Travis was of the same opinion. And then two vital things happened at the same moment. My opponent, as familiar as he was with the fickleness of golf, seemed to take it for granted that I could not overcome this handicap. There was something about the careless way he played an approach to the fourteenth green which told me he had decided that I had ceased to be a threat, and the effect of that on me was irritation. It fanned a spark of renewed determination. If I was destined to lose, it could not be said I had not gone down fighting.

And so it happened that I won the fourteenth, halved the next two and squared the match on the seventeenth. To accomplish this had been my set purpose since I had suspected that goat-getting let-down on Travis' part. It was a wholesome lesson never to be forgotten, indelibly engraved in



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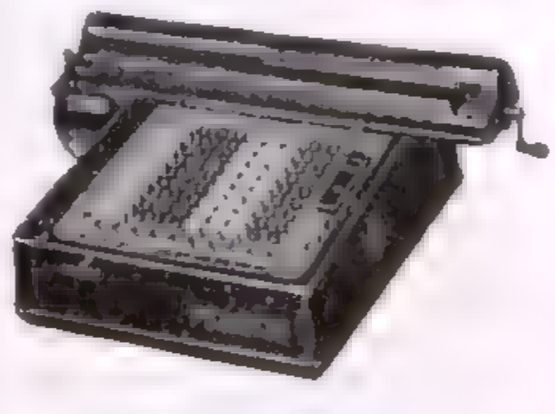

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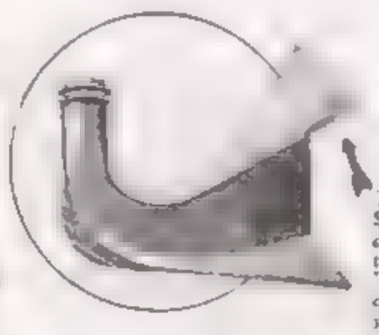

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Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

my memory, because of the distinguished source through which it had come. Travis, more than I, had made its accomplishment possible. And my present interpretation of it is that it pointed a double-barreled moral—don't give quarter, don't give up.

Have you ever noticed that the baseball team which ties the score in the ninth inning enjoys the distinct advantage of elation versus gloom? That principle held in my match with Travis, and it will hold in any similar match, though not necessarily opening the avenue to victory. Mine was that kind of elation, the ninth-inning-rally brand; but I cannot truthfully say that any pall of gloom hovered over the Old Man. If he had deviated for the moment from his established rule of never relaxing until victory had been made absolutely bomb-proof, he wasn't doing it any longer. He was now the unrelenting foeman he had been in the earlier stages of our match and as he had been with other opponents in winning three American championships and one British.

Going to the eighteenth hole, we both played with a steadfastness of purpose, he with his fighting spirit now thoroughly aroused and I in a jubilant mood at the outcome of this byplay which had guided our destinies from the fourteenth hole on. We were both driving well, approaching well and putting with marvelous accuracy. And we each dropped the ball into the cup for a 4, which meant that we had finished the round all even.

The impasse was unbroken at the third extra hole, the twenty-first, after each of us had all but snatched victory from the other by fine putting on the nineteenth and twentieth. On the twenty-first green Travis' second shot lay about twenty feet from the pin and mine about ten. The Old Man surveyed the ground carefully, stepped up to his ball, tapped it and sent it spinning toward the hole. The gallery, with nerves as highly strung as ours, stood motionless as it traveled on toward the cup and came to a halt just a few inches to one side. And not a word was uttered, nor did a muscle twitch perceptibly, as my ball moved away from its impact with the pendulum swing of my newly acquired putter. It was good all the way. It dropped into the cup with a refreshing cluck. The match was ended. The miracle had happened. The kid had vanquished the Old Man.

The Bugaboo of the Golf Course

When I recall the frequent cases of nerves I have suffered in important golf matches it surprises me that I was able to remain impassive in the match I have just described. Nerves are the bugaboo of the golf course. Aleck Smith is one of the comparatively few players who never seem to be affected by them. I marveled at this ability and inquired the why and wherefore.

"Oh, I never get nervous," said Aleck. "I don't know what nerves are when playing a match. I can't afford to be nervous, especially on the putting green."

"If it didn't happen that you are so much bigger than I am, and that you are not such a bad skate generally, I'd say you're the world's champion liar," I admonished him.

"You've never seen me show my nerves, have you, kid?"

"No, but that doesn't mean a thing. What I want to know is, How do you manage to suppress all evidence of them?"

"I haven't nerves, I tell you." And that ended that.

Some time later I followed Aleck around the course of the Country Club, Brookline, Massachusetts. The greens were extremely fast there. If a player overran the hole it meant that he might end up three or four feet or possibly ten away from the cup. On one of the holes Smith placed a brassie shot four feet from the cup and then promptly overran the cup eight or nine feet. From there it took him three more putts to hole out, which gave him a large 6 for the hole instead of a birdie 3.

"What happened to your putting on that hole?" I asked, after the match.

"Too much nerves."

"I thought you told me a while back you never had nerves."

Aleck pondered over that.

"Say, kid," he observed finally, "do you remember you almost called me a liar that day? Well, call it to me now."

In the heat of battle golf generates many different varieties of nerves. To exhibit them is certainly no sign of the white feather. It is not always the highly strung man who is unable to control them under fire. Among my golfing friends are a number of that type we regard as lion-hearted, fearless of any physical combat which may be encountered. Yet I have seen these very same chaps go to pieces when confronted with the job of sinking a six-foot putt for an important victory. And I have seen the acknowledged timid souls step up boldly to the task and show not the slightest sign of emotion as they sent the little ball on a straight and true journey toward the cup.

The Ideal Golf Temperament

You hear people speaking constantly of the ideal golf temperament. I wonder if anyone can define it exactly. Most of us believe it is expressed in such imperturbability as that shown by Francis Ouimet, a truly great golfer. But if that is true, then what of the highly strung Robert T. Jones, Jr., who to my mind is the greatest player the game has ever known? It is true Bobby has curbed the temper which used to assert itself in such violent form, but I doubt whether his nervous energy is any the less. I doubt, too, whether he would benefit if it were. The benefit he gains has come in the mastery of this force and not in its annihilation. And it is greatly to his credit that he has managed to control the nerve centers which once flared up in the face of adversity and caused him to fly into a rage.

Golf nerve is identical with golf temperament, but both are close to being indefinable. In one sense the courage of the man who does not quail before a puny putt on the deciding green reaches heroic dimensions; in another it may be the most negligible of quantities. Jack Dempsey has waded into the sturdiest of opponents without the slightest sign of fear, but does he wade into a five-foot putt at a critical moment without a sinking sensation around the heart? He may; I don't know anything about his golf temperament; but if he does, it is because he is gaited that way and not because of any basic bravery in his soul. And to venture a guess I should say that Jack Dempsey is of the type which approaches this task with cold shivers coursing up and down the back. He is a bundle of nervous energy. That means nothing with respect to his ability to sink an important putt, but it means plenty as to his mental attitude toward this battle with a puny rubber-cored ball.

I am unconvinced that it is inborn stolidity that gives to the golfer the tranquil mind and steady hand which propel the winning shot. To me this quality appears more in the nature of an agency which merely helps him solve one of his keenest problems—concentration. If the ideal golf temperament can be defined in anything less than a volume teeming with hypotheses, I believe the place to seek the explanation is in the rendezvous of practice, the haunt of assurance and the stronghold of concentration. Practice makes perfect, or as nearly perfect as golf can be; perfection makes assurance, and concentration brings the mind into coördination with the body to crystallize the fruits of the two others. There is no order of relative importance. Each is as vital as the other.

The greatest pleasure derived from golf comes to those who have learned to play with a reasonable amount of accuracy. The happiest member of the golf family, I believe, is the fellow who consistently goes around in the eighties and occasionally enjoys the rare thrill of hitting the seventies.

(Continued on Page 70)

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PETER'S MILK CHOCOLATE

High as the Alps in Quality

(Continued from Page 68)

His game is good enough to steer him away from the exasperations that come from a frequency of dubbed shots. He experiences a sense of pride in having it known among his fellow club members that his groove is the eighties, and sometimes when he is more on his game than usual, the seventies. It is a good groove. He doesn't have to worry much about getting into the first sixteen of the club championship. He is always a threat to the three or four chaps of his own circle who have a slightly lower handicap than his. Sometimes he wins the club championship; or if not that, the Saturday and Sunday ball sweepstakes or one of the other tournaments now and then. He is omnipresent at the finish.

Average golf is somewhere around the hundred-stroke mark. If you regard that as a fearfully high figure to fix as the average, I'll offer you a simple expedient for proving that the estimate is not far wrong. In your own club are one hundred and fifty to three hundred members. Out of that number think over how exceedingly few there are in the seventy class, how limited is the circle of eighty men, how well populated is the division of ninety men and how many there are over the hundred mark. Some clubs have more of the latter class than do others, depending on how many of its members took up the game at a late day in life, but I think you'll find the average running pretty even the country over.

Joys of the Eighty Man

He of the eighty group, who is the better-than-average player, holds a distinct advantage over every other type of golfer in the actual enjoyment and recreation gained. Free of the troubles of the duffer, he has the bulge on the other extreme of the tribe, the seventy men, because he suffers no illusions about the bigger stakes of the sport and doesn't bother going in pursuit of them. It doesn't become a terrible calamity with him if he suddenly develops a slice from the tee or if his putts fail to behave as they should. These troubles he can overcome at his leisure, without the oppressive thought which haunts the seventy man in a like emergency that he must by some hook or crook smooth the difficulties out before this championship or that the following week. And I can testify to the fact that form trouble for the seventy man is no meager visitation of woe. I'm thinking especially of an experience I had on the eve of one of the British championships, but am reserving the relation of it for its proper place.

It is with no thought of discouraging golfers from striving for the championship division that I speak of the special joys set apart for the eighty man. On the contrary, few of us ever drop into that delightful circle without aiming originally for the higher target. Though he might not confess it, I am quite confident that back in the consciousness of nearly every golfer who has dabbled with low scores there has been at some time or other an ambition to press on to greater things. For the player of the consistent low eighties and the occasional seventies has mastered golf mighty well and merely hovers on the outskirts of those who battle for the championships themselves. One cannot become intimately acquainted with those scores without traversing the thorny paths of never-ending practice and without acquiring abundant assurance and boundless concentration.

Your measure of diversion on the links is what you yourself make it, for golf is without limit either way in the joys it can bring and the torments it can cause. I believe that even golf torment is better than no golf at all, but how much better it is to gain the maximum instead of the minimum when one is as easily obtainable as the other. If you doubt that they are on a parity in their availability to seekers; if you believe that golf skill comes only after a long period of practice drudgery, then what of the discomfitures of the inveterate duffer, who makes his drive and cusses, makes his approach and cusses and makes his putt and cusses more? Is that not drudgery of an unadulterated hue? Is it not the kind of drudgery which is without end, a permanent fixture of your relation with the links which expands as it goes and eventually becomes a burden of such bulk that the scales which weight the fun and misery of the game barely balance in favor of fun?

"Well, all right," says the confirmed duffer, when you fire your philosophy of golf at him, "I'll concede everything you say. But what's the answer?"

Let's give it to him. Let's tell him to call a halt forthwith, start over again as though he was the veriest beginner and proceed in a scientific way to correct the faults at which he has hurled a withering fire of profanity. Learn to play right. The home professional will show him; that's one of his jobs. Discard the old tricks of swing and stance; forget the habit of dropping the shoulder and lifting the head; loosen up the rigid muscles and tighten up the flabby concentration; keep your eye on the ball and cease gazing at the cup. It is not nearly so difficult as it seems. It is only in theory that he is moving backward to the beginners' class. When the kinks have been smoothed out and the mind and muscles are working in harmony, along the only lines which good golf acknowledges, the years he has spent as a duffer will prove they were not utterly wasted. For the least they can do is to establish a basis of comparison between the old and new, and in that there will be ample compensation.

I have a radical theory on the methods which should be followed in learning how to play golf properly. It is the antithesis of a basic principle of training in which I have always had faith—a thought which has evolved by easy stages through a period of thirty years on the links. I have never instructed. I do not know whether it would work out in a practical way. I simply surmise.

My thought is that it would be well to reverse the order of introducing clubs to the beginner. Give him the putter first instead of the driver, the shortest club in the bag instead of the longest. The putter first, the mashie second, the mid-iron third and the driver fourth. Let him practice with them in this order; not master them, mind you, but practice. And then when he has shown a reasonable amount of aptitude with each, bring on the other clubs to round out his equipment—the niblick, the mashie niblick, the jigger, the driving iron or any other he wishes to carry in his bag. The first four clubs are the basic ones; the shots made with the others are variations of the form acquired in their use.

Travers' System for Beginners

I believe it is better to present the clubs in this order for the reason that the backward swing is increased step by step. Its effect would be to impart a delicacy of touch at the outset and simplify to the beginner the difficulties of the highly important follow-through. Before he had become a victim of that natural obsession of all golfers—the desire to send the ball on a long journey, for there is a thrill to that—he would be impressed with the value of accurate putting and his mind would be uncluttered and receptive to the lesson that golf matches are largely won and lost on the putting green. His first impression would center around the vital influence of the putter, and it would, like most first impressions, be lasting; and he would avoid the pitfall of believing that the long swing of the driver applies to all clubs.

Perhaps there are professionals in this country who have evolved the same theory and are using it. I do not offer it as a great discovery, but merely as a thought which has crystallized slowly through thirty years in the game.

When such phases of golf as those I have just discussed, the philosophical and theoretical, come before me, my mind usually reverts to Walter Travis, who was a fine student of the game. And when I think of Travis, I always recall the confusion regarding us which once existed in the public mind because of the similarity of our names and the many stern battles fought out between us. It was good clean-cut rivalry, without spleen or rancor ever showing its serpentlike head. Travis was not nettled when it happened that I won; the dignity of the veteran was not injured by the precociousness of the youngster. Yet I sometimes had a suspicion that the Old Man couldn't quite reconcile himself to the notion that he certainly ought to be able to beat me, whether he did or didn't. In fact it was something more than a suspicion. Let me tell you about it.

The Old Man Versus the Boy

In the Metropolitan Championship the year after I had played my memorable match with Travis at Nassau, memorable to me at least, I encountered him for the second time, and again the tide of victory ran my way when I won, 7 and 6. Our next clash was at Westbrook. Here the outcome of our previous meeting underwent a complete reversal. Travis mauled me up and down the Westbrook course and finally left me gasping for air with the count 8 up and 7 to go in his favor. It was even a more decisive victory than I had scored over him in the Metropolitan at Fox Hills, Staten Island.

I was dressing in the clubhouse after the match when I heard Travis' familiar voice. I glanced up and saw him in conversation with a friend a short distance off. Neither of them noticed my presence, and I was about to break into the conversation when I chanced to overhear a remark made by Travis which told me it would be better for me to fade out of sight and not to let him know that I had been an unwilling eavesdropper.

"I think it's going to be different from now on," the Old Man was saying. "I don't think the boy is ever going to defeat me again."

Perhaps these weren't his exact words, but they were something of that nature. At any rate, neither his tone nor his words were in any sense boastful. Travis was not of the boasting type. He was merely expressing a conviction which had come to him, without the slightest thought of glorifying himself or minimizing the ability of an opponent.

Not only were the matches between Travis and myself of extreme interest to each of us personally but it seemed that they were invariably marked by some unusual happening.

The oddest of these incidents featured the nip-and-tuck battle we fought the same year in the final round of the invitation tournament at Shinnecock Hills, Long Island. We came to the eighteenth tee all even, each of us spurred to the highest tension by reason of the strong rivalry which had now developed.

In a close match of this kind a player feels a sense of relief after he makes each shot and sees that he has not foozled it. When my drive flew away from the eighteenth tee and headed toward the pin on what appeared to be a long and straight journey, I breathed a little more freely, since a dubbed shot at this stage meant in all likelihood the turning of the scales. But after it had carried well on to two hundred yards, the ball suddenly hooked to the left toward a stretch of rough grass. All of us about the tee were following its flight every inch of the way, and we all saw it strike one of the caddies in the back.

As we reached the spot where my ball had fallen to earth we could find no trace of it. We asked the caddie, an Indian boy, what had happened to it, but he denied that it had struck him and protested he had not even seen it. This was palpably an untruth, since everyone near the tee had seen the ball descend at the exact point where he had been standing. There had been no optical illusion about it. The whole thing had happened in plain view.

But an obstinate caddie is nothing if not the epitome of obstinacy. There was nothing for us to do but to take his word for it and to look for the ball. And then began a minute search of the rough grass in the immediate vicinity, the gallery joining in and seeming much chagrined at the possibility of a so stubbornly fought match coming to such an unhappy conclusion. And as for Travis, he seemed to be taking it more to heart than I was. The vigorous way in which he pressed the search told everybody that the one particular ambition of his life at that moment was to find the lost ball. And that is one of the delightful points of golf—the sportsmanship of it.

With the officials who supervise the playing of a final round, there is no leeway when it comes to a question of the application of a rule, whatever their personal inclinations might be. So, after the search had been in progress for the allotted five minutes, W. A. Putnam, who was the official overseer of this match, had no other course than to announce that the time limit for the recovery of the ball had expired, which meant that I had lost the hole and hence the match. But Travis wouldn't permit the rule to be invoked. When Putnam called out that time was up, he gave a vigorous and negative shake of the head. Officially, the time might be up; but unofficially, we were going to continue the hunt for that ball. That was Travis' edict.

From Tee to Caddie

One of those participating in the search was the late John Montgomery Ward, who some years previous to this had been famous in baseball as the captain and third baseman of the New York Giants and who at this time was an amateur golfer of decided skill. It was just after Mr. Putnam had made his announcement that the attention of the searchers was attracted to a colloquy taking place between Mr. Ward and the Indian caddie.

"What's that in your pocket?" Mr. Ward was asking him.

"I ain't got nothin' in my pocket," the boy protested.

"Yes, you have, and I think it's a golf ball."

Whereupon Mr. Ward dug into the youngster's pocket and extracted the ball I had driven from the tee. It was my ball without a question. I had purposely marked it for identification by digging the two red dots from either side. And yet it was a complete mystery how it had ever found its way into the Indian's pocket. No one had seen him stoop to pick it up, nor had he made any suspicious move after it had struck him in the back. The only solution I have ever been able to arrive at is that by a weird working of chance it had passed through a tear in his shirt and remained in this strange lodging place. When he found it there the youngster was in all likelihood afraid to make his discovery known, fearing that he would be disciplined for getting in the way.

Upon resuming play I almost brought the match to an end by planting the ball three or four feet away from the cup and barely missing the cup for a 3. We halved this hole, and the deadlock lasted until the twenty-first green, where Travis sank a ten-footer for a 3 and victory.

I have never regretted losing that match to the Old Man.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Travers and Mr. Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue.

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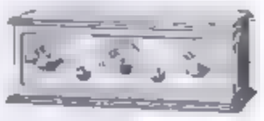

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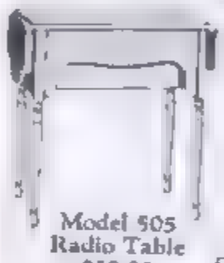

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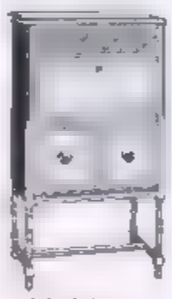

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YOU CAN ALWAYS GET MARRIED

(Continued from Page 11)

John straightened up suddenly.

"Look here, Gloria ——" he said, and stopped; and then blurted out, "There's something queer about all this!"

"What do you mean—queer?" she demanded.

He looked at her sitting across the hearth from him. Her hair was almost red in the firelight, her cheeks glowed, and her eyes were bright with the quick life that was in her body and in her mind.

"Queer," he said. "Because you're not cold-blooded and you're not hard hit. All very well for a woman to hunt down the man she happens to be in love with, nab him any way she can. Fair enough. But you say you're not in love."

"When did I say that?"

"Just now."

"You asked me," Gloria corrected him, "whether I'd fallen in love, and I said no."

"Oh, then you are in love?"

"Of course I am," she answered, and rising walked across the room to the front windows, against which white shadows steadily descended. "I'm in love with—with living, dear John. And—well, the truth is I'm beginning to find it impossible to keep up what Bart calls the high level of my performance. If I advance much farther into spinsterhood, I'm bound to become stodgy and solemn, and perhaps even a trifle pathetic. I should die if I ever got to be pathetic!" she ended breathlessly.

"Whereas, if you marry," said John, "you can go on being your natural frivolous self?"

"Exactly!"

"H'm!" he reflected, admiring remotely her slender figure silhouetted against the failing light. "Something in that. Want to get married as a sort of safeguard against premature dissolution. I see."

"I'm glad you do," she murmured.

"Nevertheless," he continued, "like it better if you were a bit foolish about it. Ought to be foolish to get married. Proper thing. Gives dignity to the proceedings." He got up and walked over to her; stood motionless beside her, looking out into the storm. "What about true love?" he asked idly. "What about heart's desire?"

"Oh," she said, in a muffled voice, "as to that, I'll have to take my chances. I can't sit around forever waiting for something that doesn't happen."

"Concede the point," he said; then, touching her lightly on the arm—"didn't mean to upset you. After all, marriage is an excellent disciplinary experience. Believe in it. Believe thoroughly in marriage for women."

"And for men?" queried Gloria rather vaguely.

"Oh, men," answered John, in his most critical manner. "Not so sure about marriage for men."

II

A FEW days later, when the snow in the streets had been converted by an indignant sun into a dingy joke, Gloria inaugurated her campaign. She inaugurated it by ordering a lot of spring clothes, by selecting a subtle new perfume, and by having her hair washed regularly in lemon juice before it was waved. Aunt Emma said that these preparations smacked of the flesh and the devil and urged Gloria to contemplate her soul.

"But it isn't my soul that's worrying me," replied her niece. "It's my figure. Look at my hips! I must take off ten pounds at least."

So she dieted and took off a pound and three-quarters in six days, and was so pleased that she telephoned John Weare especially to tell him that she'd lost almost ten pounds. He assured her that he was happy for her and asked how things were going.

"Very nicely," said Gloria. "I'm having dinner tonight with Bart. He thinks he's going to talk to me about his new play. He isn't."

"Let him," advised John; and added brutally, "Might as well get used to his romantic vaporings now as later."

"Ah, but business before romance!" said Gloria. "I've an idea something may happen tonight. I'm going to wear pink and look desirable."

"Siren!" exclaimed Aunt Emma, from the living room.

"Aunt Emma deplores my frankness," Gloria murmured into the mouthpiece. "But you understand me, don't you, John dear?"

"Up to a certain point, yes. Must admit, though, that I can't see you marrying Bartley Thompson. Just can't see it. Sorry."

"Perhaps as you grow older," she told him, "your vision will improve."

"That," he said, "sounds enigmatical. Don't know why you should be enigmatical with me."

"Oh," returned Gloria, "I'm just practicing."

"Ha!"

"I'll call you in the morning—tell you the news."

"Do. Good-by, Gloria. Wish you luck—meaning I hope Bart turns you down."

"Thanks, darling. 'By."

But though John waited in all morning, Gloria did not telephone. At noon he called the Bradford apartment, but Aunt Emma informed him that Gloria had gone out to buy something.

"An automobile, I think it was," said the widow.

Whereupon John said, "No, really? An automobile!" And he rang off, feeling dazed. He also felt sore. On his way out to luncheon he kicked his landlord's cat off the stoop and felt better.

At four o'clock that afternoon he decided that all women were irresponsible, inconsiderate and unworthy of intelligent consideration. At 4:15 the speaking tube in his apartment went "Squawk!" He answered it.

Gloria's voice said, "Come on down. I've got a new car. Thought we might drive up the Hudson and maybe have dinner."

"Oh! H'm! One minute—put on my shoes. Be right down."

Gloria's new car was a feline roadster that purred contentedly. When he had got in beside her it sprang away from the curb with a smooth grace that was exhilarating.

"Romantic, isn't it?" said Gloria. "The car, I mean."

"Very."

"But it's a mistake," she continued, "to think that modern romance is confined to mechanics, as Percy Wolfe says it is. I know a man ——"

"Look here, Gloria, can't stand the suspense any longer. Are you, or are you not engaged to be married to Bartley Thompson?"

"I was just coming to that," replied Gloria, swinging out to pass a truck. "You see, Bart and I were dining last night at Pierre's. I had fillet mignon with mushroom sauce and ——"

"Jay walker!" interrupted John sharply.

"Pff!" said Gloria. "Four-wheel brakes—wonderful?"

"Marvelous," agreed Weare. "Nearly snapped my head off. . . . Well, did you propose to Bart?"

"Not exactly. But I was quite frank with him. Funny! He thought at first I was joking. Then he looked rather panic-stricken, and then —— Oh, there's the red light!" Gloria applied the wonderful brakes; John's head jerked forward; the car stopped. "Now we can talk," she remarked, sitting at ease.

"My neck joint," he muttered, "is weakening. . . . What did Bart do, or say?"

"He told me a story—the story of his life. I won't go into all the details, but it seems that when Bart was young—about nineteen or twenty—he was madly in love with a beautiful young girl named Gwendolyn, who was not very strong."

"Delicate?"

"M-m—something wrong with her spine—or her lungs. But she was terribly spiritual, you know. Bart said she wanted to be a butterfly and flit about in the sunlight; but she couldn't because of her bad leg."

"Bad leg? Thought it was her spine."

"Oh, well, I guess it was a little of everything."

"I see. General invalid," said John.

"Yes. And he loved her. And then she died."

"She died?"

"Oh, yes, quite beautifully! But the point is that before she died Bart promised her he'd never, never marry. He took a Bible that was lying handy and kissed it and swore that he'd be true to Gwendolyn's memory as long as he lived. And so ——"

"Green light!" warned John.

"I see it. Notice my get-away? Good car. . . . Oh, what a darling hat! On that woman, on top of the bus."

"M-m—so Bart stuck to this promise and Candidate Number One is out of the running," observed John ruminatively.

"He didn't even start," sighed Gloria.

"Congratulations," said her friend the critic.

"But I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. It was all so beautiful. Just like a play. In fact," she confessed somewhat diffidently, "it is a play—Bart's new one."

"Ah!" exclaimed her companion.

"But it's all quite true, you know; quite, quite true—his own story."

"My dear Gloria," said John, "don't like to ruin your faith in human nature, and of course I think you're incredibly lucky, because no doubt Bart adores you. Everyone does. But adoration is one thing and marriage is another, and the plain fact is, you've been turned down cold."

"Cold nothing!" she retorted. "Bart got so worked up over the story of poor Gwendolyn that he actually perspired. It was lovely. And when I told it to Aunt Emma she wept. . . . Shall we go somewhere in particular for dinner, or just wander around?"

"Let's go somewhere in particular," said John. "It's safer."

Gloria glanced at him sidewise.

"You're not very adventurous, are you, John dear? I suppose it's your critical training."

"Mean I'm cautious?"

"M-m—yes, rather. Not that I blame you. But—well, when I do marry I think I'll elope. I've always wanted to elope—in a good fast car, you know. It'd be so dashing! Just to get in and drive, say, to Maine, or the Berkshires, or anywhere at all, and then stop and get married casually, in some strange town, and then go on again."

"But you and I aren't eloping," objected John. "We're going to dinner."

"True," admitted Gloria, and clicked her tongue and said "Idiot!" to a pedestrian who dodged in front of her.

They had dinner that evening at a certain little inn that John knew about, and afterward they walked out on a high bluff overlooking the Hudson and sat on a bench under a willow. The moon came up quite unexpectedly, and Gloria drooped and put her head on John's shoulder and said she felt sentimental.

"Please! I want to be petted."

He remembered with sorrow the cat he had kicked downstairs that day, and stroked her cheek gently with his hand.

"Why the devil do you want to get married?" he asked vaguely.

"We've been over all that."

"Oh, yes, so we have. But can't quite get it through my head. Everything seems so perfect as it is."

"Still," she answered, holding his hand against her cheek, "it can't go on as it is forever."

"Why not?"

"Something would happen."

"To break up our friendship?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so," she whispered, hardly uttering the words.

"What?"

At that she sat up suddenly and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I might fall in love with you."

"Fall in —— H'm—good Lord!"

"Well, it's possible, you know. Then everything'd be in a mess."

"Why?"

"Because love has to end somewhere, sometime. Only friendship can last indefinitely."

He considered this; and turning to her, finally said with a kind of wonder, "Funny how wise you are—at times."

"It isn't wisdom," she said. "It's selfishness. One wants to keep one's real—treasures."

"Gloria!"

"Any woman can marry. Most women do, and it's quite right that they should. See Aunt Emma's favorite lecture, Paragraph Three. But I don't think many of them have what I've got in you."

He put his hand on hers.

"What have you got in me?" he asked.

"I don't quite know. Something beyond ordinary experience, beyond the biological scheme. Something—call it whatever you like—outside the relationships that are usually possible."

"Good girl!" he said approvingly.

"Why?"

"Because you've said it. All clear now between you and me—what?"

"All clear," said Gloria, in a low tone.

"Nice thing, friendship. Goes a long way. Gets in where passion can't be allowed." He paused, and then added, noting the sheen of her hair in the moonlight, "Like you a lot, you know. Promise that no husband of yours will ever come between us?"

"I promise," said Gloria.

III

DURING the next few weeks nothing happened. The world, it is true, went on revolving about the sun and the early summer fashions arrived from Paris, but still nothing of interest happened. Gloria couldn't decide on her list. "I know so many attractive men. And they've all made love to me at one time or another. Life with any of them would be marvelous for six months. After that I'm not sure. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure of anything. I must think."

"Watch and pray," said Aunt Emma.

"Watch out and diet," muttered her niece thoughtfully.

So April passed in a confusion of weathers, and May came with her fixed smile. . . . Bartley Thompson's new play, The Promise, was produced and made a surreptitious hit, because by that time of year most of the critics had run out of adjectives and were going to Europe in search of new ones. But John Weare thought it was terrible, and wrote a piece for his magazine saying so. Whereupon he received a dignified note from Mr. Thompson, in which the latter assured him of his—Thompson's—profound distaste for critics in general and for him—John Weare—in particular. This note John showed to Gloria, who said "H'm—Bart means it," and then began to talk about her costume for the Allied Arts Fancy Dress Ball.

It was John's custom annually to take Gloria to the Allied Arts Ball. This year, for convenience, he was to dress in Gloria's apartment, which was only a block from the hotel, and afterward spend the night there.

"You can have my room. I'll bunk in with Aunt Emma," said Gloria, arranging matters.

"All right," said John.

So on the night of the ball—up to which time nothing had happened—he, gowned in a chaste monk's robe, escorted or at least

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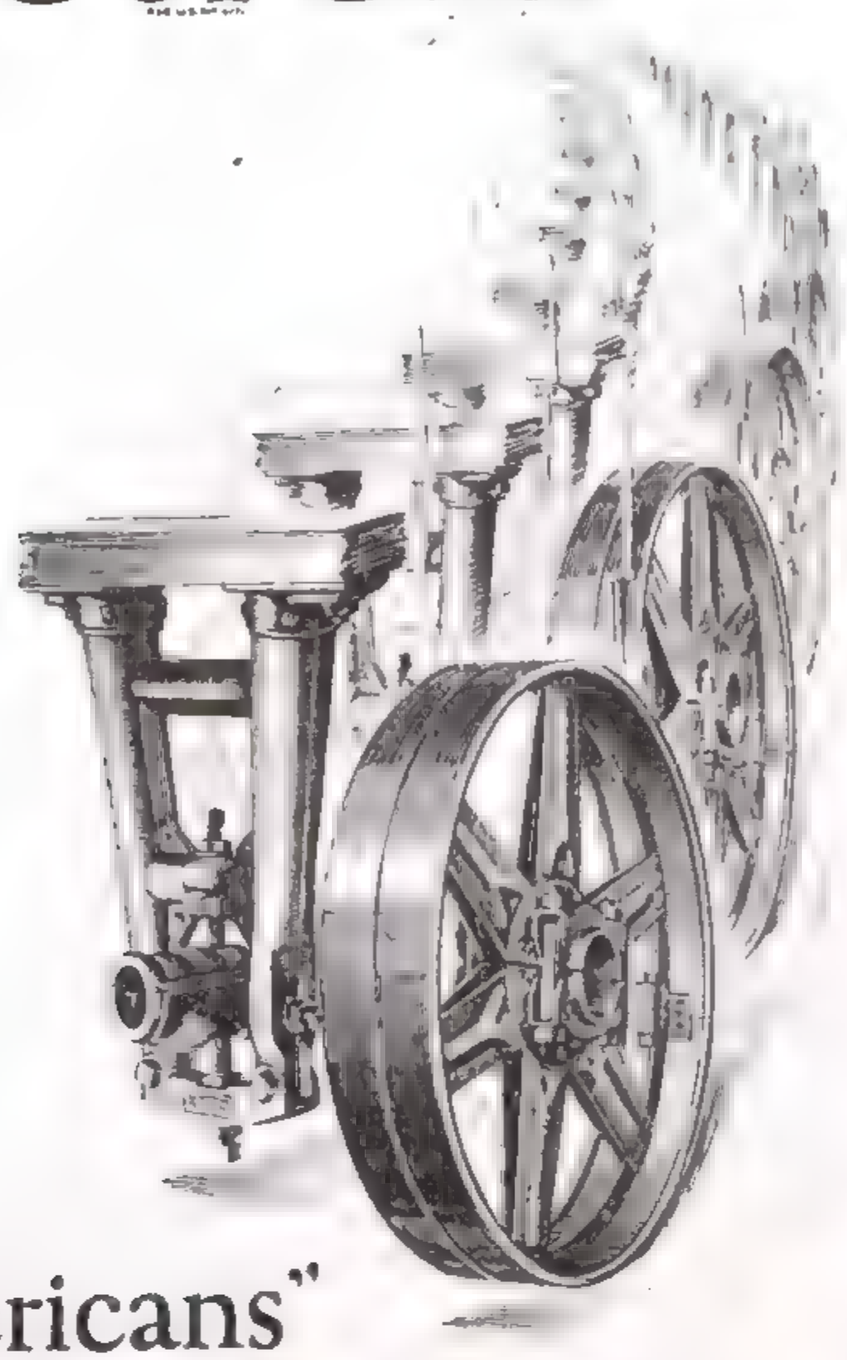

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accompanied Gloria to the party. And immediately thereafter a number of things happened, all of which—to be ruthlessly psychological—were due to the general effect of Gloria's costume.

That costume, to describe it briefly—which is the only way it could be described—consisted of a single garment; a tawny, mottled garment colored and draped to represent a leopard's skin. There were mottled stockings to match, and golden sandals, and anklets of golden fur. The rest, so to say, was Gloria.

"Am I beautiful?" she asked of John Weare as they rotated with the mob in the ballroom.

And he said, "Beautiful! You look as though you'd just stepped out of the jungle."

"Or into it," she observed; and added, with a glance about the room, "I've a notion it's going to be good hunting tonight."

"What d'you mean—good hunting? Have you finally made out your list?"

"I've decided to do without a list!" Her eyes, fixed on his, were bright and keen, reckless. "I'm going to be a good cat, and prowl."

"Thought you were going to be modern about it. Thought you were going to deliberate."

"I've changed my tactics. From now on I'm going to be—not modern but universal. I'm going to leave it to fate. After all, marriage is a gamble. . . . Oh, there's Percy Wolfe!" she cried, and nodded to a man dressed as Mephistopheles. "I winked at him," she murmured to John.

"That's not leaving it to fate," he told her grimly.

"Oh, well, a wink means nothing nowadays. It's pathetically inadequate. . . . And there's Tommy Fenton and Berwick Paine and—oh, there's Bart!"

"Bart?"

"Right over there!"

"Mean that thin nut dressed up to look colonial? Is that ——"

"Yes, it is. Now you can see ——"

"You're right. What a look he gave me!"

"You panned his play," said Gloria.

"Why does he write plays?"

"I'm sure I don't know. . . . But he's a good dancer. Oh, here he comes! He's going to cut in. My costume must be a success! *À bientôt!* Don't look so savage, my darling. . . . Why, hello, Bart!"

John Weare, moving out of the current of dancers, watched her, scowling. Why the deuce should Gloria be so gracious to a man who had refused to marry her? Ah, the great playwright wasn't going to get far with her! There stood Percy Wolfe, waiting. Bravo, Percy! And there were Tommy and Berwick, advancing from opposite sides of the room!

Gloria, in her leopard costume, had, John counted, exactly six different partners in one circuit of the ballroom. And then, to his intense indignation, he saw Bartley Thompson cut in for the second time. Striding forward through the crowd, he clapped the playwright smartly on the shoulder.

"Pardon me," said John, and gathered the bright-eyed Gloria into his protecting arms. She looked up at him and laughed. "Cats," she said, "must lead a nice life. I'm having a beautiful time."

John said, "Glad you are," and was going to say more, but an insistent masculine finger was already tapping at his shoulder blade.

"Pardon me," said the Mephistophelean Percy Wolfe, "May I cut in?"

On the whole, John had a rotten evening. In fact, he spent most of it in the smoking room, emerging only three or four times to dance with Gloria. But each time she was snatched from his arms before he'd gone halfway around the room. So he didn't know, till the ball was over and they'd got back to the apartment, the final results of her night's adventure.

"Well," he asked, when they had reached, at three o'clock in the morning, the privacy of the Bradford living room, "what luck?"

"Marvelous," said Gloria, and sighed, and sank wearily into a chair. "I've done it this time. I'm engaged."

"To Percy!" guessed John. Gloria nodded. "No!" he said incredulously.

"Yes. But that isn't all."

"Eh? What? What isn't all?"

"Well, you see," said Gloria, and burst suddenly into mild hysteria, "I'm also engaged to Tommy Fenton."

"Tommy!"

"And also," she shrieked faintly, "to Berwick Paine!"

"Three of them?"

"Yes, three of them."

"Good Lord!" said John. "Regular clean-up!"

"Yes; and what's more, I'm having luncheon tomorrow with Bart."

"Bart Thompson? Mean you're having luncheon with ——"

"Yes. You see, he—he—said ——"

"Stop giggling, Gloria!"

"I'm not giggling. It's just that I'm so tired, I ——"

"What did that idiot Thompson say?"

"He isn't an idiot! You're prejudiced. You ——"

"Tell me what he said."

"Well," gasped Gloria, "he told me he'd been thinking it over and he'd decided that it was wrong and—and sort of weak for a live man to be bound by any such idealistic promise as he'd made to Gwendolyn. And he said he'd seen Gwendolyn quite recently—in a dream, you know—and he was sure by the way she looked at him that she wanted him to be happy and would understand perfectly if he—if he ——"

"Not so loud, Gloria! Heaven's sake! Wake up Aunt Emma!"

She clapped her hand over her mouth and gazed helplessly at her friend John.

"Three of them," she said in a muffled voice. "And Bart's going to propose tomorrow. I know he is!"

"Why worry about him?" fumed John. "You've got prospects enough without him—for which you ought to be grateful."

"But what'll I do? Let them draw lots, or take them in order?"

"Don't know. Hell of a jam. Who asked you first?"

"Percy."

"Why didn't you stop with Percy?"

"Couldn't," she replied innocently. "Tommy insisted, and after that it got to be a sort of habit."

"Nonsense!" said John, waving his hands. "Go to bed and sleep it off. Been on a matrimonial spree. Get over it in the morning."

"Oh," said Gloria, "I've been engaged before, lots of times. But this is different. It may be funny—heaven knows it is!—but it's serious too. Because this time I mean to go through with it."

She was sitting erect and tense in her chair; a strange, slender figure with brooding eyes and nervous hands fumbling the mottled cloth at her breast. Then all at once she crumpled down and put her head on the arm of the chair and gave a long sigh.

"Life is—such a farce," she said. "And yet, when you expect it to be nothing else, it turns into something queer and real and ——"

"Gloria!"

"I wish you'd kiss me, John dear."

He got up, a trifle confused, and went over to her and bent down and kissed her cheek.

"'Night, Gloria. Time to go to bed."

"Yes, I know it. I'm going. Good night," said Gloria, and smiled sleepily, and went with a languid, drowsy grace into the discreet asylum of Aunt Emma's room. And John went into Gloria's room, and found it comfortable and charming. But somehow he didn't sleep well that night.

They had breakfast together about noon the next day. Gloria was in excellent spirits. She said that life seemed unusually possible to her that morning—she didn't know why—and would her friend John please stop looking so solemn?

"Is it the coffee?" she asked solicitously.

"No, it's you. I'm wondering what you're going to do about your three prospective husbands."

Continued on Page 78

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(Continued from Page 76)

"I'd forgotten them," confessed Gloria.

"Forgotten them? How could you?"

"Well, I mean, I wasn't exactly thinking of them," she said, and smiled sweetly, and passed him the marmalade.

But she was not permitted, as it happened, to avoid thinking of her three prospective husbands much longer. For the maid came into the dining room and said, "Some telegrams for you, Miss Gloria."

"Some telegrams!" repeated Gloria. "Heavens! How many?"

"Three, miss."

"Three?"

"Yes, miss. They all came at once, so they did. And I says to the boy, I says, 'Well!' I says, and the boy says to me——"

"All right, let's have them," interrupted Gloria, extending her hand.

"Yes, miss," said the maid, and surrendered the telegrams and went out reluctantly.

Gloria opened the three yellow envelopes, unfolded the three sheets of yellow paper and spread them out on the table before her. There was a brief pause; then, "My lovers," she said calmly, "are in full retreat. They're flying in all directions. It's a complete rout."

"What do they say?" asked John.

"Practically the same thing. I'll read you Communique Number One," said Gloria, and read as follows:

"'Unspeakably disappointed stop regret important business taking me South for indefinite stay stop under circumstances do not feel I can ask you to wait for me stop please accept heartbroken assurances of undying affection stop think kindly of one plunged into abyss of despair stop.'

"That's from Percy Wolfe," she concluded with admirable disinterestedness.

"And the others?"

"Are from Tommy Fenton and Berwick Paine. They're different from Percy's in language, punctuation and direction, but they have the same general drift. Tommy's going West and Berwick's going to Europe. Otherwise it's unanimous," said Gloria, crumpling the three telegrams into a wad.

"Looks to me," remarked John, "as though the boys had got together and compared notes."

"Well," snapped Gloria, "I wish the boys bon voyage. Not that I really blame them. After all, it was my fault. I'd no business to be so reckless. That's what comes of trying to hedge one's bets."

"You don't really care, do you, Gloria?" he asked gently.

"Care!" she flung back at him, and springing up, stood looking at him with flashing eyes. "Of course I don't care! Why should I? Men are stupid brutes. Yes, stupid, dull, blind, deaf and dumb—particularly dumb—all of them! That's how much I care!" said Gloria, and hurled the wad of telegrams across the table, and turning, swept out of the room like an indignant angel, leaving John Weare aghast.

He was still aghast when, a few minutes later, Aunt Emma entered and asked him sternly what he had done to Gloria.

"I? I've done nothing!" he protested, with, however, a sense of mysterious and unjustified guilt.

"But she said it was you."

"Gloria said —— Oh, but you must be mistaken, Mrs. Bradford. I'd nothing whatever to do with it. No, really! It was those three chaps—the men she was engaged to—mean the boys—ha-ha! Mean her fiancés. She must have told you about them."

"Yes, she told me this morning that she was engaged to three different men. But I ——"

"Well, you see, they've ducked. H'm—mean they've ducked—er—gone away—all three of them—South, East and West. All bets off. No engagements. Naturally, Gloria's upset. Er ——"

"Do you mean that Gloria's not engaged at all?" queried Aunt Emma.

"M-m—just that."

"We-e-ell!" exclaimed the widow; and then, grimly, "No wonder she's in tears!"

John took a quick step forward, grasped Aunt Emma's arm.

"What? Is Gloria—she's not crying, Mrs. Bradford? She can't be!"

"Oh, can't she? That's all you know about it."

"But she mustn't! Good Lord, then she does care!"

"Care? About being turned down by all the men in town? Of course she cares! Any girl would."

"Must do something about it," said John, tugging at the elderly woman's sleeve. "Can't let Gloria go on being upset. Can't have her shedding tears."

"Stop jerking my sleeve, John Weare! You'll rip the seams."

"Oh! Sorry. But—we must do something."

"There's nothing," said Aunt Emma fatalistically, "to be done. All this is a natural judgment on Gloria. She's gone on so long dodging marriage and making fun of it—avoiding the really serious things of life—that now when she wants to assume the responsibilities of a wife and mother she doesn't know how to go about it. All the men of her acquaintance are either loafers or intellectuals, and neither have the slightest desire to assume the really serious responsibilities of life. Did I say that before? Well, anyway, the point is that Gloria's doomed."

"Doomed?"

"Yes, she is; because she doesn't know the sort of man who wanted to be a husband."

"Look here," said John, pulling his chin, "how about me?"

"You!"

"Yes—er—ha—joke, isn't it? But—er—we must do something. Can't have Gloria crying her eyes out for lack of a dumb husband. Frightful! And I—er—h'm—never thought of it till just now. Marriage, I mean. But I've got a job, you know, and—don't think I'd mind so much. Mean I wouldn't mind, really. And Gloria likes me. She'd be pleased."

"Oh, would she?" came in a cold, clear voice from the far end of the dining room. "Would she?"

They turned and saw Gloria advancing majestically toward them. She reached the table, gripped it with both hands and stood facing them.

"I heard what you said—every word of it," she brought out deliberately and pleasantly. "It's awfully nice of you, John dear. I appreciate your generosity ——"

"Gloria!" he groaned.

"—— but I really can't accept the sacrifice. It's a little—too much. And after all, I'm not so hopeless as that. I'm not so hopeless that I have to fall back on charity."

"Charity!" exclaimed John. "All right, Gloria, if that's how you want to take it ——"

"He meant well," put in Aunt Emma tartly.

"I've no doubt he did," retorted Gloria, "and, as I've already said, I appreciate it. But I wouldn't think of marrying anyone who simply meant well. I'd rather go on being a spinster all my days."

"You probably will!" snapped the widow.

At that Gloria laughed; and was suddenly devilishly gay, impudent.

"No," she cried, "I won't! Do you know why? Because I'm going to marry the next man who proposes to me—at once—before he has time to change his mind. I'm going to gobble him up, elope with him ——."

She broke off abruptly.

The maid had come in from the hall and was standing agape on the threshold of the dining room.

"What is it?" asked Gloria, over her shoulder.

"If you please, miss," answered the servant, "Mr. Thompson's here."

"Here! Where?" rapped out Aunt Emma.

"Downstairs, ma'am. The operator telephoned up to say he was calling to take Miss Gloria out to luncheon."

"Oh, yes," said Gloria—"yes, so he is! Ask the operator to ask Mr. Thompson to wait. I'll be ready in ten minutes—in ten minutes, do you understand?"

"Yes, miss."

The maid went out. Gloria glanced smilingly at her aunt and John Weare.

"You see?" she said. "The final catastrophe hasn't yet arrived. There's still a ray of hope."

John strode forward, looked at her a long time and then held out his hand.

"Guess you and I don't understand each other after all," he said quietly. "But anyway—good luck, Gloria."

"Thanks, John dear," she replied, standing very straight and still before him.

Downstairs in the foyer, he came face to face with Bartley Thompson. The two men looked at each other, exchanged nods, but did not speak. Then John went on. As he stepped out into the sunlight it occurred to him that he was jealous of Thompson. Jealous! The thought stunned him. He stood still in the middle of the sidewalk and wondered what, if anything, was to be done about it.

IV

LATE the following afternoon, having finished, with a weary contempt for such labors, his weekly article, John was drinking a cup of tea when there came a knock at the door of his apartment. He went to the door and opened it.

The rather incredible but unmistakable figure of Bartley Thompson confronted him. Tall, thin, brittle, with a romantic tie flowing under his chin, the playwright stood there, quite conscious, thought John, of the dramatic impression he created. Indeed, his first words were designedly dramatic.

"I have come to tell you, Mr. Weare, that I am engaged to be married—to Gloria."

"Ah!" said John, and was aware of a curious prickling at the back of his neck.

"Yes," said Bartley.

"Come in."

"Thank you."

Mr. Thompson stepped into Mr. Weare's living room.

"Needless to say," he remarked as he entered, "I should hardly have come to call on you of my own accord."

"No," said John.

"The fact is, I am here at Gloria's request."

"Mean Gloria asked you to come to see me?"

"Exactly."

"Have a drink," said John, almost cordially.

"No, thank you."

"Well, have a chair."

Mr. Thompson bowed and sat down with dignity. John took a chair facing him. They looked at each other, and again John felt that bristling sensation at the nape of his neck.

"Let us," said the playwright, "be frank."

"As frank as you please!"

"You and I are natural enemies. On the other hand, you are a friend of Gloria's. In fact, she tells me that she considers you her best friend on earth."

"When did she tell you that?"

"Yesterday, at luncheon—just after she'd promised to marry me."

"Oh, I see. H'm—yes—splendid! I mean, of course, I'm glad that Gloria thinks so well of me."

"I," said Mr. Thompson, "am not so glad. From my standpoint, Gloria's affection for you—if I may call it that—is extremely unfortunate. But for her sake I have agreed to come to you and—ah—make an effort to—ah—rise above the injustices you have done me as a dramatist."

"Injustices? Oh, you mean my pieces about your plays? H'm, well, that's an old quarrel, Mr. Thompson. Suppose we don't go into it."

"I should like to!" declared the other, a trifle excitedly. "I should enjoy getting to the bottom of your dislike for my work!"

"I assure you," said John pleasantly, "that it's bottomless."

Bartley jumped in his chair.

"There you go!" he cried. "That's just the sort of thing you say in print! But I

(Continued on Page 81)

for Better Accessories
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(Continued from Page 78)

won't quarrel with you," he added nobly. "I promised Gloria I wouldn't." He paused, struggling to regain his composure; then, "Gloria wanted you to know our plans," he said with a chill smile.

"Ah! Your plans?"

"We're eloping."

"What say? Eloping? Mean you're—eloping?"

"We are."

"Oh," said John, restraining a sudden impulse to be violent. "May I ask how and when?"

"Tonight, in Gloria's car, at six o'clock," replied Mr. Thompson, apparently deriving a certain pleasure from these details.

"At six tonight? But that's within an hour!"

"I am packed," the other informed him with unction.

"But you can't! How can you get married tonight?"

"We don't intend to. The plan is to drive till morning; there's a full moon, you know"

"I didn't know," muttered John.

"And then, early tomorrow, we'll stop, wherever we happen to be, get a license, find a minister, have him marry us and go on."

"M'm—I see. Romantic, isn't it?"

Mr. Thompson turned pink.

"I'm only telling you this," he stated somewhat feverishly, "because Gloria insisted. She said—ah—that she hoped you would give us your"—the word came hard—"your blessing."

John Weare smiled.

"I'll give you more than that," he said. "I'll give you my honest, critical opinion."

"Opinion?"

"On your elopement."

"Well—ah—what the deuce do you mean?" demanded Thompson.

John had got up from his chair and was walking aimlessly about the room, his hands in his pockets, a faint grin on his lips.

"You said a moment ago that you couldn't understand why I disliked your work as a playwright, or words to that effect. Well, I'll tell you why. It's because you're such an infernal sentimentalist, Thompson!"

"What? Look here ——"

"Sit still. Keep your shirt on. You asked for it, and I'm telling you." John wheeled suddenly and pointed his finger at the other. "That last play of yours was sheer sentimentality. Had no spine, no backbone—and neither had your hero! The idea of a healthy man turning recluse for life because of a maudlin promise made to a hysterical invalid!"

Mr. Thompson sat gripping the arms of his chair—to keep, no doubt, from springing at this obnoxious critic's throat.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" he almost shouted. "I myself am the hero of that play! It all happened to me! And I am not turning recluse! I'm going to throw off the shackles of that unfortunate promise—a promise given, I assure you, under the stress of great emotion—and marry Gloria!"

"Yes," returned John Weare, with caustic deliberation, "you're going to marry Gloria, but you're going to do it exactly as she prescribes. You're going to elope with her exactly as she wants to elope. In other words, just as you tied yourself up to that invalid girl ——"

"Her name," put in Thompson icily, "was Gwendolyn."

"—— just as you tied yourself up to Gwendolyn, so now you're going to tie yourself up to Gloria."

"I deny that!" cried the playwright.

Again John wheeled and leveled his forefinger—an extraordinarily satisfactory gesture.

"Can you deny," he demanded, "that the whole scheme of the elopement was and is Gloria's?"

"How did—how do you know?" blurted out Bartley unwarily.

"I recognize it," said John. "I recognize it as a typically feminine idea. A whim—a pure whim! Why, you're even going to elope in Gloria's car!"

"True," admitted Gloria's prospective husband.

"Come now, Thompson, be honest. Look into your own mind. Every man has somewhere in his head a notion of what, to him, would be the ideal marriage. What is yours? Is it this? Is it?"

Bartley Thompson got slowly to his feet. His color, by this time, was a rare shade of purple.

"No," he said, "to be absolutely frank with you, it is not. My idea of the ideal marriage ——"

"Well?"

Thompson's lips worked silently. He seemed to be fascinated by John Weare's steady gaze—or perhaps his fascination was due to the incredible phenomenon of his own desire.

"I have always," he said finally, with a kind of hypnotic wistfulness—"I have always wanted to go to Niagara Falls."

"Bravo!" cried John; and stepping forward, clutched the playwright by the shoulders. "Do it! Go there! Make Gloria go there! Stand up for yourself, man! This is important. Start wrong and you'll end wrong. Give in to her now and you'll be a slave to her whims the rest of your life!"

"Why," asked Bartley confusedly—"why should you care?"

"Care? Because I'm a critic of life as well as of the theater. Because I can't stand sentimentality—can't abide it—and finally because I believe that for you to elope as you've planned to elope would be the worst thing in the world—for Gloria!"

"You mean you think I ought to do it for her sake?"

"For her sake most of all!" exclaimed John, and added importunately, "There's still time, Thompson. Gloria needs a firm hand. She needs discipline. Go see her! Go now! Tell her it's Niagara Falls or nothing. Or—no, better not go see her. That would look like pleading. That would look weak. Send her a telegram."

"A telegram!"

"Yes. You know, as a dramatist, that nothing is more effective than a telegram. Human beings always fudge things. They're frail. They veer and shift and waver like weathercocks. But a telegram is fate!"

"You're right about that," agreed Thompson eagerly. "I once wrote a play in which the whole plot hinged on a telegram."

"There you are!"

"Yes—but—how can I ask Gloria to change her plans now? She has her heart set on eloping tonight!"

"Well, isn't there a night train to Niagara Falls? Must be a night train."

"Yes, at 7:30. . . . I've often dreamed of it," sighed the distraught and unhappy lover.

"Then send Gloria a telegram. You'll be a better man for it, a freer man!"

"But how can I explain?"

"Don't explain. Just be definite. Make it strong. Something like this," urged John, and thrust out his chin, and gazed at the ceiling and improvised lustily:

"Have decided we are going to Niagara Falls stop by train stop if you love me meet me at the information bureau Grand Central Station upper level tonight at 7:15 sharp stop."

Mr. Thompson looked at John Weare and repeated vaguely, "Stop." Then suddenly a light came into his eyes. His chest heaved and his thin, brittle figure straightened with a snap.

"Mr. Weare," he said, "you and I are, and always will be, natural enemies. But you've told me what no friend would dare tell me, and that is the truth about myself. You've discovered the weakness in my nature. I admit it. I will not offer to shake hands with you. That would be—mere sentimentality. But I will say this: That I accept your criticism and your advice in the spirit in which they are offered. I am now going to send a telegram to Gloria. It will be, I assure you, the most dramatic composition of my career, and the most inspiring. For it'll mean that hereafter I will be, as you say, a better and a freer man."

"M'm—I hope so," said John. "Good afternoon, Mr. Thompson."

■

JUST at dawn the next morning a sleek, feline roadster drew up at the crest of a hill overlooking a beautiful New England valley, in the hollow of which nestled a beautiful New England town. On the single seat of the roadster sat a man who looked as though he might be a critic, and a woman who looked as though she might be an angel—the sort of angel who has had a particularly heavenly existence.

"We're lost," she said. "Do you care, John dear?"

"Dear Gloria," he answered, "I'm glad of it."

"Then I apologize."

"For what?"

"That night we drove up the Hudson for dinner, I said you weren't adventurous."

"But I'm not going to dinner with you now, I'm eloping with you!"

"My darling!" cried Gloria, and after that they sat for a long time and looked at the sunrise. Finally she said, "I wonder whether poor Bart is still waiting at the information bureau."

"Information bureau? Oh, yes, the Grand Central Station. H'm—I'd almost forgotten ——"

"How could you?" murmured Gloria; and added, with a rapt look at the rose-colored east, "Poor, innocent Bart! When I got his telegram I almost died, it was so funny! How did you ever manage to get him to send it?"

"Psychological stuff," said John solemnly. "I proved to him that the idea of eloping with you—in your car—in the way you'd planned to elope—was sheer sentimentality—an out and out surrender of his masculine right to dominate."

"But you're eloping with me—in my car!" protested Gloria.

He looked at her and grinned faintly.

"Oh, well, I'm only a critic! And anyway, I don't mind a little sentimentality—on my honeymoon."

"Sweet word!" she said; and asked dreamily, "Did you ever think there'd be a honeymoon—with me?"

"Must have thought it subconsciously," he answered, tugging at his chin. "Did you think it?" he asked, suddenly twisting about and looking at her.

"I hoped it," said Gloria.

"Well, then, why'd you turn me down that morning after the ball—was it day before yesterday?—when I proposed to you?"

"Because I didn't think you loved me. I mean—this way. And I—well, I did love you."

"Mean all the time? Mean you loved me from the beginning?"

"Yes," replied Gloria, "from the beginning."

"And yet you went rushing about, trying to marry everybody else in town! Why'd you do that? Lord! You almost did marry Bart Thompson. If I hadn't stepped in at the last minute ——"

"Ah," said Gloria, "perhaps I knew that you would step in—at the last minute. Because you're rather a last-minute person, dear John."

He gazed at her with a wonder that was not so much admiration as humility.

"Mamma!" he said at last, and took her in his arms and held her as close as the steering wheel would permit. "There's one little detail," he said, "that we've still got to arrange. Down there's a town. Don't know what town it is, or even what state it's in; but—there must be a minister in it somewhere, a minister who could marry us. Now question is, shall we drive down, stir up the parson and get married or shall we, on this glorious and perfect morning, go on to the next town, or possibly the next?"

"Oh, pff!" answered Gloria with a long sigh. "Let's go on. After all, you can always get married."

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The new Ansonia Squareclox are even better than the old clocks. Better looking too; made in both antique gold finish and a finish that looks like platinum. Neither of them tarnishes nor shows finger marks. They stand squarely on a flat base which cannot scratch the furniture.

One of these described below is just the clock you need. You can get it at any leading jeweler's, department store or drug store. Don't forget the name "Squareclox."

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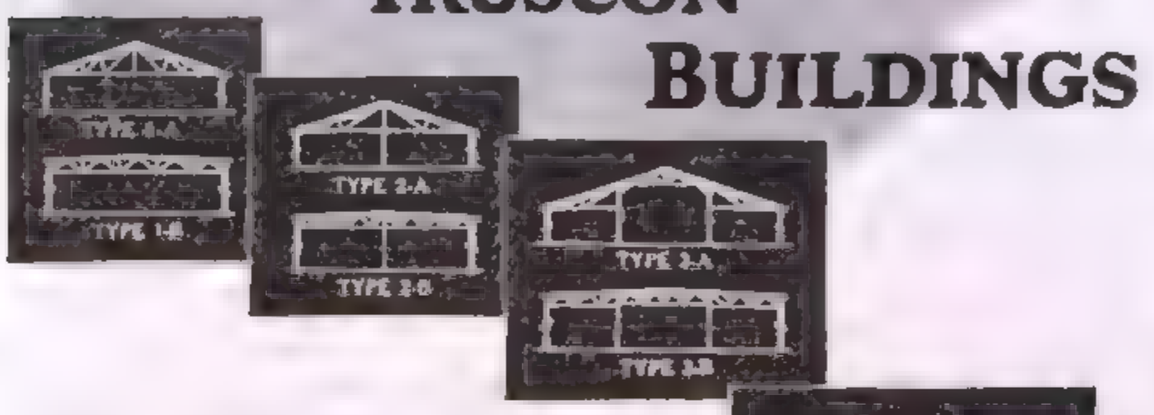

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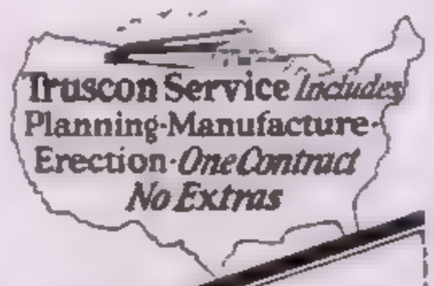

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FLORIDA FIREWORKS

(Continued from Page 13)

money; procrastination is the thief of time; in plain common-sense business English, it is missing a good bet. The Gumbo-Finukus Realty Syndicate is your best bet today; it enables the small investor to participate in large profits; on a salary, you can never make big money; get in touch with us at once for detailed information."

Tomatocan Estates announces in two-inch letters that it is Nature's wonderland and the selling sensation; that you can buy a $3000 lot in Tomatocan Estates today for $1500; that it guarantees to advance and advertise the present selling prices of Tomatocan Estates property 50 per cent, and that holding for resale a few months from now assures you a profit of 200 per cent; that you cannot find a better or surer business proposition in all Florida.

So they run on, page after page after page, in all the newspapers of Florida. Spanish galleons and the craft of buccaneers are inextricably entwined with orange groves and predevelopment sales and sure money-makers and fifty-foot lots in San Regurgito Manors. The reader's mind is befuddled with reiterated promises of sudden wealth, ordinary profits, 100 per cent profits and 1000 per cent profits, and with a tumult of advice, suggestion and entreaty.

Ballyhoo phrases leap gazellelike from one brain lobe to the other:

"Invite you to investigate—healthiest spot on earth—gateway to prosperity—one-quarter down; balance, one, two and three years—if you knew what we know about the future of Sharkfin Gardens and adjacent subdivisions, you would sell your chance of heaven to get your quota.

"Do Not Hesitate—Lots $89—Lots only $1045—Lots only $7850. Ideal apartment site only $68,000—beautiful ocean-front lot only $189,000. Buy now—one good investment beats a lifetime of labor—one-fifth down; balance, one, two, three and four years. Profits—profits—profits—gem of all Florida investments—city where a city ought to be—wonder resort of the world.

"Ducks have known about Florida for a million years; but the human race is just finding it out. Protect your future, your family and your old age. Do it now—announce an increase of 58 per cent in the price of all lots at 3 P.M., Friday, February thirtieth—have seen our investors make profits of from 100 to several thousand per cent without any one of them ever losing a dollar. Share in Florida's prosperity on a guaranteed-principal and profit-return basis."

Prophets and Profits

"Angler's paradise—profits—scent of orange blossoms—own your castle in Spain—gold coast—tremendous profit—prosperity—building activity—Chicago of Florida—Paris of Florida—St. Louis of Florida—metropolis of Florida—each passing hour proves the opportune time is NOW.

"Departed days prove that opportunities for profitable investments are becoming less each day—buy here—buy there—buy everywhere—buy, buy, buy—profits, profits, profits. You have missed many opportunities; don't let this pass. Here is the one big chance in an uncertain market—only $3250—haunting, exotic beauty—one-third down, balance one and two years.

"San Eczemo Shores beckons the wise investor with a promise of certain and immediate profit—command any price from seekers of tropic serenity—10 per cent binder—opportunity for limited number to participate in the profits at $1000 apiece.

"Tonight, at midnight, prices of Hollobello Beach properties will be revised and today's purchasers will then count their profits. Think! Act! Buy! Pay 25 per cent down and tomorrow be happily on the road to prosperity. The only man that doesn't make money in Florida real estate is the man that doesn't own any"—and so on.

The newcomer to the state arrives weary from his travels and takes to his bed without further ado. In the morning he wakes from slumber, dewy-eyed, refreshed and calm. He may be ready to enjoy the rustling of the palms and the gentle twitter of the dickey birds and to idle away his time in the beneficent rays of the tropic sun. Consequently he buys a morning paper—and forthwith his troubles begin.

He reads and he reads and he reads and he reads. Everything that he reads intimates that there are immense profits to be picked up around every corner. By the time he has finished reading, his hand is shaking, his tongue is dry, his forehead is beaded with perspiration and his eyes move nervously from side to side like those of a hunted animal. The ballyhoo has got him.

He hurls the newspaper from him. It falls open at a large advertisement of Cabomba Shores. "Profit Follows the Pioneer," says the advertisement in tall black letters. The harrowed newcomer, fascinated as a bird is fascinated by a snake, picks up the paper again and reads about profit following the pioneer, in large enticing type.

Florida Mathematics

"Florida," says the advertisement, "is America's last frontier. It is a frontier such as the world has never known. It lacks those dangers which made men fear to penetrate the frontiers of olden days. Yet it possesses great natural advantages such as no previous pioneering has evidenced.

"A playground for millions, both of men and of money.

"Even though it might be stripped of its obvious attractions as a place where it is a joy to do no more than simply live and luxuriate, it would still be a land of surpassing endowments.

"For even to the man who can think of nothing but material things, there is no land like Florida.

"Add it up in terms of potentialities, in oranges or grapefruit or bananas or potatoes or whatever crop you will, and there is no state in the Union which can offer one so great a return for so small an investment in actual labor.

"Here one gets more harvests per year, larger harvests per acre, greater value per unit, be that unit in bushels or tons or square miles.

"And in Florida the harvest time is all year round. While one crop is being marketed another crop is being matured. Harvest time is never followed by a season of ice and snow. Between reaping and planting there is no pause.

"But Florida's greatest crop today and tomorrow and every day is happiness.

"And Florida's other greatest crop during this present era of pioneering is profitable investment."

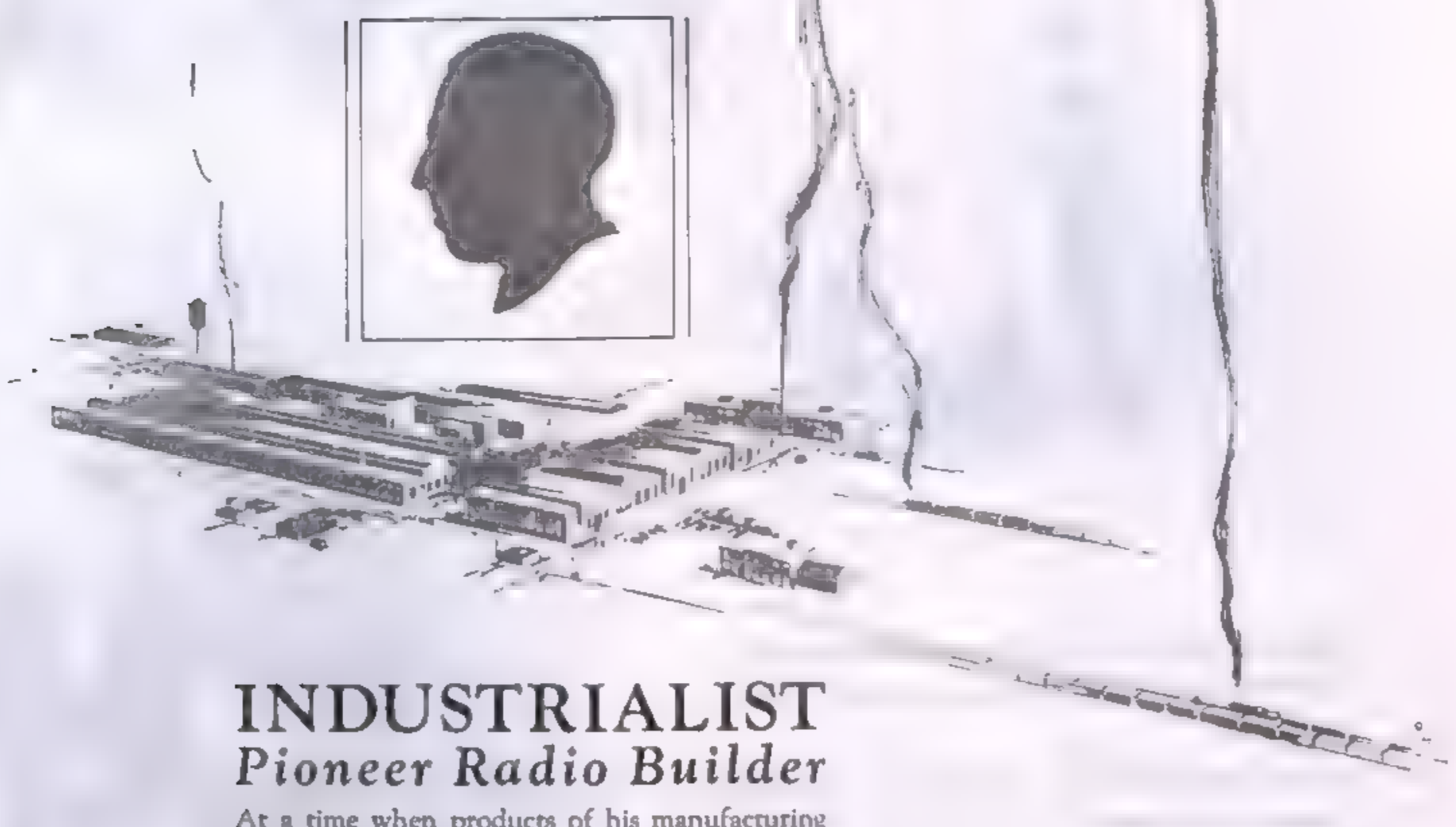
There is more of it; but with a low moan of distress and uncertainty the newcomer again hurls the paper from him. His sales resistance has sunk to such a low ebb that he wants to buy everything in sight, but he is so befuddled that in nine cases out of ten he doesn't know where to start buying.

The venders of real estate have followed the same system in locating their offices that they have followed in placing their advertising. They strive to procure offices as near as possible to the center of all activity. Consequently the percentage of real-estate firms in the central business sections of hustling, bustling, growing cities like Tampa, Jacksonville, Miami, St. Petersburg, Fort Lauderdale and Sarasota is far greater than the percentage of antique shops in Vienna, dressmaking shops in Paris or saloons in the South Boston of some years ago.

It might be remarked in passing that the determination of several real-estate firms

(Continued on Page 85)

POWEL CROSLEY JR.



INDUSTRIALIST
Pioneer Radio Builder

At a time when products of his manufacturing genius were already known to millions, Powel Crosley, Jr., boldly diverted his energies to the development of radio reception, then scarcely known beyond the laboratory walls.

Pioneering both in engineering trends and manufacturing practices, Mr. Crosley has been a vital factor in making radio and broadcasting as much a part of American life as motion pictures and the motor car.

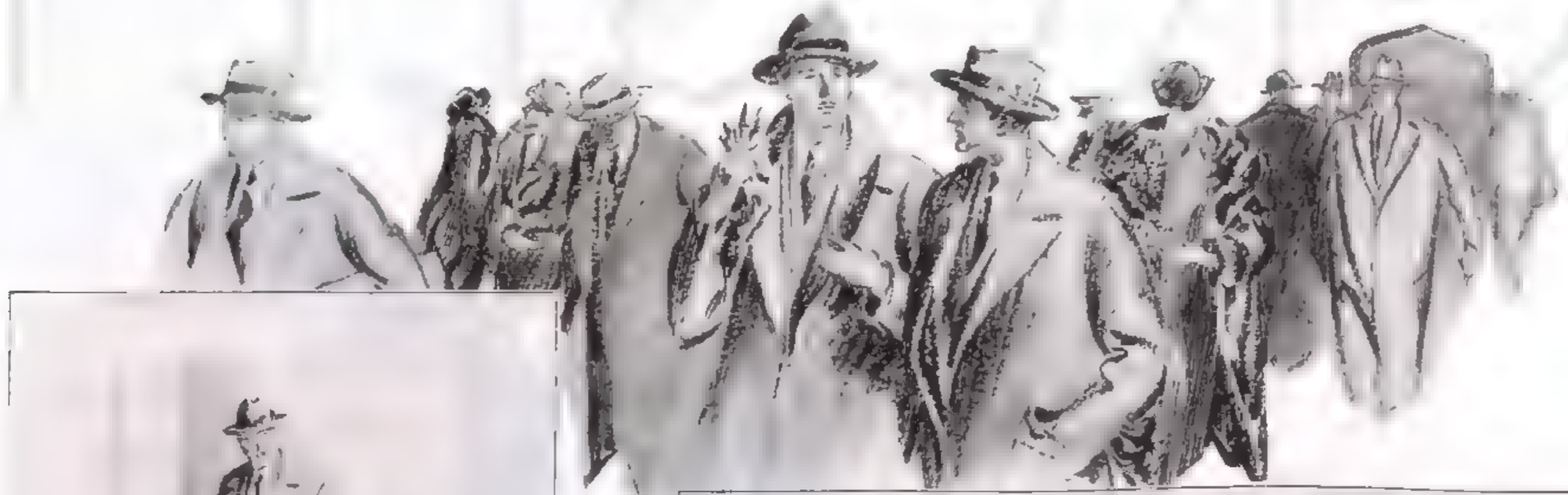
There is scarcely a milestone in the development of popular radio on which his shadow has not been the first to fall. And his announcement of December 26th concerned a milestone that dwarfed all others in its importance — *four entirely new radio receiving sets:*

The Crosley 4-29 (4-tube)	$29.00
The Crosley 5-38 (5-tube)	38.00
The Crosley R. F. L.-60 (5-tube) .	60.00
The Crosley R. F. L.-75 (5-tube) .	75.00

These are now being demonstrated by Crosley dealers and will be completely described in a forthcoming issue of The Saturday Evening Post

Today's Luncheon

Make it those Toasty Grains—*the "something different" that you crave*



PUFFED WHEAT at noon for a clear-minded afternoon,—the most enticing cereal food known.

It's WHOLE WHEAT. 25% is Bran. Crisped grains that taste like nutmeats . . . only richer.

That digest easily, stop that urge for an afternoon nap.

Have it with milk, or in bowls of half and half.

Or . . . for the Great Adventure, with fresh berries and cream.

That gives you the food you need, the vitamines of grain and milk.

Order it today at any restaurant, lunchroom or grocer, and—SERVE today at home—See how much brighter the afternoon.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 82)

to obtain temporary locations in the very lap of the passing public has resulted in some peculiar reports on property values—especially in Miami. These reports are of such a nature that one takes train or bus for that city in the expectation of seeing the streets thronged with frenzied, wild-eyed, gibbering people. Travelers report excitedly that they're crazy in Miami—or Fort Myers or Sebring or St. Pete, as the case may be.

"They're crazy as coots down there!" they say. "Why, property on Main Street sells for $50,000 a front foot! Fif-ty—thou-sand—dol-lars! A front foot! Yes, sir! That's what it sold for! Crazy? Why, those people are rabid; they're dippy; they're nutty; they're crazier than coots! Yes, sir!"

An investigation shows that a real-estate firm, wishing a choice position on Main Street in which to display its wares, finds that all available locations are snapped up by other real-estate firms and business houses that are doing a thriving trade. Feeling that it must, for advertising reasons, have the desired location, the real-estate firm offers to lease certain desirable locations for two years or three years or four years—by which time its property may be sold out—at a very high price. It may, for example, offer a druggist or a haberdasher $60,000 a year for a two-year lease on a certain shop with a twenty-foot frontage.

The $60,000 is accepted and the real-estate firm briskly erects, as a salesroom, a modification of the Doge's Palace or the Alhambra or the Sistine Chapel, and goes to selling its real estate with the utmost enthusiasm.

But the deep thinkers and ardent figurers with whom Florida real-estate circles are heavily populated at once realize that $60,000 is one year's interest at 6 per cent on $1,000,000. Therefore this property, to their inflamed brains, represents the tying up of $1,000,000, so that it must be worth $1,000,000; and since the property has a twenty-foot frontage, each foot of it must be worth one-twentieth of $1,000,000, or $50,000.

"Yes, sir," say the deep thinkers, "that strip of property is worth $50,000 a front foot. That's what the Sharkfin Gardens people paid for it. That's what property on Main Street is worth."

Real-Estate Men, Old Style

It isn't worth $50,000 a front foot, nor anything like it. What is more, nobody would pay any such price for it; but the human race is so constituted that it prefers exaggerated figures to accurate figures; and so the glad word goes forth—and is eagerly accepted—that Main Street property in Florida is selling for $50,000 a front foot and that everyone is crazy.

At any rate, the newcomer to Florida, fuddled by the enormous masses of printed ballyhoo that he has encountered in his morning paper, is at once injected into the verbal ballyhoo of the real-estate dealers. There are not so many real-estate dealers in Florida, according to the old inhabitants, as there used to be during 1924 and the first half of 1925, when all that one needed in order to be an official real-estate dealer was a pair of white linen knickerbockers, about sixty dollars in real money, and a large leather wallet to hold under the left arm.

Nowadays a real-estate dealer must have not only his knickerbockers but a state license, a county license and frequently a city license as well. Nor are the prices of these licenses either mean or insignificant, notwithstanding Florida's leniency in the matter of inheritance taxes. They are ample and generous, and verge even on the obese; and it seems only reasonable to assume that the old inhabitants are correct when they claim that there aren't so many real-estate dealers as there used to be.

One would never know it, however, when one sets foot in the business section of any Florida city, for there are so many real-estate dealers standing in front of their respective lairs, discussing prices, profits and what So-and-So was offered for his ocean-front lot, that one might think a number of interesting and simultaneous murders had just taken place behind the façades of a hundred business establishments, and that the morbid crowds had assembled to talk them over.

There have been a number of changes in Florida real-estate salesmen in the past year or two.

Several years ago they were recruited from the ranks of large, handsome men who wore pearl-gray coats, placed their straw hats slightly on the side of their heads, spoke in a mellow and resonant voice, and affected a society manner that sometimes did not inspire confidence.

The present crop, on the other hand, affects an extra-simple and ultranatural style; a casual and potluck manner of the dear-old-college-chum variety that sometimes comes a little hard to gentlemen who have passed their fiftieth birthday, but that makes the prospect confident that he won't be sold a gold brick any more than he would be back on the campus of old Meningitis University.

High-Pressure Promises

The modern salesman is addicted to going without his hat and coat, and he wears his sleeves rolled up; and the jolly old Kappa Umbagog badge is pinned to his shirt five inches north of the floating ribs and three inches east of the breastbone, as specified in the secret by-laws of the Kappa Umbagog Fraternity. As has been said before, he affects white linen knickerbockers; and when two or three of him are gathered together in front of the Hollobello Beach office or the Cabeza Isles office—as they invariably are—one expects them to throw back their heads at almost any moment and burst into the stirring strains of Fair Siwash, Mother of Men.

One of the drawbacks to life in any Florida city at the present time is the fact that one cannot idle along the streets and gaze into the windows without having one of these eager young collegiate real-estate salesmen disengage himself from his companions and start pumping a violent stream of information concerning San Hepatico Manors into one's ear. It does no good to tell the young man that you can't afford to buy a lot in San Hepatico, because the young man can and will prove to you that you can't afford not to buy one. It does no good to close one's ears to his chatter, because eventually you must open your ears again, and you will then see that although the young man hasn't stopped talking, his arguments are just as good at the end as they were at the beginning, and each argument is complete in itself.

Some publicity was given in the newspapers of the world recently to a young Frenchwoman who talked for thirty-eight consecutive hours, but persons familiar with Florida real-estate salesmen find it difficult to understand why this feat should be considered at all unusual.

Roughly speaking, there are two types of Florida real-estate salesmen—the straight salesman and the high-pressure salesman. Again roughly speaking, the straight salesman contents himself with stating the facts concerning the property that he wishes to sell—and it may be said without fear of contradiction that any property in Florida that is worth selling has such an unusual number of interesting facts to its credit that the person who tells them is automatically suspected of being a liar.

The high-pressure salesman, in many instances, is connected with properties that are not worth selling; and in order to make his sales, he makes statements and promises that are untrue.

Florida real estate is not the only form of endeavor that is cursed with high-pressure methods. A great many politicians attain high place through high-pressure methods, and the United States Senate and House of Representatives are well speckled with gentlemen who made promises to their constituents that they could not possibly keep.

One of the favorite promises of high-pressure salesmen is the promise that if a customer will make a first payment on a lot—which enables the salesman to get his full commission on the price of the lot—the salesman will guarantee that the lot can be sold at a 50 per cent profit or 100 per cent profit before the second payment comes due. Since such an occurrence is by no means so common as one might suppose from listening to the Florida ballyhoo, the persons who buy lots from high-pressure salesmen are apt to be a pretty disgruntled lot.

The usual commission to real-estate salesmen in Florida is 10 per cent, though shady and suspicious real-estate promotions occasionally pay as high as 25 per cent to their salesmen. A great many Florida real-estate salesmen earn purely nominal commissions—$3000 a year, say, and $4000 and thereabouts; but there are a great many others whose commissions, due to the unique and peculiar qualities of the property that they offer for sale and to the shattered sales resistance of their customers, mount to heights that would have been viewed with respect and admiration by most of the plutocrats who did their plutocrating in the stodgy old days before the war.

The sales record of one of the salesmen for a reliable West Palm Beach real-estate firm that specializes in putting moderate-priced subdivisions on the market showed that between November 2 and November 21, 1925, he had sold a tract of twenty-three lots for $30,375, and another tract of fifteen lots for $13,235. He had also resold, on a 5 per cent commission, three lots which netted him $937, $125 and $325. This gave him commissions of $5748. He had also made $10,000 in that time on a private purchase which he had made with another man on an outlay of $1000. His earnings in the period from November second to November twenty-first were therefore $15,748.

He left an excellent position in New England to come to Florida; and his annual sales record in New England was around $12,000, which was considered very snappy indeed—in New England. The yearly sales of the Florida firm for which he worked, however, are well over $12,000,000, and there are sixty persons on the company's sales staff. It can therefore be figured by the expert figurer that these sixty persons make average commissions of better than $20,000 a year.

Too Easy Money

It may also be said that the Florida real-estate salesman whose commissions run as low as $3000 or $4000 a year is content to earn $3000 or $4000 a year. He likes to lie on the warm yellow beaches and hearken to the dulcet twitter of the mocking birds.

Real-estate salesmen who roll up plethoric bank rolls have as little traffic with mocking birds or yellow beaches as have successful salesmen of any commodity in the frozen North.

The successful Florida real-estate salesman follows several methods of attack. He picks his prey off the street; he uses human bird dogs, male and female, to point and flush prospective customers; he peddles his wares from house to house; and he telegraphs brief descriptions of desirable property to Northern acquaintances who know that he is reliable, after which he sits back and waits for the plums to drop into his lap.

It should be noted that the frequently recurring tales of the large profits that have been made in Florida lands have broken down the sales resistance of many persons who have never been south of the clam-chowder belt. Any reputable Florida developer or real-estate dealer who has been in the North during 1925 can recount instance after instance of hard-headed Northern bankers, professional men and business men handing him unsolicited checks for $5000, $10,000, $50,000 and more, and requesting him, as a favor, to put the money into something that looks good to him.

Many Floridians assert that they refuse to accept such commissions, just as many of them assert that they refuse to accept checks that are sent to them through the mail with requests to put them into anything that is all right.

"I might pick something that looks good to me," said a developer, "but conditions and the country down here are so different from anything Northerners have ever seen that the piece of land that I might select would probably look very cheesy to the person for whom I bought it, when he came down and saw it. So I send their checks back to them and tell them that if they can afford to spend that much, they can afford to come down here and pick out their own piece of land."

"Any Lots Today?"

In some parts of Florida, particularly on the east coast and the central west coast, real-estate lots appear to be as much a part of a family's equipment as is a refrigerator and a can of kerosene. Salesmen drop around in the morning, usually, just after the egg man has called and just before the iceman is due. A specimen conversation may run somewhat as follows:

"Good morning, madam. Any lots today?"

"Oh, good morning. Let me see; no, I think not. We have four lots—no, we have five lots."

"This is an unusually fine selection we are offering this morning, madam. These are in Plat 6 D, fronting on the Hanging Gardens and the Sapphire Lagoon. A lot in this section will double in value in six months' time, madam."

"How do you know it will?"

"Because, madam, the population of Italy is 50,000,000, and the population of Florida is only 1,300,000; and statistics show that the demand in Florida is such as to ——"

"Yes, yes; I have heard all those statistics before. How much are your lots?"

"Water-front lots on the Bazingo Canal are $14,500, madam, and interior lots within shouting distance of the proposed golf links are $5500. These are steals, madam—steals!"

"Well, I'll take one of those $5500 lots, but I don't need it. List it for resale immediately."

"Thank you, madam. Sign on the dotted line, please. I see that you have a nice garage behind your house. Is that rented, may I ask?"

"No; it has only one sleeping room in it."

"Has it a bathroom, madam?"

"Yes, it has a bathroom and a clothes closet."

"Is the shelf in the clothes closet sufficiently large for a person to sleep on?"

"I think so, if he sleeps sitting up."

"Well, madam, if you would care to rent it, I think I can easily get you $2500 for the season."

"Well, I think I might let that go for $3000 for the season."

"Thank you, madam; I'll see what I can do. Good day."

The good old days of land auctions in Florida have vanished with almost as much thoroughness as have horse cars and V-front corsets. Only a few years ago a developer or a promoter frequently offered refined and elegant gifts to all those who would attend his auction sales and purchase a lot; and too often his agents, scattered incognito through the apathetic audience, were obliged to bid in the lots so that they might not fall into the hands of undeserving outlanders at seven or eleven or fifty dollars apiece.

The almost total extinction of the auction has come about through the generally weakened sales resistance of the nation as

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The USCO BALLOON

IT rounds out the United States Rubber Company's famous line of USCO Tires.

It is built for the car owner who has been looking for a low-priced balloon tire of *dependable* value.

To get the most efficient and economical service from a tire, it must not only be suited to the requirements of the car, but, *in view of the present high prices of rubber,* it must be of known origin and quality.

The USCO BALLOON carries the trade mark and full warranty of the

United States Rubber Company

ARE GOOD TIRES

Presenting THE USCO BALLOON

A new member of a famous tire family

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD
BALLOON

UNITED STATES
ROYAL CORD

USCO CORD

USCO FABRIC

The dealer who displays this sign is a good man to know. He is the accredited U. S. Tire Dealer in your vicinity and has the full and complete line of U. S. Tires from which he can help you choose just the right one for your car.

United States Tires
SALES & SERVICE DEPOT

No matter what your tire need – there is a U. S. TIRE to meet it

FOR years, millions of American car owners have gone to the U. S. Tire Sales and Service Dealer because he sold *good* tires.

Today, still another feature of his service has added to his reputation as the ideal man to do business with.

This is his ability to sell you a high grade tire that is *exactly* suited to your particular requirements.

In other words, he has a *complete* line—tires in types and sizes for every car on the road today.

If you need *all* the extra quality that can possibly be built into a tire, you will find it in the United States Royal Cord or the United States Royal Cord Balloon.

If your car does not demand the finer Royal Cord, you can be sure of dependable, economical service from the USCO Cord or the USCO Balloon. There is the USCO Fabric, too, which will revolutionize your ideas on what a fabric tire can do.

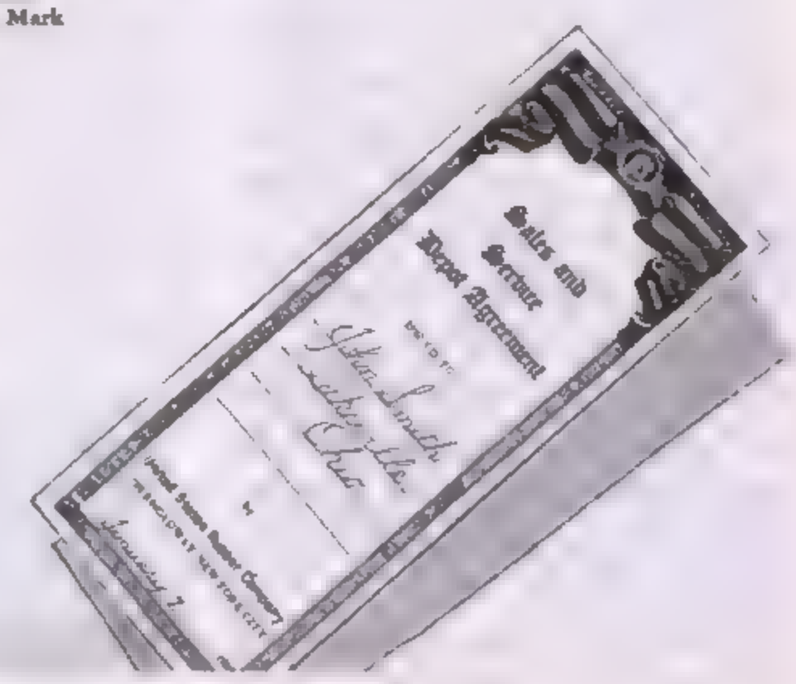
No matter what U. S. Tire you buy, you can depend upon getting the maximum value for your money.

Every U. S. Tire bears the trade-mark and carries the guarantee of the United States Rubber Company. You benefit by the huge resources and scientific skill of the world's largest rubber manufacturers—an organization with its own rubber plantations in the Far East, an organization that gave to the world *Sprayed Rubber, Latex-treated Web Cord* and *True Low-Pressure Balloons.*

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

This is the U. S. Tire Sales and Service Depot Agreement, the most sought-after tire franchise in the country. It gives a dealer an opportunity to build a permanent, profitable business based on a full line of quality tires, all sold under the trade-mark and guarantee of the United States Rubber Company.



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regards Florida, brought about by the Florida ballyhoo. Twenty years ago the Florida visitor who was offered real-estate wasn't sure whether any Florida real estate was worth buying, no matter how low the price. The same thing was true ten years ago—five years ago—two years ago. Now he feels fairly sure that everything is worth buying, no matter how high the price.

The whole business is made very plain in a full-page advertisement for real-estate salesmen in a Florida paper. "Nothing," says a part of the advertisement—"nothing has been left undone that will help break down sales resistance and prove to the prospect just what a real buy he is making when he invests at San Patooto Shores. Nightly concerts, beautiful offices, expert closers, ample literature, big advertising campaign, all these things have been done to help the sales force make sales."

Where Every Prospect Pleases

A great many newcomers to Florida are so low in their sales resistance that when a salesman lures them to his office they make no effort to look beyond the office scenery. They sit at a beautiful cypress table modeled after the very table at which Juan Ponce de León did his heaviest drinking in his old home town, and they face a large, hand-painted, brilliantly lighted, hypnotic bird's-eye view showing Melancholia Gardens or Boca Pica Estates with symmetrical Camembert-shaped parkways at the intersections of the boulevards, and the proposed $1,000,000 hotel rearing its stately pile right in the middle of a nest of fifty-foot lots.

A handsome salesman clad like a lily of the field comes and sits beside them and tells them in a thrilling, heart-stirring voice that the population of Florida will be 10,000,000 in ten years, and asks them to look at what is happening at Miami and Palm Beach and St. Petersburg and Jacksonville, and at the millions of dollars the railroads are spending in the state, and otherwise gets them all worked up.

When they come out of their trance, they are apt to find themselves the owners of building lots so far from civilization that the sales resistance of the next prospect would not only have to be broken down but broken up in addition before he could be induced to pay a higher price for them.

The chances of persons with weakened sales resistance to leave Florida without a piece of Florida land are, therefore, very slender when they fall into the hands of a salesman who is dispensing lots in a development that will bear inspection. At the risk of being suspected of being in the pay of the Florida real-estate agents, I am obliged to state as a matter of record that out of the many good Florida developments that I have seen—those that are built close to lakes, canals, lagoons, golf links, or the ocean—I have never seen one that didn't appear, at the moment of seeing, to be the one ideal location for a future home.

Some, it goes without saying, are better than others; but let an able salesman conduct a prospect to a well-chosen spot in any one of them, permit him to look at the mullet leaping nervously from the sparkling water or ring-necked plover skittering excitedly around the landscape, give him plenty of time to feel the warm sunshine soak into his shoulder blades, and carelessly mention that if he were up North his back would be aching with the cold, and finally quote any one of the many excellent Florida real-estate advertisements in a vibrant, sympathetic voice.

Let him quote to his entranced prospect, for example, the one that says "When you buy a lot in San Morona you buy more than the actual number of square feet within your boundary stakes—more than your pro-rata share of paving, sidewalk, landscape artistry and light and water service. You are buying the magic of Florida climate, the witchery of Florida charm, the shimmer of the moonlight on the lake, the radiance of the starlight sifting through the moss-draped pines, the glory of the sunset and the majesty of the sunrise. You are buying the gleam of a white sail against an azure sky, the sheen of a curlew's wing in the golden sunshine, the gorgeous tints of tropic blooms and the haunting fragrance of tropic scents—you are buying a foretaste of paradise."

Let him do all these things, and the prospect throws his imagination into high gear at once. The sand and the weeds of the unbuilt-on lots are, in his mind's eye, covered with velvety lawns, waving palms and beautiful homes. The perpetual brain-piercing thuds of construction hammers are, in his mind's ear, replaced by the rich and cultured peace that will result when the subdivision is completely built up—two or ten or thirty or fifty years from now.

Thanks to the ballyhoo, he sees with the flaming eagle's eye of a pioneer, not with the dull toad's eye of the contented stay-at-home. All is sweetness and light, and he is almost ready to sink to his knees and implore the salesman to sell him a foretaste of paradise.

All Florida echoes to the clangings, the rumblings and the ululations of the ballyhoo; but one finds the ballyhoo in its finest flower of elegance, refinement and riches in the great developments—the great cities in the making that are destined within a few years to achieve a beauty and magnificence that threaten to deprive visiting foreign celebrities of all power of speech except for an occasional "By Jove!"

Luxurious motorbusses and costly yachts carry prospects to the developments free, as the saying goes, of charge. At any rate, the charges seem to be free. Not long ago a developer shocked his friends by paying a staggering price for a yacht to carry prospects to his development; but after the yacht had carried its first cargo of prospects, the friends ceased their ominous headshakings, for the sales to the first boatload paid for the yacht.

A Lot in Every Home

Each development vies with all the other developments in obtaining the services of world-famous tennis players and football players and baseball players and swimmers so that they can be added to the refined ballyhoo with which the prospects are constantly surrounded. The great golf players of the world are secured for the golf links of the different developments at prices that frequently make the treasurers of the development companies wake up in the still small hours of the night and burst into a profuse sweat. If the large developers continue to vie with one another in the pursuit of ballyhoo material, the day may soon come when leading Florida developments may erect glass-fronted houses at strategic points, and behind the glass fronts display, let us say, Mr. H. G. Wells writing a book, Sir Frederick Orpen painting a portrait, and so on and so forth.

Powerful as is the ballyhoo of the great developments, the ordinary ballyhoo of the ordinary resident of Florida is sufficiently powerful to give any newcomer the nervous fidgets and fill him with an all-pervading determination to get in on something while the getting is good.

Although there probably are many Floridians who will dispute the statement, there is little or no doubt that every person who has been in Florida longer than thirty days either owns one or more pieces of real estate that he expects to sell at a profit, or has owned a piece of real estate that he sold at a profit, or expects to buy a piece of real estate that can be sold at a profit. Consequently, it is next to impossible for two or more Floridians to converse together on any subject without bringing up the subject of real estate and how large a profit was made somewhere by somebody. The casual observer may, if he wishes, sneak up behind any two men who are talking together on any street in any Florida town, and the chances are fifty to one that the men will be talking about how much money has been made or can be made in a real-estate deal. Lovers seldom permit commercial matters to intrude on their conversation, but a brief stay in Florida makes one suspect strongly that even the most ardent lovers inject comment on real-estate values and possibilities between their tenderest phrases.

Typical Florida Small Talk

If three Floridians, A, B and C, for example, start to talk politics, the conversation is apt to run about like this—and the result would be the same if they discussed art, music or literature instead of politics:

A: What is the political situation?

B: It doesn't change much. There seems to be a general belief that Florida will go Republican in 1928.

C: We ought to get the Republican Convention down here. It would be fine advertising, and not so hot as New York or Chicago in the summertime.

A: It would be a great thing for the state. All the delegates would buy two or three lots.

B: Most of them have already bought lots. Several senators are selling them.

C: I should hate to try to persuade a senator to buy a lot. He would want to do all the talking.

B: I should hate to try to persuade anyone to buy your lots. They are out in the sticks, about thirty miles from anywhere.

C: Say, I refused an offer of $3200 apiece for those lots, and I paid just $680 for them two years ago.

A: I suppose you remember that 12,000 acres I picked up in Blowhard County for six dollars an acre. Well, I refused fifteen an acre for it the other day.

B: I refused $65,000 for my house on Asparagus Avenue the other day. I paid $18,000 for it last year.

C: Say, you know that piece of ocean frontage that Blummuck offered to me for $300 a foot year before last? Well, I understand that he sold it to Giddick for $600 a foot, and Giddick sold it to Panazza for $1800 a foot, and Panazza refused $3600 a foot the other day.

A: You know that lot I bought out in Sharkfin Gables for $5500 three years ago? I sold it for $5800 cash the other day. Let's have an orangeade.

[B *and* C *regard him enviously and accompany him eagerly to the orangeade emporium.*

All this is very upsetting to the newcomer and very hard on his sales resistance. There is nothing essentially evil in all the Florida ballyhoo that deals with the desirability of purchasing real estate at a profit, for a careful examination of the motives that lead persons to buy real estate in Ohio, Michigan, Massachusetts, Indiana and other states far removed from Florida tends to show that most real estate is purchased because the purchaser thinks that he can profit physically, socially or financially by buying it.

Florida is a great state. There is, however, considerable danger in the blending of extreme greed and broken-down sales resistance that has occurred in many parts of Florida.

A person buys a house and lot, let us say, for $20,000. The value of land in that section enjoys a sudden rise and the owner of the house decides to sell for 100 per cent profit. He goes to a real-estate dealer and says that he is willing to sell for $40,000, and the real-estate dealer says that this price is cheap for such a house, owing to the fact that building materials are scarce because of the embargo, while the demand for houses is increasing every moment.

"In that case," says the owner, "I will list my house at $50,000."

The real-estate dealer acquiesces, and hunts up a purchaser. Meanwhile, the owner, being about to sell, exposes himself to the ballyhoo and becomes excited and befuddled.

In a few days the real-estate dealer appears with a client who needs a house, has been bitten by the ballyhoo, also, and is willing to pay $50,000 for a $20,000 house. The owner, feverish from the ballyhoo, says that he has changed his mind. He doesn't want to sell. Of course, if anybody wants to give him $75,000 he might take it.

The ballyhoo has been too much for the client, who unhesitatingly agrees to pay $75,000. By so doing, he sets a value of $75,000 on all adjacent houses of the same type, and the ballyhoo-infected owners at once raise their prices to $85,000 and $100,000.

People pay the prices, and those few persons whose sales resistance hasn't broken down under the ballyhoo write home to Northern climes that people are crazy in Florida. It may be that they are, though before deciding definitely one has to make a certain amount of allowance for some of Florida's peculiarities which are as much a part of her ballyhoo as the bus rides and the newspaper advertisements.

In Late November

One Sunday afternoon in late November I rode along the bridge that connects Star Island in Biscayne Bay with the big Miami-Miami Beach Causeway. At the end of the bridge, standing out in relief against a bright blue sky, a fussy tug was jostling a flag-dressed barkentine along to her anchorage beneath the massed skyscrapers of Miami. Her grinning crew, bare-armed in the sun, graciously returned the salutations of the endless line of automobiles that cruised along the causeway toward the beach. Late November it was, and the occupants of every third automobile wore bathing suits; and along the beaches thousands of people were wallowing in the milky water in late November. Along the causeway stood rows of shirt-sleeved fishermen phlegmatically flipping gleaming yellowtails from the pale-blue water; and on the grassy canal banks of Miami Beach sat entire families, bareheaded, content, pleasantly masticating sandwiches and languidly dangling baited hooks in the canals with reasonable success in late November.

A gentleman in a bathing suit sawed the lowest fronds from a palm in his front yard with a bread knife. Two machine loads of singing young men in their bathing suits cruised down the boulevard abreast, and astride the hood of one of them sat a bare-legged youth strumming a ukulele.

Stern-visaged men of affairs may twirl their coffee cups between nervous fingers after the furnace has been adjusted for the evening, and speculate as to causes, effects, economic conditions, leveling-off processes and saturation points.

Jeering pessimists may return scornfully to the dull grays of their Northern home towns, wrap their mufflers carefully around their throats, speak softly to the coal man and proclaim loudly that in Florida they're all crazy.

Maybe they are all crazy in Florida. Maybe they are. But there are still many millions of people in the world who agree that it's great to be crazy.

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"Time tells the story"

1926

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Thousand Island Dressing
Salad Mustard
Peanut Butter
Apple Butter
Mince Meat
Pork and Beans
Spanish Olives
Ripe Olives
Olive Oil
Canned Spaghetti
Golden Bantam Corn

Sweet Crosby Corn
Early June Peas
Sweet Peas
Tomatoes
Spinach
Asparagus
Red Kidney Beans
Green Beans
Wax Beans
Lima Beans
Hominy
Beets
Sweet Potatoes
Tomato Purée
Pumpkin
Sauer Kraut
Evaporated Milk

Pears
Apricots
Green Gage Plums
Grape Fruit Hearts
Melba Peaches
Fruit Salad
Loganberries
Red Raspberries

Red Pitted Cherries
Royal Anne Cherries

Columbia River Salmon
Lobsters
Shrimps
Teenie Weenie Sardines
Tuna Fish
Clams

Spices
Tomato Soup
Vegetable Soup
Clam Chowder
Pimiento Cups
Orange Marmalade
Prepared Mustard
Grape Juice
Jelly Powder
Preserved Figs

Evaporated Fruits
Food of Wheat
Cake Flour

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THE WILDERNESS WOMAN

(Continued from Page 21)

lift ascended and stopped. She betrayed no interest in the magnificence of their surroundings and ate little of the breakfast which the hunger-racked Kadiak had so opulently ordered up to their rooms.

"It's all for the best, Junie," placated her father as he sank into a padded armchair and took out his pipe. He unbuttoned his vest and looked approvingly about him. But deep in his eyes was a look of weariness touched with concern. The muffled roar of the city that came up through an opened window was a disturbingly new sort of music in his ears, and a new and unexpected sort of loneliness had taken possession of him.

"Yuh see, Junie," he said, as the girl wandered moodily from window to window and stared out at the huddled walls and roofs and water tanks so far below her, "yuh've got to listen to reason. Yuh ain't in the wilderness no more. Yuh've got to learn to march in line or git stepped on. An' N' Yawk never was an' never could be a rompin' ground for black bears."

"Skeemo was all I had," protested the girl with the cloudy eyes.

"Yuh'll find a-plenty t' take his place," averred Kadiak, as he struck a light and sat frowning over a city map which he found on the writing desk beside him.

Both instinct and experience united to tell him it was one of the occasions when it might be best to ignore Juneau; and the wisdom of that course seemed apparent when, an hour later, the humbled girl came and seated herself on the arm of his easy-chair.

"Dad," she said, with a hand on his shoulder, "I want to do the right thing. We've come a long way for this chance and we've got to make the most of it. I want to be somebody!"

He laughed a little at the note of intensity in her voice.

"Well, yuh sure are somebody. Yuh're Kadiak MacLean's daughter."

"I was that back on Skookum Slope," she reminded him. "But this city someway makes me want to be something I've never been. I don't want to stay an outsider. I want to understand it and be a part of it."

"Well, if we've got to buy our way in, I guess we can scrape up dust enough," proclaimed the old prospector.

"I don't believe, dad, yuh can buy your way in," said the girl with the troubled eyes. "Yuh've got to fight and earn your way in. Yuh were dead right in what yuh said about doin' what the Romans do in Rome. Even Skeemo's taught me that. We only get laughed at if we're mossbacks. And in some way or other we've got to get that moss off our make-up. We've got to start over."

"How are yuh aimin' to start over?" asked Juneau's father.

"I'm not dead sure how it can be done," was the other's deliberated answer, "but I'm goin' to learn, if it takes a leg. I don't want folks laughin' at the way I talk, and at my hands, and at my clothes, and at the way I eat a slab of apple pie. I want to belong!"

Kadiak's eye followed her as she crossed the room and frowningly studied herself in a door mirror.

"Yuh look good enough for me, kid," he said, as she backed disconsolately away.

"Well, I'm all wrong, dad," she averred. "I'm wrong inside and out. But we ain't the only tenderfeet who ever stumbled into this city. There's been other wild-and-woollies drift into this camp and get civilized. And if the others got over the big divide, we sure can do the same."

Kadiak nodded an assenting head.

"But if yuh're trippin' through new territory," he pointed out, "it's considerably easier goin' with a guide."

"Well, there's guides for this kind of travelin', if we can only find 'em," asserted Juneau. "And now I've got here, I'm goin' to knuckle down and study the same as though I was startin' to school."

"All right, Junie," said the man from Skookum Slope. "Yuh've got the MacLean grit, an' if yuh make the start, yuh'll sure mush through. But did it ever occur t'yuh that young Burkett might've reached out a friendly hand, seein' we was strangers comin' into his home town?"

A darker flame glowed in the depths of Juneau's meditative eyes.

"I wouldn't want to be beholden to a white-livered poodle pup o' that breed," she said, with altogether unexpected vehemence.

VI

JUNEAU, during her first two weeks in New York, was not so happy as she had expected to be. The city overawed her. She was humbled and cowed, without quite realizing it. And the result was that she refused to wander far from her lair, venturing at first only a few blocks from her hotel and circling back through the alien street crowds with a feeling not unlike that of an unskilled swimmer making for shore again. She ventured into only the smaller shops along the way, nursing a nameless fear of getting lost in the larger department stores and harboring a vague dread of derisive comments from the stately ladies behind the counters.

Once, as she stared round-eyed at a jeweler's window in Fifth Avenue, she was spoken to by a suave-voiced stranger who moved hastily on when she snapped an unexpected lash of mining-camp profanity in his face. Once, too, an elderly lady just returned from Florida spoke to her in the elevator, complaining of the coldness of the weather and the impossibility of buying real wool combinations in a city of that size.

But on the whole, both Juneau and her father, immersed in that teeming life which they neither knew nor understood, found themselves confronted by a loneliness that was much more oppressive than the solitude of open spaces. Kadiak, once he had mastered the obvious paths and procedure of his hotel, developed a fondness for sitting in the Bellmore rotunda and watching the ebb and flow of life about him. He also formed the habit, after breakfasting each morning, of wandering over to the Grand Central Station, where he bought a newspaper and seated himself in the waiting room and there pensively viewed the never-ending panorama that confronted him.

Juneau, it is true, was less passive in her acceptance of those newer conditions. She not only determinedly explored the ventral delights of the dining room, but she also discovered that money could buy candies of cloying and luscious sweetness, though her taste for such things waned a trifle after the uninterrupted consumption of a three-pound box of chocolate bonbons. She betrayed a tendency thereafter to shift her allegiance to strange and exotic fruits, and on rainy days pored over women's magazines bought from the news counter, intently studying the current fashions and frowningly perusing the beauty hints and cogitating over the toilet preparations that seemed to make life so incredibly complicated.

But this provided her with both the impulse and courage to approach the resplendent blond lady presiding over the corridor flower stand, who turned out to be quite friendly and affable, and even gave the hesitating girl a card to a very chic and exclusive beauty parlor where her sister chanced to run the face-cream department. So Juneau, with her heart in her mouth, took a taxi to this Park Avenue beauty parlor, where she was received with apparent cordiality and no sign of contempt. So disarmed was she by this reception, in fact, that she reversed her earlier decision and agreed to have her hair bobbed, and sat compliant through her first facial massage; and she blushingly thrust a ten-dollar bill into the fingers of the shingled manicure girl, who solemnly asserted that Juneau had a beautiful hand, if only she would take treatments enough to get rid of the summer-holiday sunburn and point up the nails.

"I'll take anything yuh tell me," asserted the girl from Skookum Slope, "if I can only get to look like something with the bark off!"

She was conscious of a pair of shrewd young eyes going estimatively over her person.

"Why, dearie, you're not doing yourself justice," protested the priestess of urban beauty. "With what you've got to work on, two months could make you a regular Park Avenue type."

"Only on the surface," avowed the happily unhappy Juneau.

"Well, if you get that, you get about all they want in this burg," retorted the girl with the hydrogenated shingle cut.

"I want more!"

"Then I'd say start on the outside and work in," was the astute rejoinder. "For beauty may be only skin deep, dearie, but a noble soul can kind of go unnoticed under the wrong clothes and an oily skin."

"And I've sure got the wrong exterior," averred the girl with the hungry eyes.

"Well, that's easy enough to correct, if you've got the time and money to spend on it," said the practical-minded girl in white linen. And she proceeded to outline to the listening Juneau the immediate agencies for rehabilitation, concluding with the confession that her name was Audette O'Lone and that she would always be ready to help a girl who wanted to better herself.

The brooding Juneau accordingly went back to her hotel so laden down with face creams and ointments and unguents and astringents that the startled Kadiak called her the Queen of Sheba and forbore any criticism of the slender-naped bobbed head when he saw the questioning light in the pool-clear eyes and the betraying tremble of the overwistful underlip.

"They've sure made yuh into a city girl," averred Kadiak, as his daughter took off the hat that the close-trimmed hair left too big for her head. But he frowned as he looked down at the lotions and cosmetics which she was unwrapping before him.

"Junie," he demanded, "are yuh aimin' to paint yourself up like a totem pole with these here face contraptions?"

"I hate to do it, dad," she solemnly acknowledged, "but I guess I've got to swallow it the same as yuh've got to swallow keepin' your coat on when yuh eat. The Romans do it, old-timer, and we've got to follow suit."

"Well, if it's goin' to help yuh make a hit," conceded the old musher who had so hopelessly lost his trail, "yuh can decorate like a Piute on the warpath without me objectin'."

"Yuh don't make hits in this town," Juneau ruminated aloud. "The best yuh can do is step in line and hope they won't hand yuh the laugh." She stood silent a moment, with a deeper light in her thundercloud eyes. "But they're not goin' to smother the spirit out o' me," she said, with an unexpected little gesture of belligerency.

Kadiak learned the truth of this, considerably to his cost, when Juneau, accepting a tip from Audette O'Lone, her new-found friend in the beauty parlor, proceeded to what had been described to her as "the swellest shoe shop on the Avenue." The newcomer to the city was primarily disappointed in this shop, for instead of an emporium of bustle and splendor she found a quiet-toned salon with a number of quiet-mannered men kneeling before women in brown-morocco chairs. She even circled twice about this self-engrossed group before she could become persuaded that she was in the right place.

No audible comment was made on her movements, though her color deepened a trifle when she found herself being silently inspected through a neighboring lorgnette. So she seated herself in one of the morocco chairs, waited for a minute or two, and then with her own blunt boot toe pulled a padded foot rest up before her. She was more ill at ease than she pretended, but she stoically proceeded to unlace her boot and remove it from her foot. This foot she meditatively massaged from time to time as she patiently awaited the attention of the pale-faced clerks about her. She waited so long, in fact, that a faint tremor of indignation crept through her body, and she was on the point of reaching for her discarded boot when a white-handed man with slightly protuberant eyes came and stood before her.

"Is there anything I can do for you, madam?" he asked in a voice which Juneau promptly disliked.

"This is a shoe store, isn't it?" was her altogether hostile query.

"It is, madam," was the quiet-toned reply.

"Then, naturally, I want shoes."

"What kind, madam?"

"The best yuh've got in the shop," proclaimed the girl from Skookum Slope.

Juneau detected a silent exchange of glances between the white-handed clerk and his colleague at the neighboring chair. She also detected the faintest shadow of a smile about the thin lips as he stooped to inspect her foot. That smile broadened as he bent lower to measure it, but his face was noncommittal enough when he stood up again.

"I'd like you to look at this foot," he said with the utmost gravity, turning to stop a fellow clerk as he stepped past, and the two heads bowed solemnly over the broad-toed foot that had known so little of the restraints of leather

"Can yuh fit it?" demanded Juneau, increasingly suspicious of that prolonged and solemn silence.

It was not until one of the stooping men started to cough into his lavender-bordered handkerchief that she knew they were laughing at her, that she made sure of the derisive nature of their stares. And she held herself in until the first comer, calmly clamping his pale fingers about her instep, essayed to lift the foot for a further study of its cashmere-covered sole. That final intrusion on her affronted person was the match that fired the waiting train, even before she heard the suavely intoned "It's a wonder" from the smaller man with the serio-comic frown on his face. Then she exploded into action.

With one swing of her muscular leg she sent that smaller man tumbling over his leather-covered stool, and with an equally quick swing of her arm she picked up the oddly intricate measuring machine of polished metal and brought it down on the primly lacquered hair of the larger man. The latter threw up a hand that only partly warded off the blow. But seeming to realize from the fury on the face confronting him that the combat was only beginning, he sought safety in flight. Juneau, however, had no intention of letting him thus get away from her. So intent was she on her pursuit as they circled twice about that place of quietude that had become a sudden pit of commotion, that she neither saw nor recognized the man who had stepped in from the Avenue with a woman in sables at his side. It wasn't until she came to herself, surrounded by overturned chairs and shattered show cases and a broken plate mirror, where she had sent her measuring instrument hurtling after the wildly fleeing clerk, that she became conscious of the unparticipating and slightly incredulous eyes of Alan Burkett studying her disheveled person.

For one brief moment their glances locked together. He made no move to advance toward her and he uttered no slightest word of recognition. He merely made a sign to the startled woman at his side and stepped out through the still open street door. He ignored her.

(Continued on Page 95)

Yes, *sir!* that's my buddy!

TROUBLE'S a bubble, just as the song says. And you can stick it with the stem of your old jimmy-pipe . . . packed to the brim with Prince Albert. Friendly, fragrant Prince Albert. Cool, comfortable Prince Albert. A pal in the pinches . . . a cheer-leader when you're on top.

Pipe-peeves vanish in a P. A. smoke-screen. Problems go up in smoke. Cool and sweet and fragrant, P. A. sifts into your system and pins a big red rose on the workaday world. Tobacco with a real mission in life . . . to make you pipe-happy and *keep* you that way!

And listen to this: P. A. can't nip your tongue or parch your throat! Because—the Prince Albert process put a padlock on tongue-torture right at the start; gave Bite and Parch the gate in the beginning . . . and they've never been back!

Men who thought they never *could* smoke a pipe have tried again with Prince Albert . . . and *stuck!* Go and do you likewise. There's a friendly shop nearby where they hand out P. A. sunshine in tidy red tins. Take the shortest cut. Step lively! Your tobacco troubles will then be over for all time.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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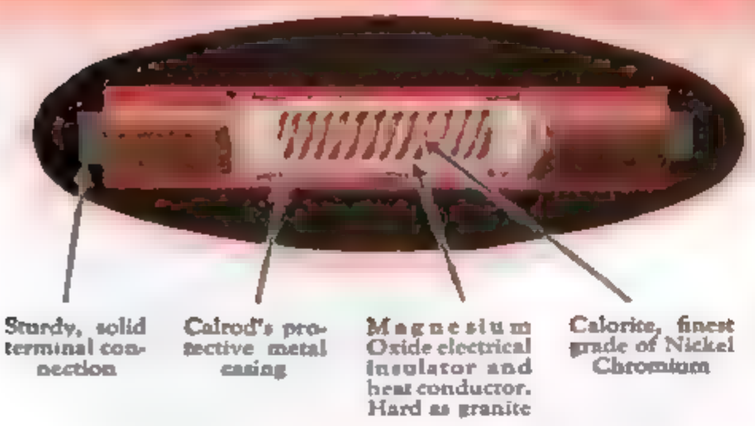
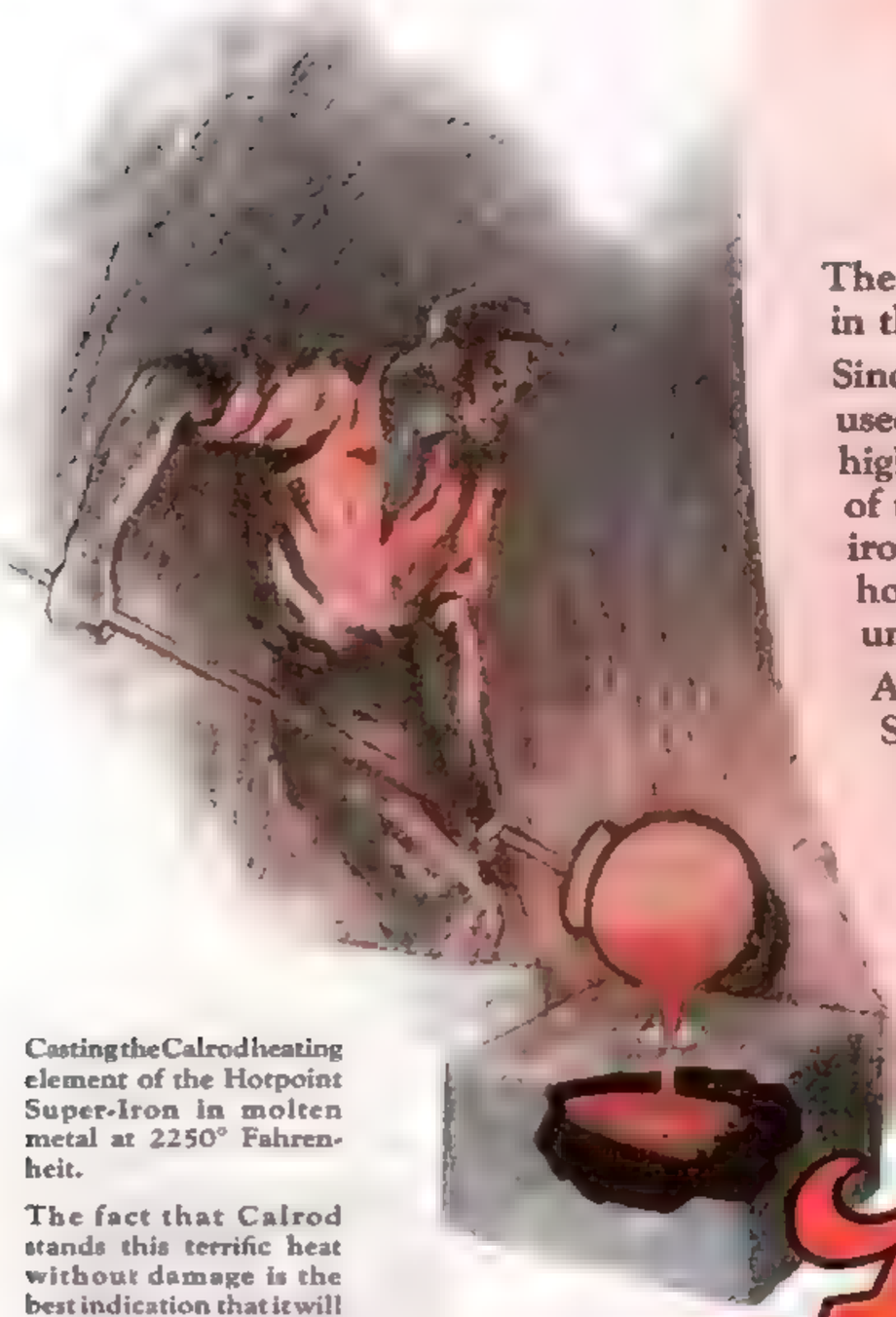
Hotpoint Calrod

The Culmination of a Lifetime Endeavor To Perfect Electric Heat


A Section of Hotpoint Calrod
Sturdy, solid terminal connection
Calrod's protective metal casing
Magnesium Oxide electrical insulator and heat conductor. Hard as granite
Calorite, finest grade of Nickel Chromium

Cut-away view showing patented Hotpoint Calrod, cast in the solid iron heat reservoir of the Hotpoint Super-Iron.



Casting the Calrod heating element of the Hotpoint Super-Iron in molten metal at 2250° Fahrenheit.

The fact that Calrod stands this terrific heat without damage is the best indication that it will not be harmed by the most extreme temperature condition arising in service.

The patented Calrod heating element is the greatest improvement made in the 22 years since the first Hotpoint electric iron was introduced.

Since its development, Hotpoint Calrod heating element has been used for several years in the most strenuous service known: In the high speed, heavy service electric ranges, etc., as used in the kitchens of the most modern hotels and restaurants; in commercial laundry irons, where each year's use is equal to over 20 years in the average household; and in other *severe* applications of electric heat, where unfailing service must be rendered.

And *now* patented Calrod element is being used in the Hotpoint Super-Iron. For although ironing requires a temperature of only 550°, occasionally ordinary irons are overheated or dropped or otherwise injured so that they give out just when needed. In the new Hotpoint Super-Iron the Calrod element is molded in solid cast iron. It is forever sealed in and protected. When you buy a Hotpoint Super-Iron, or other Hotpoint product—or Edison heavy duty cooking equipment—you have an assurance of maximum service, economy and dependability.

Hotpoint SERVANTS

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ILLUSTRATED BELOW ARE SOME OF OUR PRODUCTS

Percolators | Curling Irons | Waffle Irons | Soldering Irons | Hotel Coffee Urns | Table Stoves | Water Heaters

The Hotpoint Super-Iron With The New Calrod Element

In this box on dealers' shelves you'll find the new Hotpoint Super-Iron.

Wonderfully improved, but NO ADVANCE IN PRICE. Only $6

This newest Hotpoint is a real SUPER Iron. In it are incorporated all the features that have made Hotpoint Irons the standard of the world, plus the patented Hotpoint Calrod heating element.

The new Hotpoint Super-Iron heats with surprising rapidity. This makes it very economical to use. Its large heat storage capacity will delight you—in the speed with which you can iron even damp, heavy articles.

With the Hotpoint Super-Iron, just an easy, guiding, gliding motion is all that is required. You do not need to exert pressure. The adequate heat, the six pounds of weight and the highly nickeled, mirror-smooth ironing surface do the work without your needing to bear weight on it. It saves strength and reduces ironing time.

The tapered, hot point fits perfectly into gathers and corners. The large, comfortable handle is always cool and rigid. In every detail the Hotpoint Super-Iron is made to give greatest ironing ease, to keep its handsome appearance and to give everlasting, dependable service.

Insist on a Hotpoint. Sold by best dealers everywhere.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.

Chicago • Boston • New York • Atlanta • Cleveland
St. Louis • Ontario, Calif. • Los Angeles • San Francisco
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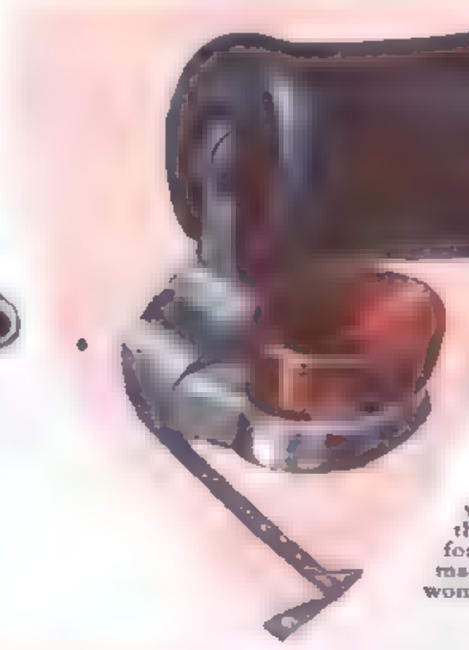
In Canada: Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto
World's Largest Manufacturer of Electric Heating and Cooking Equipment

Other Advantages of the Hotpoint Iron



Hotpoint's Patented Thumb Rest

An exclusive Hotpoint feature. You can never know how much this rests your wrist, arm and shoulder until you use it. Go to your nearest dealer's and try it for yourself. So great has been the demand for this comfort feature that it is now made even for left-handed women.

Hotpoint's Exclusive Hinged Plug

As you iron, the cord swings and tends to bend at the plug. Sometimes it pulls taut. In the Hotpoint Super-Iron plug the hinge bends instead and saves the cord. Inside the plug a special fitting prevents any pull or jerk from loosening the connections. Even the weight of the iron falling from the ironing board will not pull the wires loose from the connections in the plug.

Hotpoint's Heel Stand

Lifting an ordinary iron on and off its stand 150 times during an ironing is equivalent to lifting almost a ton. With the Hotpoint, you merely tilt it back on the heel stand anywhere on the board—then tilt it forward again and continue ironing.

Hotpoint SERVANTS

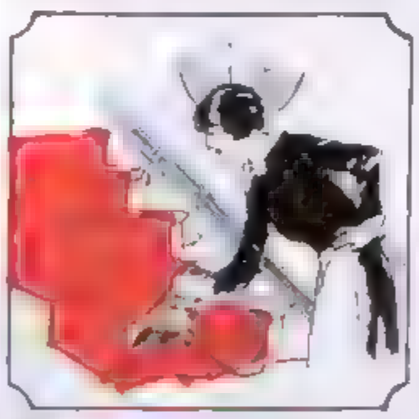
USING PATENTED HOTPOINT CALROD HEATING ELEMENTS

Hotel Ranges · Hotel Broilers · Household Ranges · Hotel Griddles · Hotel Toasters · Restaurant Waffle Bakers · Household Ranges

~cleans thoroughly *without* electricity

And also The Vacuette Electric

A new and revolutionary type of vacuum cleaner that has easily doubled the usefulness of a cleaner in the home. Actually two cleaners in one.



In a second or two you can detach the long handle and snap on the convenient small handle. This gives you a light, portable cleaner for use on stairways, upholstered furniture, closed car interiors, mattresses. Introductory offer includes the complete set of $12.00 attachments FREE.

The non-electric Vacuette creates its own cleaning suction as it glides over the floor

TO hundreds of thousands of women whose homes have no electricity, the *wireless* Vacuette has meant grateful release from cleaning drudgery.

In hundreds of thousands of wired homes it has given a lighter, handier machine to speed their daily work.

Everywhere, practical housekeepers declare that in lightness and ease of handling, this non-electric Vacuette has no peer.

Nothing could be simpler to get into action. Just take it from its closet and glide it over the floor. That's all there is to it.

No connections to make. No cords. No motor. No noise. Yet, it cleans swiftly and thoroughly. It creates its own suction as it moves easily over your floor coverings—a steady, powerful suction that draws deeply embedded dirt, grit and hidden particles into the capacious Vacuette bag. And there's a fast revolving bristle brush that takes up clinging threads, lint and surface litter.

Your rugs and carpets are left sparkling fresh—beautifully, immaculately clean.

Phone "Vacuette" in your town or write direct to us, and say you want a non-electric or an electric Vacuette on free trial. Put it through its paces. Remember, the prices are low, and you can buy on very easy terms.

THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY, *1916 West 114th Street*, CLEVELAND, OHIO
World's largest manufacturers of automatic cleaners

SALESMEN, Vacuette offers the most complete and most saleable line of vacuum cleaners. If you are interested in a money-making opportunity, write us.

The Vacuette *non-electric* vacuum cleaner

(Continued from Page 90)

Yet the wild woman from the West was crying quietly in the shop manager's office when Kadiak hurried over from the hotel in answer to a telephone summons. He paid, without protest, for the damage done. He faced the music, without so much as a request for Juneau's side of the story. But his pebbled brow was stern as he led her away and carried her home in a taxi.

"It's all right, Junie," he said, in the face of her perplexing sobs. "Yuh've had your little fling an' it's settled for, so what's the use o' frettin' about it?"

"He hates me!" cried the inapposite Juneau, between sobs.

"Who does?" demanded her father.

"That stiff-necked friend o' yours called Alan Burkett," was her altogether unexpected and impassioned reply. "He wouldn't even speak to me!"

VII

JUNEAU, without quite knowing it, was slowly but surely becoming urbanized. Imperceptible as that change may have been, it went deeper than she imagined. She had established a tenuous tie or two in her new surroundings, and the unbroken front of the enemy had at least been pierced. She was no longer a mere onlooker, and the earlier stark desolation of life no longer stared her in the face. Day by day, in fact, the city began to take on new dimensions.

Her new-found friend at the Bellmore flower stand, softened by Juneau's sudden prodigal desire for hothouse violets, casually pointed out to the lonely girl the possibilities of playhouse amusements, and suggested a conservative tailor for Kadiak, and explained that Central Park and Riverside Drive were really worth exploring in a taxicab, and mentioned a newer motion picture or two that ought not to be missed. She also frowned over the perfume which Juneau had purchased in Victoria and implied, as directly as she could, that something more subtle should supplant that strident scent.

But a gap had been made in the walls of silence and Juneau no longer had to fight the recurring temptation to talk to waiters and policemen for the mere sake of talking. She gradually became a more active participant in the quick-moving life about her. She became less timorous of the *terra incognita* beyond Broadway on the one hand and Fourth Avenue on the other. Day by day she widened her circle and invaded new districts and encountered new wonders. And while Audette O'Lone solemnly continued the skin treatments she also continued to pour worldly wisdom into the ears of "the soulful bird from the big sticks," as Audette privately designated her open-handed new client. Juneau, in fact, acquired much select information as to hatters and furriers and costumiers and corsetières and confectioners and side-street lingerie shops and the incredibly intricate department stores, where anything from French lace to motorboats could be bought, and dental work and table d'hôte luncheons could be obtained.

But Juneau was fixed in her determination not to give all her thought and time to mere externals. Passively as she submitted to the more decorative demands of her new environment, she nursed a hunger for the acquisition of something more fundamental; and the stubbornness of this desire was betrayed by the intentness with which she set out in search of a tutor.

Her efforts were rewarded, at the end of a week, by the discovery of an agreeable-mannered though disappointingly young-looking lecturer from the Columbia University summer school, who was willing to give Juneau three hours of tuition every afternoon and guide her through a reading course on Sundays and holidays. He confronted her with a somewhat terrifying quantity of textbooks and mapped out a course of study that seemed appallingly complicated to the girl from the land of the midnight sun.

"Just a minute, Professor Meakens," interrupted his bewildered pupil. "Professor Meakens—that's the name yuh gave me, wasn't it?"

Cyril Meakens flushed to the top of his thin and pallid forehead.

"My name is Meakens, Miss MacLean. But kindly do not call me professor."

"But yuh belong to a college, don't yuh?" asked the girl with the pool-clear eyes.

"I do. But notwithstanding those academic affiliations, I'm merely Mr. Meakens."

"Well, Mr. Meakens," pursued the solemn browed Juneau, "let's save time and trouble and get right down to hardpan. I want the real thing. What I need to know isn't about Napoleon and the War of the Revolution and what's the capital of Costa Rica, but how to talk like yuh city folks and not get goose flesh over the break I've just made in English. I want to belong."

"That will all come in time," proclaimed her new guide, whose quietness of voice in some vague way reminded her of Alan Burkett. And she was as docile as a child when he pointed out to her certain shortcomings in enunciation and warned her against eliding her final consonants and cautioned her about slurring the personal pronoun "you" into the less articulate "yuh." She accepted him without question and shut herself up and plodded stoically through the tasks set out for her, and thumbed through a dictionary and wrote themes in a childishly round hand, and sighed at the number of misspelled words. She forgot about his pallor and his overprominent Adam's apple and his inordinate appetite when he was companionably asked to stay on for dinner of a Sunday.

But a new trouble grew up in her slowly widening mind. She began to wonder why Cyril Meakens' eyes so often went opaque when he stopped in the midst of his lessons and stared into her troubled face. She puzzled over the mystery of why his thin hand should so persistently cling to hers as he sought to guide her into the ways of more adroit penmanship. She did not perceive, in fact, that the young scholar from Columbia was tumbling head over heels in love with her. She had no inkling of this until in an unexpected moment of weakness and the third chapter of Words and Their Uses he impetuously and rather obliquely kissed her on the edge of the cheek which Audette O'Lone was so determinedly massaging and bleaching from a butternut brown to a magnolialike creaminess.

That rather took Juneau's breath away for a moment, but she was much cooler about it than she might have been a month earlier in her career. She merely went to her desk and wrote out a check in payment for Mr. Meakens' services to date and informed that sad-eyed scholar that it would be as well not to tarry between Morningside Heights and the Bellmore.

When Juneau selected a second teacher, however, she made it a point not only to choose one of her own sex, but to install her in the apartment as a tutor and companion rolled into one. This instructress, Miss Letitia Ranck, was a small and birdlike spinster who, before a calamitously prolonged nervous breakdown, had taught modern languages in a West Side girls' school. She impressed Juneau at first as being slightly pinched and faded, but this phase of her character promptly disappeared in the face of the better clothes and the ampler feeding permitted by her new position. She soon showed herself to be a courageous little person with a will of her own and a silent but substantial affection for the ardent-eyed girl who was so eager to learn.

Miss Ranck's presence in the apartment, it is true, did not materially add to the peace of mind of Kadiak MacLean, who found many restraints imposed upon him by that tutorial eye and more and more sought the consolations of the unhampered hotel rotunda, where he could lounge and smoke on the brink of an ever-colorful stream of life. But Letitia Ranck knew her city and was not ignorant of the social graces of its elect. And the girl from Skookum Slope, for the time being, was as putty in her hands. Her instructress was relieved to find Juneau so ready to abjure jewelry, since her pupil, for some strange reason, nursed a fundamental dislike for all precious metal about her person. But she had a harder time, on the other hand, in combating the girl's new-found passion for the soda fountain. She disapproved of Juneau's bob and was compelled to make many suggestions as to her dress and deportment, but she seemed to have an instinct for the right shops to visit and the right things to select. So often, indeed, did Juneau hear the repeated injunction "Keep your voice low, please," that she betrayed a tendency to converse only in a subcellar contralto and permitted herself a deliberation of speech which might have impressed the uninitiate as rooted in boredom.

Yet Juneau was anything but bored. A newer quietness and timidity crept over her, it is true, but she secretly reveled in the growing sense of assurance with which she could walk into a fashionable restaurant or invade an Avenue hotel during the tea hour or sit attentive and lonely during a symphony concert at Carnegie Hall. She acquired a façade of poise, and she no longer worried about what to do with her hands. When the weather became cooler she indulged her deep-seated love for furs, and, with Miss Ranck's modified approval, fitted herself out with gray squirrel and Canadian sable and pulled nutria, though a trace of her old intolerance flashed waywardly up when a suave dealer attempted to sell her a set of silver fox which her trained northern eye promptly estimated as nothing more than dyed rabbit skin implanted with badger hairs.

"It would have been much nicer, I think," announced Miss Ranck, after they had left that gasping dealer behind them, "not to have made a scene like that in a public place."

"But he was such a liar!" protested the still-tingling Juneau.

"To tell people so is one of the most expensive luxuries in life," asserted the small-bodied woman with the wisdom of the ages in her slightly faded eye.

"Well, I'd been cramped up so long it felt good to get rid of a little steam," confessed the girl with the faintly squared underlip.

For Juneau, after all, was not quite so happy as she had hoped to be. There was something missing, unable as she was to decipher that want. She suspected for a time that it was a craving for more vigorous physical activity, and grimly directed her attention toward dancing lessons and then still more grimly toward riding lessons. But dancing with only an instructor and riding with only a groom did not impress Juneau as the final word in personal diversion. She craved a companionship that was not being extended to her. She nursed a hunger to know the people amid whom she moved and dined and shopped and powdered her dissatisfied young nose.

Audette O'Lone, it is true, had suggested that she swing in with them for a nifty little party at a night club, but Miss Ranck so vigorously disapproved of night clubs and shopgirl acquaintances that Juneau finally sacrificed her natural inclinations on the altar of respectability and stayed home to begin her study of French verbs.

It was Kadiak, oddly enough, who seemed the first to rebel against being a mere window shopper along those crowded avenues of life. His increasing loneliness drove him more and more to his rotunda armchair, and there one eventful afternoon he drifted into conversation with an urbane and distinguished-looking stranger who introduced himself as Col. Otis Krebbs. Colonel Krebbs, it developed, had once been a horse breeder in Kentucky and was a lover of the blue-grass country. But when he had made his pile, he confessed, he had given in to his son Lowell and come to the big city. Lowell liked it well enough and had his own lighter-hearted circle of friends. But it was a bit lonely, confided the wistful-voiced colonel, for the older generation, who weren't so quick at catching up with new acquaintances. And Kadiak felt drawn

(Continued on Page 97)

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For the "Kitchen-test" is the one sure proof that a flour will always act the same perfect way in your oven

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This "Kitchen-test" is the only sure way a miller has of knowing his flour will always act the same in all *your* baking.

It removes half the cause of all baking failures. It makes the most difficult recipe delightfully easy.

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The quality of a brand of flour may be excellent. It may always be the same chemically. And yet—it may often act differently in your oven.

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Each sample must bake the same perfect way as all the others. This means each sack will bake the same for you.

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If at any time Gold Medal Flour does not give you the most uniform good results of any flour you have ever tried—you may return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer.

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These Gold Medal Home Service Boxes cost us exactly 70 cents each. We will send you one for that price. And as fast as we create new recipes we mail them to you free.

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WCCO GOLD MEDAL STATION

"Service to the Northwest"

Copyr. 1926, Washburn Crosby Co.

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toward the exile from Kentucky whose experiences had so singularly paralleled his own. He even imparted to Colonel Krebbs the story of his vicissitudes since coming to the city and complained that being on Easy Street wasn't always without its hardships. After the second meeting, which began in the rotunda and ended in the grill, the slowly warming Kadiak even agreed to visit a promoter's office, where the hesitating colonel desired an expert's advice on certain samples of ore before investing pretty heavily in a Northern Ontario mine.

Yet when it eventually developed that there was a chance for a moneyed man like Mr. MacLean to get in on the ground floor, Kadiak proved something more than a lamb waiting for the shears. His native shrewdness was not inconsiderable, and life had long since taught him the general uncertainty of all mining enterprises. But he liked the colonel and felt the need of his companionship. So, in his perplexity, he decided to embark on a move consistent with some newer spirit of boldness in him. He decided to put his pride in his pocket and hunt up Alan Burkett, to the end that an authority on the business end of such things might give an opinion on the mine in question.

Kadiak encountered many difficulties in unearthing Burkett's downtown office, and still more in unearthing Burkett himself. But once he was in the presence of this man who still perplexed him, who appeared neither rugged nor weak, and seemed neither old nor young, and gave the impression of being neither busy nor idle, Kadiak lost all his earlier misgivings as to the welcome that might be extended to him. Burkett, in fact, pushed all other matters aside, planted his visitor in an easy-chair, passed him a box of cigars and inspected him with an intent yet not unkindly eye.

"The Skookum Slope property," said the man at the desk, after a moment of slightly constrained silence, "is turning out unexpectedly rich."

Kadiak's wandering eye attached itself to the face with the courteously forced smile.

"It ain't unexpected to me," was his solemn retort. Then, after another moment of silence, he added, "Yuh didn't go to Guatemala this fall?"

A faint tinge of color showed on Burkett's face.

"A change in company plans is keeping me in the city this winter," he acknowledged. "Are you having a good time?"

"Fair to middlin'," responded the older man, his deep-set eyes searching the other's face for some faint touch of mockery, which after all was not there; and his own guard went down, at some absence of animosity where he had looked for animosity. "Yuh see, good times is like them birds yuh kin only ketch by puttin' salt on their tails. They kind o' slip away when yuh're makin' ready to round 'em up. An' I've been thinkin' o' keepin' goin' by flirtin' with a minin' proposition on my own hook. Only this mine's in noo territory to me and I'd like your opinion on the layout."

"That's my only excuse for living," said Burkett, with his friendly enough laugh. But his face grew serious as Kadiak outlined the plan which had been so nicely perfected by the worthy Colonel Krebbs. "I don't want to seem a cynic," he said at the end of that exposition, "but every aspect of this thing looks suspicious to me. I'd advise not moving a step until the whole thing's well investigated."

"The colonel," demurred Kadiak, "has been mighty kind an' consider'te to me as a stranger."

The color showed for a second time in Burkett's slightly abashed face.

"He could well afford to be, considering the size of the ax he wants to grind," was the faintly retarded response. "But supposing we play safe in this by having our investigating department look into Colonel Krebbs and his record. This doesn't mean you have to break with your new friend. That, of course, would all depend on what we find out. But until we have found out, my advice would be to make no final move, no move that in any way involves the paying over of money."

Kadiak rose awkwardly to his feet.

"I'm beholden to yuh," he said, with a barricaded look in his faded old eyes, "for bein' willin' to help a stranger in your town."

"But you're not a stranger, Mr. MacLean," protested the none too happy Burkett. "In fact, now that we're fellow citizens, as it were, I'd like to see more of you. I'd like very much if you'd dine with me—say, next Thursday evening about seven, so that we'd have time to go on to the theater."

"Junie an' me usually stick together," observed the man with the crow's-feet about his eye corners.

"Junie?" questioned Burkett. But it was a feint for time and nothing more.

"Junie's my girl," quietly explained Kadiak; "the girl who outfitted yuh with grub an' blankets that time yuh got lost in the Rockies."

"Of course," said Burkett, with a salvaging flicker of a smile. "Well, it will be doubly delightful if your daughter can come along too."

"We'll be mighty glad t' come," announced Kadiak, with the secret triumph of a tactician who has accomplished a secret end. "An' yuh'll sure see a big diff'rence in Junie."

"In what way has your daughter changed?" queried the guarded man beside the desk.

"She's got plumb tamed by this town o' yours," was Kadiak's fraternal confession.

"Let's hope," parried Burkett, "that it doesn't kill her spirit."

"I guess she's still got enough o' that to go around," said Kadiak as he picked up his hat.

VIII

BURKETT had unexpected evidence of Juneau MacLean's spirit. That confronted him when he received a briefly written note from her declining his invitation to dinner. Her attitude in the matter, however, was more perplexing to Kadiak than it was to their prospective host. For while Juneau abjured this seemingly friendly offer from a man who was so much the right thing and so plainly moved in the right circles, she betrayed a sudden febrile interest in Colonel Krebbs and his friends. And under the unexpected sunshine of her approval, the astute colonel blossomed out into an engaging and active cavalier.

"Ah, Juno," exclaimed the beaming colonel, as he first shook hands with the old prospector's daughter before their first solemnly prodigal luncheon together at the Bellmore. "Juno, the goddess of home, beauty and the mistress of the sea! Most appropriately named, madam, if you will permit me to say so."

"No, yuh've got me wrong there," corrected the girl with the uncannily clear eyes. "I'm not a Juno and I never hope to be one. But I'm called Juneau, after the Alaska town where I was born."

"Then the honor is all Alaska's," protested the unquenchable colonel, as he proceeded to point out the celebrities in their immediate neighborhood and whisperingly shared a pocket flask of his private stock with the preoccupied old prospector; and, as a final gesture, he none too surreptitiously pressed a twenty-dollar bill into the hand of the orchestra leader as a reward for the latter's repetition of a medley of Southern airs.

A few days later he brought his son Lowell to lunch. If the studious-eyed girl detected anything opprobrious in that sleek-haired Lothario with his shrewdly estimative eyes, she made no mention of the fact. So affable and friendly was she with both the colonel and his son that they were prompted to add a newer movement to an already sagaciously organized campaign. The woman from the wilderness wanted to see life and it was obviously their business to show it to her. They were even persuaded of the possibility of killing two birds with one stone, of playing both ends against the middle, of backing the field against hay-tosser money.

So, step by guarded step, as they were able to plan it, they introduced Juneau into the more accessible mysteries of high life in her new home town. They invaded the Village and beheld the long-haired bohemian in his native lair; they visited nocturnal dancing clubs where, before admittance, names had to be passed in through an iron grille; they went slumming in Chinatown and ate spaghetti in an obscure Italian restaurant favored by the deep-bosomed stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company; and they were even conducted to a midnight gambling house frequented, they were told, by some of the city's *crème de la crème*, where Juneau eventually lost nine hundred dollars and got a headache from the smoke and got rid of a little of her respect for the dubious aristocracy dispersed about the roulette wheel.

If she suspected something factitious about the splendors through which she was being piloted, she gave no public utterance to those auspicions. If she disliked the overaffable colonel and his oversuave offspring, she denied herself the luxury of parading that feeling. They were, after all, only a means to an end; and beggars, naturally, cannot always be choosers. When she was informed, with a due air of excitement, that they were arranging a supper party for her out at Perriot's, a supper party with two screen stars and a real prince among the proposed guests, she somewhat jadedly asked just who or what Perriot's was.

"My friend Perriot," announced the colonel, "runs the wickedest road house in the metropolitan district. You'll see more life there in any three hours after midnight than you'd see in three weeks in the Tenderloin. But Perriot, remember, is very select. It takes more than money to get past that plush rope of his. And if you don't finally agree with me that he has the best oysters and the best music in America, I'll present you, madam, with a gold mine which I estimate to be worth exactly one million dollars."

"That's very kind of you," acknowledged the listless-eyed Juneau. "But you realize, of course, Colonel Krebbs, that dad is coming along with us?"

"Of course," was the slightly delayed response. "And besides having a very engaging lady for your father, I'll see to it there's some hard stuff that will go to his heart."

"You probably mean go to his head," suggested the girl as she fixed him with an unsympathetic eye. "My dad is a sober-minded man when he's not interfered with by others, and I may as well tell you now that I'm going to see that he keeps that way."

"Whatever you wish!" proclaimed the colonel, with a gesture that was meant to be large and liberal and remitting. "I was merely remembering what your father once remarked to me about doing in Rome what the Romans do."

"Well, I want to be dead sure they're Romans before I wander in their footsteps," retorted Juneau. For the girl from Skookum Slope was not as satisfied with the trend of affairs as she pretended to be. There was something missing. There was an undefined deficiency which mere dollars and cents seemed unable to make up for. And in her heart was a small but equally undefined ache that took the glamour out of the city that had once spread so glamorous before her eyes.

Yet, Juneau, being a woman, found certain consolations in clothing the body that harbored so many frustrated hopes, in perfecting the worldly apparel of a lady who housed so many imperfect aspirations. Her shopping, it is true, became less prodigal and more critical; but she experienced the eventual satisfaction of merging more and more into her affluent new background, of being more and more in the picture.

When, a few days later, she stopped before a florist-shop mirror on lower Fifth Avenue and studied her own image as reflected there, she realized, in an instinctive feminine flash, the source of the canker at the heart of her contentment. That undefined small ache was an ache to be admired. She nursed a human craving for the approval of others. That, without quite knowing it, had been the goal toward which she had been fighting. Even the bunch of hothouse violets which she had just bought and was experimentally holding against the deep-toned fur of her new sable coat was a movement toward that end. She had needed that clump of flowers to go with her turban, the velvet turban of the deepest violet that was so austerely and yet so opulently repeated in note by the flower cluster held in place by its sword knot. It was the finishing touch, the touch that only wealth and knowledge could bring; and she stepped out into the brittle autumn sunlight with a wayward sense of power in her young body. She was good to look at, and she knew it.

Somebody else apparently knew the same fact, for scarcely six feet away from the florist's door, flanked by its tubbed cedars, a man stopped abruptly and stared at the girl in the trim-lined sable coat. He stared openly and overpointedly at the dusky gardenia-toned face above the violet clump. And as Juneau was on the point of rewarding that rudeness with a glance of languid scorn, she looked more closely at the offending stranger and saw it was Alan Burkett—Burkett, who flushed pink as he took off his hat and stood hesitating at her elbow.

"I'm afraid you don't remember me, Miss MacLean," he said, with that look of commingling incredulity and admiration still in his eyes. For he himself was remembering a figure in a grease-stained hunting jacket of moose hide and a frayed plaid skirt, confronting him from the rough frame of a mountain shack.

"Yes, I remember you," replied the girl with the unparticipating eyes. She spoke slowly and quietly, after the manner which the patient Letitia Ranck had imposed on her, and that slow and quiet contralto voice seemed to give an added barb of scorn to her words.

"May I walk up the Avenue with you?" he asked, with a new access of courage.

"I'm afraid you'd be ashamed of me," she said in her studiously retarded and lowered tones.

"I'm ashamed of myself," he proclaimed.

"Why?" she asked. Her voice was noncommittal, but they were already walking side by side up the sunlit cañon of color and movement.

"Of my stupidity and selfishness in—in not helping you," he flounderingly protested.

"We're getting along very nicely," asserted Juneau, acquiring a new fortitude from his very embarrassment.

"But I didn't quite see, of course, how I could fit in at first," he blundered mendaciously on.

"I knew you didn't," she acknowledged, a disturbing note of bitterness making her voice shake.

"But I can help now, I think," he persisted, puzzled by the alteration in her appearance as he secretly resented and still later approved of the sophisticating touch of make-up that so pictorially heightened her color yet vaguely hardened the earlier ardency out of her face.

"In what way?" she asked, fighting against a sense of triumph that seemed untimely.

"Why shadow a perfectly good afternoon by such things?" he temporized. "It would be much pleasanter having tea at the Plaza."

"I'm having tea at the Ritz," she promptly asserted, making the declaration the father of the intention.

"Then couldn't we dine together tomorrow evening," pursued the repentant Burkett, "and go on to one of the revues, as I suggested to your father several days ago?"

"I'm booked for a supper party out at Perriot's tomorrow night," Juneau casually informed him, and she was rewarded

by the look of trouble that promptly mounted to his face.

"You're going to a place of that sort?" he demanded in genuine alarm.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Do you know what it's like?" he asked.

"I'm willing to try anything once," she said with carefully deliberated recklessness.

"I hope you're going with -with the right sort of people," Burkett found himself proclaiming.

"I'm going with Colonel Krebbs, if you happen to know who he is," asserted the tranquil-eyed girl at his side.

Burkett walked on in silence for several moments before proclaiming, "It simply can't be done!"

"It's flattering to think that you're so actively interested in my welfare," she said, with a suspicion of the irony which she had once despised in him.

"But Colonel Krebbs is the very man I wanted to talk to your father about," he protested.

"Why talk about Colonel Krebbs?" she asked with an enforced indifferency.

"Because I can't altogether approve of him," retorted Burkett.

"I imagine there are a great many persons you can't altogether approve of," asserted the girl, with heightened color.

He stopped short at that and studied her with a frown which eventually gave the promise of merging into a smile.

"I don't want you to be one of them, at any rate," he said, suddenly serious again. "You know, I may be a tenderfoot up on the border of Alaska, but I'm not exactly a tenderfoot in this town. It's you, if you'll pardon my saying so, who's rather the cheechako in this city. You ——"

"Oh, I'm learning a little," interrupted the languid-voiced Juneau.

"Of course you are," agreed Burkett. "But there are some things a woman can learn a little too late. And I know what I'm talking about when I say it's not safe for you to go to road houses with a chap like Krebbs."

"But isn't it coming a little late, this personal interest in my safety?" demanded the girl with the perversely luminous eyes.

Burkett looked into those eyes, and as he did so the commotion in his little pot of anger that was about to boil over, subsided.

"Well, I'm going to make up for lost time," he said with more masterfulness than he had intended.

"How about my feelings in the matter?" was her quiet enough challenge.

"I'm banking on those," was his courageous but equally quiet reply.

Not being sure what he meant by that, she remained discreetly silent. She remained silent, too, as they stopped in front of an art-shop window and Burkett studied an oil painting of a tumble-down farmhouse surrounded by ghostly white birches.

"That's one of the advantages of a city like this," he observed, as his glance pivoted from the painting to the puzzled girl still studying it. "It's a never-ending free show if you want to take advantage of it. It's always throwing something beautiful from the arts at your feet."

She was depressed by a sudden sense of gulfs between them.

"But it takes so long to understand them," she complained, with a movement toward the canvas in which she discerned so little meaning. "I know we ought to like good music and good books and good pictures. But the love for the right thing comes so slowly, and sometimes I wonder if they mean as much to life as we pretend they do."

"You can't chase culture with a club, of course," acknowledged Burkett; "but I've always felt those things rather take care of themselves. You get 'em as you need 'em, and the more real life you're confronting, the less you ask for the imitation. The important thing, as I see it, is to be headed in the right direction—to prefer beauty, I mean, instead of ugliness."

"Doesn't every woman prefer beauty?" demanded Juneau.

"Sometimes," retorted the valorous Burkett, "she doesn't have to go out and scramble for it. She's just born with it." He could see the color deepen on Juneau's dusky cheek, and out of that reaction, oddly enough, was born a courage which prompted him to add as they resumed their walk up the Avenue, "Don't go to Perriot's tomorrow night!"

"But I'm afraid that's already arranged," she said after a moment of meditation during which her memory went estrangingly back to an earlier scene with the man at her side.

It was Burkett's turn to show a flash of color.

"Then you refuse to let me help you?" he demanded.

"I'd much rather you'd call a taxi for me," she replied with a privately barricading imperiousness.

He dutifully signaled an empty taxicab to the curb at their side. But he stopped in the act of swinging the door open for her.

"Can I find your father at the Bellmore?" he asked with a new hardness in his voice.

"Colonel Krebbs has taken father over to Long Island to look at a racing stable," was Juneau's answer as she stepped into the cab.

"Will he be at home tonight?"

"I'm afraid not," was the seemingly triumphant answer from the taxi seat.

"That means you're still refusing to let me help you?" he half asserted and half questioned as he stood looking in at her. And she looked waywardly beautiful to him, beautiful in an untamed and tameless manner all her own, as she smiled out at him from the cab seat.

"You neglected so many happier occasions," she was merciless enough to remind him.

"But when it's for your own good?" he persisted.

"I rather think I'm learning to fight my own battles," she said as she commanded the driver to take her to the Ritz

"But you don't know what you're fighting!"

"Well, there's always the fun of finding out," she asserted with well-simulated levity.

"It may not be so much fun as you imagine," he said as he clung to the cab door.

"But when your friends are kind to you," she demurred, "don't you think you owe them a little loyalty?"

"Yes," he acceded, "once you're sure they are your friends."

"Well, don't you think the proof of the pudding is mostly in the eating?"

For a full minute of silence he stood studying the slightly enigmatic face under the violet-colored turban.

"Then kindly remember that when the right time comes," he said, with an unconscious hardening of his own face; and he stood with his hat still in his hand as the taxicab rounded a corner and slithered eastward out of sight.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

PARADISE-ON-CHOOTCHEE, FLORIDA

(Continued from Page 9)

down. Then we went out to eat. We found a restaurant and sat down at a table and a waiter flatfooted over to us.

"What have you got today that's good?" I said.

"Everything we have is good," he said heartily. "Coral Isles, Boca Largo, Christmas-by-the-Sea, Coconut Cliff, Hyleehylo, all resales; or would you like a nice slice of the Everglades?"

"Is this a restaurant?" I asked. "Or what?"

"We closed up after lunch today," he said. "We are now a real-estate office. But listen, if you find a good restaurant let me know, will you, friend?"

We located a place up a side street where they sold us one of the best thirty-cent dinners I ever ate for two dollars, and we only had to stand in line an hour and forty minutes. We looked over the cigar counter, and decided on two nourishing chews of fine-cut, and then strolled out to mingle with the fancy.

It was dark by now, but not in Miami, on account of the real-estate offices.

A fellow pulls my sleeve right away and says, "How would you like to eat an old-fashioned Southern barbecue, mister, you and your friend?"

I said, "You took the thought out of my mouth."

He said, "Here's two tickets for the bus leaving nine o'clock tomorrow for Saurian Center, only eighty miles out on the Tamiami. Everything free."

"Have a free chance on a brand-new automobile," said another puller-in, shoving pasteboards, "given away at Orange Mountains."

"Meet Sam Pick, the world-famous movie artist, at Citronia Gardens," urged another. "Free and for nothing, both ways."

"See Mangrove Heights, boys," piped someone, reaching for George "See the mangrove forests in all their pristine splendor before our hundred-million-dollar-development program. Costs you nothing! Give a look, will you?"

"They are awful anxious to get us out of Miami," said George. "You are right about these short pants, Peter."

"Well, we are not going," I said. "The real-estate business is good enough for me. Very soon we will hope to have one of these swell deadfalls ourselves."

"Yes, and we will not be asking people to go see our lots, because we will bring our map with us, hey, Peter?"

That gave me an unpleasant idea. I stopped George and said, "Do you know what I think? Correct me if I err, but I am thinking we ought to have a piece of property to go with the map."

"What for, Peter?" said George, frowning. "That makes it too intricate. What do they want property for? They are not buying lots to live on them, are they? I never heard of such."

He stumped me for a bit, but I said, "Is that so? Lots of Northern visitors think they will leave right away, and they settle down here in one place and stay for the rest of the year."

"In the railroad station, you mean," he said. "Oh, you exaggerate, Peter. Lots of those folks you see settled down there could get out if they would be willing to lose their vote. But what do we know about buying property? I will think this over and I will hit on something."

"You will be hitting on ojus rock in a road gang, the first thing you know," I warned. "When it is so easy to do the people right, why do them wrong? What do you know about the real-estate business? Come in here and find out."

We were standing near an arcade, and I saw a pair of gleaming eyes back in there watching us from a desk alongside a shoe-shining concession.

We went in, and I said, "Good evening, sir. We are a couple of investors. Can you steer us against a sure thing that will double our money in thirty days?"

"I am certainly relieved to meet men who will be satisfied with a reasonable profit and safety," said the real-estate agent, for such he was. "Sit down, gentlemen. I was just about to open a blind syndicate for people who don't want to be bothered with details. Let me know how much money you have, and you can leave it all to me."

"Since when are you our relation?" said George rudely. "I guess we will have somebody else to leave our money to when we come to that."

"That doesn't listen so good," I said, kicking George. "We want you to try and sell us a lot. So show us how that is done."

"First off, you sign this binder," said the real-estate agent, pulling papers on us. "You could even read it before you sign it, if you want to be painfully cautious. Or I will tell you what is in it; it says you put up so much money, and if you do not put up so much more you forfeit your deposit as liquidated damages. If you refuse to accept the property for any reason whatsoever, you forfeit all you have paid as liquidated damages. If, on the other hand, the owner decides that you are undesirable for any reason whatsoever and thinks it will be public policy not to give you a deed, then, of course, gentlemen, you must expect to forfeit what you have paid as liquidated damages. The owner has the option to return you your money at any time, and in that event ——"

"We forfeit it as liquidated damages," I said. "That suits us exactly. Let me have a copy of this. And now go on and sell us a lot, any old lot."

He worked over us for an hour while we sat enthralled with his eloquence, and then, feeling that we had got the patter, we made an appointment to meet him down behind the freight station of the Palmetto. He came, and we hauled Paradise-on-Chootchee out from under the bougainvillea. This was next morning.

"We have no lots to go with this," I explained. "Can you fit a piece of property to it?"

"Ah, a million-dollar subdivision," he said, stepping back to view it critically. "You have sold it all off, and you don't want to throw away a couple of hundred dollars' worth of plat."

"Exactly," I said. "It is only by such great economies, effected by our vast organization and wholesale way of doing business, that we are able to offer such astounding bargains."

"Give me an hour to jump over to the real-estate exchange and see what is to be had," he said, after taking down particulars off our map; and then he jumped.

He came back inside the hour, all het up. "A real pick-up," he gasped, "but you got to move quick. Forty acres on the Dixie Highway—on the Dixie in person—can you hear me?"

"I'm listening," I said, feeling for my thirty dollars. "Where at on the Dixie?"

"Only forty miles from the city limits of—where's this now? Never mind; there will be a new station only forty miles away. And you can snap up this forty for only twenty thousand an acre. It's very active property, turning over and over, and every turn a killing. Grab it, and hold on!"

Something in the earthquake zone. "I read about Tokio," I said, looking at him. "I do not want to grab and hold on."

"But think of your profits," he urged. "Look at the profits that forty has made already—fabulous. Or, could you use ocean stuff? I can get you something on the ocean, pretty far out from Miami, only three thousand a foot, and two hundred feet deep."

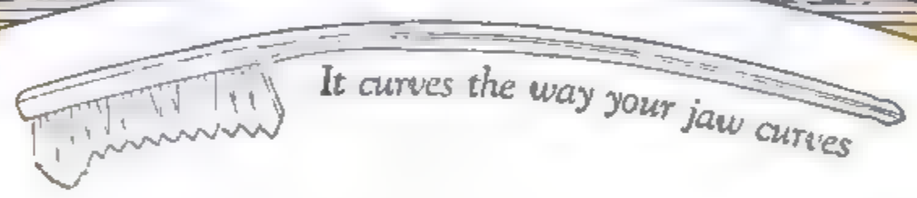
"Listen," I said. "I'm not starting a navy. I want something on the land. And it wants to be cheap and quiet."

"Oh, cheap stuff," he said. "I can get you a hundred acres on Okeepokee Creek, five thousand an acre, and make any terms."

"That's me," I said, and it did sound like a throw-away after the others. "Ten dollars down and five a week?"

But he couldn't see my terms, and he went away, and I said to George, "It looks

(Continued on Page 103)



NOTE THE PICTURE ON THE LEFT. *Note the brush below it. Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to conform. Your jaw curves. So do the bristles of this brush. So does the handle. Every tooth along the length of the brush is washed and cleaned. The curved handle of the Pro-phy-lac-tic makes it easy and comfortable for you to brush those hard-to-get-at back teeth.*

NOTICE AT THE RIGHT the Pro-phy-lac-tic's bristle curve—the curve that matches the horseshoe curve of your teeth. Every tooth along this curve gets a liberal share of bristle surface. Then there's the big end tuft. This helps you reach and clean the backs of back teeth, so hard to get at with an ordinary brush.

The bristles in the Pro-phy-lac-tic are especially selected for long service and resiliency. But the best of bristles deteriorate if they are continually wet or damp. Buy *two* Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes at a time and brush your teeth twice a day. Use the brushes alternately. Then the bristles have a chance to dry out between brushings.

Could your back teeth stand a smile?

Give ALL your teeth a square deal. This brush does it.

NO tooth can sidestep this scientific brush. The way it is built is a guarantee that it will *reach every tooth.* If you have a brush that does that, you cannot neglect any part of any tooth.

A glimpse at the pictures on this page shows you how the Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches *every* accessible surface of every tooth.

First there is the curved bristle surface. It curves the way your jaw curves. Next there is the big, cone-shaped end tuft, which makes those remote rear molars as accessible as your front teeth. And then you have a curved handle, curved so that it goes toward your teeth—the direction in which you are exerting the pressure when brushing. This makes the Pro-phy-lac-tic one of the most comfortable brushes to use.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets *in between teeth.* The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, and dislodge particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

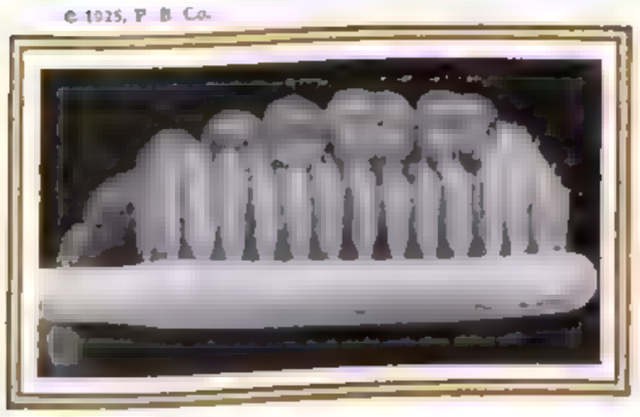
The big end tuft easily reaches and cleans the backs of teeth, even the backs of hard-to-get-at molars. It pries into all the depressions and crevices, no matter how deep. In fact, there isn't a part of a tooth this brush can't reach.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box.

FREE—Booklet containing valuable information on care of the teeth

USE THE COUPON BELOW

© 1925, P. B. Co.



LEFT. This picture shows how the Pro-phy-lac-tic fits the precise contour of the teeth. It curves the way your jaw curves and penetrates deeply into the crevices between teeth.

Always sold in the Yellow Box. Look for the hyphenated, four-syllable word Pro-phy-lac-tic. This denotes the genuine.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY Dept. 1A1
Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name .....

Address .....

Introducing JIMMY the Courtesy Man

You know Jimmy. He operates the Fry Visible Pump near your home. Often he has sold you gasoline—you and millions of other motorists.

You are familiar with Jimmy's courtesy and graciousness which are known from one end of the land to the other.

Jimmy is a good man to patronize. It is just natural for him to be obliging and businesslike.

Jimmy sells his gasoline from the Fry Visible Pump—the pump that is always dependable—always accurate under all circumstances.

Buy your gasoline from Jimmy. He is close by. He operates a Fry. Buy from Jimmy. Millions do.

GUARANTEE LIQUID MEASURE COMPANY, Rochester, Pennsylvania

Made in five and ten gallon capacities—both labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories

FRY

Visible Pump

Always Accurate

Her home is still her castle

...but it has a drawbridge now

A FEW years ago, the windows of her "castle" might have been barred; the front lawn might have been an impassable moat—so completely was her life bounded by the duties of the home. Washing, ironing, cleaning, cooking—every day was an eternity of work, work, work. While out beyond the "moat," the wide world buzzed and bubbled with fascinating things—with books and plays, with clubs and sports. But these were not for her—work held her prisoner in her "castle."

Today, her home is still her castle, the stronghold of her affections. But a drawbridge has been lowered—a drawbridge opening out upon all the good things of life that were denied her before. This drawbridge is leisure-time, constructed bit by bit by all the machinery, methods and institutions that a modern world has created to take the burden of drudgery from her shoulders. And the chief time-giver of all has been the modern laundry. By taking the washing completely out of her home, it has brought her a whole day or more of leisure every week—seven weeks' vacation every year!

You can imagine how she uses this leisure—you can imagine how you would use it if you had it. And you *can* have it—so easily, too. For today's laundry offers a wide variety of helps—no matter what your family's needs, no matter what your family's budget, the laundry can turn your washday into a holiday. Now, while the thought is fresh in your mind, phone one of the modern laundries in your city. Have them explain the services they offer. Then choose the one that suits you best—and try it!

Their "castles" have "drawbridges" now

"I couldn't begin to tell you all the things I have done with the time the laundry saves me. One thing though—it has enabled me to resume my musical studies. I have time now to practice regularly, and to assist my husband in preparing for his concert engagements."

Mrs. Douglas Richardson
Seattle, Wash.

"I've always loved to golf—and the laundry has given me one whole day each week, free from household bother, to devote to my favorite sport. Besides, I'm now able to give more time to my children, to join clubs and enter into activities that previously couldn't all be crowded into my weekly routine."

Mrs. M. D. Barker
Springfield, Ill.

"The extra time I have since sending my laundry out, I spend in swimming and horseback riding and in other forms of physical exercise that keep me up on my toes, ready to enjoy every minute of life. The laundry also gives me time for my pet hobby—interior decoratin[illegible]."

Mrs. Frederic Bruner
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices, CINCINNATI

The Canadian Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd.
47-93 Sterling Road, Toronto 3, Ontario, Canada

Agents: British-American Laundry Machinery Co., Ltd.
Underhill St., Camden Town, London, N. W. 1, England

849

(Continued from Page 98)

like we will have to sell some more lots before buying land around Florida. So turn Paradise-on-Chootchee to the customers."

And then I hear a voice say, "There they are, officer." And I look and see this young fellow who wanted his twenty dollars back, and he has a guardian of the peace in tow.

The copper strides up boldly and says, "Are you the men who sold this youth a lot yesterday for twenty dollars?"

I said, "Our Mr. McMonigle here handled that transaction for our organization, officer, and he will explain all. If he does not make it quite clear, just call me." And I started for the alley.

"You stay right here," said the officer. "Did you or didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, we did too, now, Peter," said George. "Don't make things worse by fibbing about it."

"I couldn't believe him when he told me," said the officer, whipping out his leather and passing our prospect a twenty-dollar note. "I bought the lot off of him, and it is the cheapest thing in Miami, and what I want to know is can I have the adjoining one at the same price?"

As luck had it, I bought a pad of those binders in a stationery store on Miami Avenue for thirty cents, so I was all set to accommodate the clubman. Being that I used all the pad up and never saw our prospects again, I will have to remember how they read after I put in all modern improvements:

"November, 1925.

"I, we and us hereby tender to you, thou and you all the sum of twenty dollars for purchase, subject to prior sale, the following described lot in the city of Paradise-on-Chootchee situated meat and bones in Florida, be the same more or less. Lot 13, S½ NE¼ Section 72, Range 640, East of the Tallahassee meridian. Which I, we and us agree to purchase of you, thou and you all for the sum of $200, as follows, to wit, God help us: Cash $20, and an additional payment of $180 in sixty days; balance in one, two and three years, when deed is to be delivered at owner's option. No salesman has authority to make this agreement in any particular, and it is understood and agreed that the owners, if any, are not bound by any representations or terms contained therein at their option. If, however, I, we or us fails to make all payments or sign all papers whatsoever when called on, the owner shall have sixty days after all payments are made to either give the deed or to claim all payments as liquidated damages at his option.

"I, we or us hereby confesses judgment for $180, and all payments hereunder are forfeited as liquidated damages. This instrument is null and void for all purposes whatsoever.

"Purchaser, Officer Hooley,
"Miami, Florida.

"Accepted, $20.
"By you, thou and you all."

The lots on our plat were all numbered, and the other particulars were painted down in the southeast corner near our private railroad station, so we did business in due form.

We had a dandy location, with first crack at the overcoats and heavy underwear as they came off the rattlers; so if you ask me for the secret of our success, I can only say that, outside of our ability and brains, it was largely a matter of circumstances. We sold thirty lots that day and took in six hundred dollars, but that was not all net profit by any means, since it cut a lot into our pad of binders.

That was a big day, but we sold out our lots, the whole kit and boodle, four hundred of them, inside of—well, sir, it was something like three weeks. We did some moving around, of course; though our prospects were well satisfied, I had an uneasy scruple against doing business at the same stand every day. We bought a flivver with a truck body for eighty dollars—you can get any kind of used car in Miami, so many people coming down the Dixie in flivvers and then succumbing to the climate—and we loaded our plat on it and traveled around to Coral Gables and Hollywood and Fort Lauderdale and Miami Beach and even out to Boca Raton, not forgetting Hialeah, all over the navigable parts of Dade and Broward counties.

We did a nice business evenings at a stand off Flagler Street. Coming on to eight o'clock, George would play Maggie Murphy's Home on a French horn, and then I would step to the back of the truck in a black skullcap, smoked glasses and black linen duster and address the populace. I used to sell Grogan's Pine Shake Remedy from a wagon, and I am at home on my feet. But what I used in Miami was the old reliable double-and-quit game, which is more for street and commercial work. Maybe you don't know it.

First, I would kid four or five of the audience into buying little colored cardboard disks for a cent apiece. They were worth nothing, but I could generally inveigle a few sports to take a chance and find what it was all about.

Then I would send George through to buy those disks back for a nickel apiece, which squared me with the sports and put the laugh on the others. When I had them back I would offer a bunch of them for sale at a nickel apiece, and if you know human nature you know I got my four or five nickels back, and then a few more. Whereupon Friend George would circulate and buy all the disks back for a dime each—a dime, yes, that's right.

I would offer them again, one to a customer, for ten cents apiece. Did they buy? They did. All my dimes came back and maybe a dozen new ones. And again I gave them their profit, paying twenty-five cents apiece for every one of those pieces of red pasteboard. You get the idea. One night, with a good crowd I bought those disks back for a dollar each, thirty-two of them, and resold fifty straight off for a dollar apiece. I never found out what the limit was; I'm no gambler. For the sake of peace in the family, I would close the game and refuse to buy back the disks before the crowd was hurt bad. Then I would send George across the way to buy cigars for the audience with the winnings, while I would be giving them some good advice on the evils of speculation; the moral being some Florida real estate. A street worker would close his box and blow after he'd chivvied the crowd into paying a dollar apiece for the solid washed gold studs and diamondine ring, but I didn't want their change.

That would lead me to talking about trying to get something for nothing, with impartial praise for such well-known Florida cities as gave no free rides or chances on automobiles or chicken-and-waffle dinners - Jacksonville, Tampa, Miami itself, and Paradise-on-Chootchee, for instance. No million-dollar improvements maybe perhaps, no Henry Ford buying into the neighborhood, no lots positively going up 20 per cent after next Thursday. And when I heard the wrong question I would say, "I am glad you asked me that. Remind me to answer you."

Yes, sir, three weeks and we had five thousand dollars in money and four hundred good names.

And I looked at those names and I said to George, "We're a couple of lunkheads."

"How is this, Peter?" he said. "Ain't we picked up five grand?"

"Yes," I said, disgusted, "we picked up a measly five grand, and what have we thrown away? We've thrown away seventy-two thousand dollars! It's not my fault; I wanted to get some land to go with that map. Here's four hundred people that would pay us one hundred and eighty dollars apiece if we could give them a deed. Why can't we give them a deed, you say? That shows all you learned about real estate. If you would keep away from that *jai alai* game and hang out with other real-estate agents we would have near three grand more in the kick and you would not talk foolish. Don't you know that people go to lawyers and have them look up the owners of property before they take a deed? There is bound to be one, or maybe even two of those people will go to a lawyer before socking up the rest of their money, and they will be laying for you and me with a bat. Whereas, if we had any old lots to give them, even those seagoing lots the fellow wanted to sell us, we could go around and collect."

"We done our best, Peter," complained George.

"No, we didn't," I said. "We could have bought cheap lots somewhere. We could have picked up some cheap lots on Broadway, and had them moved down here if we wanted to save money. I'm sick. You ought to've heard some of the stories I've had to put up with about easy money made in Florida real estate on the strict up and up. And here we have to grab our five grand and lam out of Miami, leaving seventy-two grand behind us that's rightly ours. No more grafting for me down here."

I get up and start back for the road. This morning in question, George and I have driven out fifteen miles to fish in a pond, and when we get there we find a mud-sucker is doing it all; it is sitting in the pond and pulling up the bottom and throwing it out on the swamp to make new lots to sell for souvenirs to the tourist trade, so the fish are all going up the spout. There is a battered flivver stopped in the road by ours, and I see that its driver has climbed up and pulled the tarpaulin off Paradise-on-Chootchee and is studying its geography.

He said, "I see it is all marked sold. Well, that is too bad. I hoped I would get to you in time, but you done sold everything."

I said, "Were you looking for a good investment, mister? I could take your name and address."

He said, "No, suh, I am only interested in this property; I have eighty acres over yonder on the Chootchee River myself."

"And you want more," I diagnosed, concealing my wonder. "Well, that shows you know values."

And then a thought came to me, and I said, "We cannot sell you any property down there on account of the unprecedented demand, but maybe you could stick us with yourn. How much do you want for your eighty acres?" And I took a firm hold on the side of our truck.

He was no real-estate man. He had on a rusty frock coat and a black wide-awake hat, and he did not have the pleasing features of a real-estate man; he had a long and sallow face, with deep black eyes and much chin.

He said innocently, "How much money have you got?"

George came up and put his foot in, saying, "We got five thousand dollars cash."

"You are sure a close judge of property yourself," said the man, shaking hands and confessing that his name was Lee Quanstrom. "My price, gentlemen, is just sixty-two dollars and a half an acre, or what you said."

George drew me to one side and said, "Peter, don't rob this man by buying at no such price. He looks like a nice man, and I do not feel right about taking his money from him."

"You will feel better after taking," I said, "and, besides, are we taking his money or is he taking ours? You are a witness against him if he wakes up and says he meant five thousand an acre. We will grab him quick."

And I went back at Quanstrom and said, "How do we know your land will fit our plat?"

"You could look at it," he says.

"You are among two gentlemen," I said, "and we do not want to do anything irregular or unethical in a real-estate deal." And yet the strange notion of looking at this land before buying it appealed to me. He looked honest, but appearances are deceiving, and it would be the careful thing to look at his lots and ask around. "How far is it to this place?"

"It is just a piece," he said. And then he looked at Paradise-on-Chootchee and said with surprise, "But don't you know?"

Well, we went to look at his property. We parked Paradise-on-Chootchee in a garage on the North River Drive in Miami, and climbed into Quanstrom's flivver and hit out for Jupiter, which is about seventy-five miles due north. It is a very fine paved road all the way through Hollywood, Fort Lauderdale, Boca Raton and West Palm Beach, but a little crowded, with the traffic going by fits and starts, all the way from nothing to fifty miles. One will find much, however, to occupy his mind in the way of brilliantly colored flying motorbusses and the many new gas stations erected regardless of expense. The tourist camps are worth seeing, too, with their quaint gypsy ways.

And the way those new subdivisions are spending hundreds of millions of dollars in jig time is a modern miracle; we saw the new million-dollar hotel at Orange Mountains that was put up by three masons and a strong colored fellow in four weeks, and already had all its fourteen rooms full up, and we had to pull clear out of the road to let a two-million-dollar municipal auditorium go by us on a truck and trailer.

We left Miami at eleven o'clock in the morning, and we were in Jupiter at 2:30 P.M., and that's stepping on it, if you know the route. We pointed our boat then toward Lake Okeechobee and Indian Town, a good paved road to Indian Town and then not so good to the Conners Highway. We hit a town at five o'clock, and stopped for the night at a new million-dollar hotel; I wouldn't be sure that it was inside the city proper, as we were turned away from two places.

We got a nice room with double bed and bath for ten a night, and cheap enough. It was rather warm in that room; Florida is six hundred miles south of California, so I read, and that means something to people who can't stand cold weather.

"George," I said, mopping my face luxuriously, "can you believe that this is November? The people up North now are crowding on the blankets and hollering down the dumb-waiters for more steam. They ought to be here, hey, George? Can you imagine those unfortunates up there hugging their log fires and getting chilblains? Think of the icy winds and the blizzards of snow. Hey, George?"

I felt in the bed, and he wasn't there, but I heard the plash of water in the bathroom. The poor fellow was trying to sleep in the tub, and I was sorry that I had pushed him out of bed. I put my thumb into my mouth and pulled it out with a noise like drawing a cork, and he spoke right up.

He said, "What is that? Don't be mean now, Peter. Where did you get it?"

I said, "Surely you would have more sense than to drink liquor in the tropics. If you want to keep cool eat limes and thin your blood."

He came into the room, dripping wet, and went to feeling around. I slipped into the bathroom, and locked the door, and crawled into the tub. The night was delightful and cool, and I was undisturbed except by George kicking the door and by the rattle and clink of ice in glass pitchers as the bellhops rushed hither and thither with first aid in the hall. It is not too hot to sleep down in that country any night of the year, not if a man will use his head and provide himself with a life preserver.

We had breakfast at a little lunch room by a country road, eating flapjacks and New Orleans molasses. The place wasn't screened, and yellow jackets and hornets came in and camped on the rim of my dish and reached in for the molasses. I'm no ornithologist, and they may have been humming birds or nightingales, but I took no chances. The etiquette of eating under those conditions is to push the intruders gently back with the flat of the knife, and then pop the forkful into the mouth. If you have a quick eye, you will not put any hornets into your mouth at the same time,

but in any event don't make the mistake to be cross with them. Swearing and yelling and banging about will get you nothing but heated up. Some people are expert at decapitating the brutes with stealth, but that's a matter of taste.

The road out of town was only fair, being graded but not paved, if I remember right, and then we came to a detour and had to plunge into the subdivisions, starting with Aureate Hills City—that's what the sign said it was.

"All sold off in lots," said Quanstrom, waving his hand around a square mile of stumps. "Seventy-five cents an acre a few years back—twenty-five cents an acre from the turpentine company to bleed the trees, and fifty cents to lumber them off—nothing much but scrub and second growth. Then it was worth nothing on account of the stumps. Things are different now."

We went through Aureate Hills City, and plunged into the scrub pine, the flivver wallowing along through white sand. We passed through Inland Beach City, Hoganhominee Heights, Moskeetomee City and other coming metropolises, and we were tired with sightseeing when the flivver quit cold, and Quanstrom said he was out of gas, but it was only a step to the boat.

"We don't want to buy land out here, Peter," said George. "Nobody would ever come out here to see our property."

"That's what's good about it, you sap," I said, nudging him.

We followed after Quanstrom. George wanted to walk abreast, but he fell back fast when Quanstrom said, "Don't walk in them cabbage palms, Mr. McMonigle. You'll step on a snake."

The scenery through there was dignified but not merry. That long gray Spanish moss is an awful crape hanger. Do you know that that stuff grows even on the telephone wires? Yes, moss on the telephone wires a yard long; you try to get a call through and you'll believe it. But what I miss most in the country parts are birds and flowers.

They have lots of these buzzards down there, sailing around and around wishing bad luck; big black birds with white bands on their wings, and they have dreamy-looking cranes flying like slow moving pictures, but I like birds that sing and hop around and look happy. And they are certainly short of wild flowers. If this Ponce de León who started this subdividing thing really saw all the flowers he claimed, he certainly picked himself some bouquet before he went back North. Well, everybody for his own country.

"Ah, we are almost there," said George after we had mushed about three blocks. "I hear a dog barking."

"That's a 'gator over yonder," said Quanstrom. "Try not to walk in the grass, Mr. McMonigle, and you won't get red bugs."

"Listen," I said, leaping lightly over a cabbage palm, "how far is this property of yours?"

"And is it all like this?" said George fiercely.

"It is two hours to Scruggs' Landing, and then it is three hours on the river if we can get a good man to pole the boat. Oh, no, Mr. McMonigle, it is not at all like this," said Quanstrom, looking around in shocked surprise. "What can you expect for sixty-two dollars and a half an acre?"

"And is there no other way to get to it?" I said.

"They done tore up the road," he said.

"Supposing we don't go any further," I said, "how do we know you own this property? No offense, Mr. Quanstrom, but there's some very queer customers selling land in Florida."

"I done brought the abstract and deed," he says. "I thought you might need to buy. I'm known in Kissimmee" he called it Kis-see'-mee—"and that ain't more than thirty mile on."

"Thirty miles!" I gasped. "Do you suppose, you kidnaper, that ——"

He said, "Yonder's a bus going to Kissimmee now."

We looked and saw a bus bucking its way along the detour, and we yelled and ran for it. It waited, having bogged down in trying to get around our flivver. The passengers all got out with their overcoats and grips, and the clutch smoked as the driver rocked his bus to and fro. We strewed palms in front of it, and it took hold and the passengers climbed in again.

"When do we get to Okeechobee, conductor?" asked a New England lady.

"How should I know?" said the driver. He was crouched over his wheel, with his collar turned up to keep off questions.

"If you all are going to Okeechobee," said Quanstrom, "you better turn around, because it is behind you. Can you lend me a little gas?"

"Good land," said the lady. "Don't he even know the way?"

"I was never over this route before," argued the driver. "Be reasonable, lady. Mister, I will lend you gas to Okeechobee."

He did that, and they followed us back over the detour and to the graded road, and so to the queen city of the big lake. Quanstrom knew a lawyer in town, and this party looked over the abstract and filled out the deed and nicked us two dollars. It is my experience that when you meet the real natives they're aces; it is the crowd that came in the gold rush that lay it on. The jurist handed us the abstract and handed Quanstrom our money belts, and then pulled the Spanish moss on his chin reflectively, and said, "I'll record the deed for you. Where will I return it to you at?"

"General Delivery, Jax," I said. I figured to move on for Jacksonville and not wear out our welcome in Miami. We shook hands all around and beat it for a Miami bus. You can go anywhere in Florida on a bus, and I do not claim they are all driven by explorers either. But you want to hit that tropical gait, and not try to jump around and make connections, or you'll only get sweated up and shorten your life.

I said to George on the bus, cutting in on his crabbing, "That is just what is good about the new subdivision we are about to open at predevelopment prices. All the time we were selling Paradise-on-Chootchee, I was scared somebody would hop a trolley and go and look at the property for a nickel, and he would find out we didn't own it. Now, with this new piece we just bought down there, we can talk it up with an easy conscience, because nobody will ever find his way to it in God's world. So what we will do, we will paint a new name on our map, and we will move up to Jax, and we will do business on the level. If we only sell our lots for the same price, we will clean up seventy-five thousand bucks in sixty days. And we don't have to throw the lots away either."

So, when we got to Miami, we went to the garage to get out our truck and plat, and then tallyho for Jax.

Well, we ransomed our bus, but we did not start for Jax straight off, because a man in a coat and hat stepped up and said, "Are you the two bozos who own this gadget?"

I said honestly, "We are the associated real-estate agents in question, sir."

He hopped up beside us and sat down companionably, and said, "Drive around to the real-estate board."

I looked him over and didn't like him for a cent; there is something about dicks and shooflies the world over, and he had it.

But I said to him with sarcasm, "We got nothing better to do than drive you around, mister. Where would you like us to drive you after that?"

"After that," he said, pleased with us, "you can drive me to the county jail." And that ended the conversation.

We stopped at the real-estate-board building and went upstairs to the second floor in the elevator, he carrying all our belongings except the truck and plat. There was a meeting in the office of the secretary and we interrupted it, but they welcomed us right in when our friend introduced us. George and I fell into formation in front of a table and stood at attention. Four men sat behind the table wearing coats, and when people put coats on in Miami there is something doing.

The secretary said to us—he was a very stern man wearing thick cheaters that made him look hard-hearted, but I am sure he was really a very nice chap, though not to us—he said to us, "Peter Rook and George McMonigle, you are the two men who are gypping the people."

We took a strike on that one. Not making us bite, he said, holding up a piece of paper that looked familiar, it being one of our binders, "This is a nice piece of work. You have been getting the people to sign these and taking their money. What have you got to say?"

I said, "We are pleased to meet you. Who are you?"

He said, "We are a committee of representative real-estate men who are cleaning up the crooks and grafters and binder boys. You could call us a vigilance committee. We have no legal powers and you don't need to pay any attention to us."

"Thanks," I said. "Come on, George."

"All we can do," he said, "is swear out a warrant for you and clap you in the calaboose until you get a hearing."

"Don't crowd me," I said to George. "Where are you going? Yes, sir, we're listening. We are glad to meet members of the profession, and we will coöperate with you in every way."

"These documents," he said, slapping down our binders, "are the most atrocious frauds we have seen yet, and we have seen some cuckoos. We are not going to let you take another cent under them. Will you give the deposits back or will you make out a deed to the property and forgo all further payments?"

That one was easy; right in the groove. He wanted to know would we agree to take no more money for Paradise-on-Chootchee, which was already a dead horse. I stepped on George's corns so as to make him look unhappy, and said, "Give me a pen! At whatsoever personal sacrifice and as a matter of professional ethics, I will never give up a deposit. And besides, we spent the money."

"Here's your deed," he says, dipping ink. "It is made out to us four gentlemen as a committee in trust for your deluded buyers. They will get around to us in time, when they have hurt their eyes looking for you, and we will deed over the separate lots. Sign on the line, both of you, and remember you're under observation."

And out we went.

"It never occurred to him that maybe we didn't own the property at all," I giggled in George's ear. "Now we will clean up where the cleaning is good. That being hushed up, we will have a good sixty days at least. We will get us one of those offices, and stall the landlord until we sell a lot. What will we call our new development?"

And I hauled out the abstract and studied it over. "South ½ NE¼ Section 72, Range 640, East of the Tallahassee meridian," I read. "Not much sense in that. How would it be if we called it—let's see—something meaning high up—hills, heights, mountains, precipices, peaks. In a minute I will think of a wow."

"Peter," said George respectfully, "why would we have to change the name, when that legal language you just read out is the same as is written on our map?"

"You mean it is something like it," I said, but I remember now that he gave me a queer feeling. "Being that our new property is right near Paradise-on-Chootchee, it will naturally sound like it in law. It could be in the same range or even the same section."

"Oh, no, Peter," he said, "it is just the same. I got a good memory, Peter."

"Well, naturally, I did not watch very close, being that the judge was checking off," I said, feeling red in the face; and we lammed back to the real-estate building, and the dick let us take a flash of our plat as a favor.

And there I read, "South half of Northeast quarter Section 72, Range 640, East of the Tallahassee meridian."

"If I understand this," said George, "the property we bought from that apple-knocker is the very same as we have been selling all month. And now we up and gave a deed for it to those four prominent real-estate agents. So where are we at?"

I walked on, with him after me, rubbing it in.

"I see how it was!" he chirps, surprised and delighted at his own brilliance. "Quanstrom was going to sell his land to the fellow on Flagler Street—you remember the fellow we carried the map to in the first place, Peter? Well, that fellow on Flagler Street did not buy the property after all, and that is why he did not want the map. And then—and then Quanstrom comes in to find why the fellow on Flagler Street does not buy his property. And then—and then what, Peter?"

He caught my arm, being dizzy from the unusual exercise. But I guess he'd hit the trail. "And then," I said, gently depositing our abstract in a waste-paper barrel, "Quanstrom found out that somebody was selling lots off his property all the same. And he took after us, figuring we'd buy his property or he'd know the reason why. And did we buy it? We did. And where are we now? In the soup. Who owns the land? Four noble fellows in trust for our prospects. But step along, will you? We'll miss that fast freight from Key West, and have to stay another day below that Tallahassee line."

"Why, Peter," he croaked, "you're not leaving Florida and the real-estate business, are you, Peter?"

"Florida?" I said, giving him a poison glance. "Real-estate business?"

Which is why I remarked that a real-estate agent from the American tropics is liable to be a little prejudiced. That's human nature, friends. Well, we like the places that like us, and you might go down there and love it to death. It's got the oldest town in the United States and all the new ones. I shouldn't wonder but what if I'd hit it right down there I would tear the map of Florida out of my geography and throw the rest of the book away, and I would laugh good-naturedly every time I thought of those Pilgrim Fathers landing on Plymouth Rock. Eh, friends?

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–constitute one of the most interesting announcements in the history of the automotive industry

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Price reductions announced January 7th and effective on all purchases since midnight, December 15, 1925, were the most drastic in the history of this company.

Two things make them possible.

One is the public's faith in Dodge Brothers product—a well founded faith that insures continuously increasing demand in enormous volume.

The other is the completion of a $10,000,000 factory building program which will permit Dodge Brothers, Inc. to back that faith and that demand with enormous production.

The car will continue to be a "four". Always exceptionally good, it is now better than ever—so much better that no reasoning buyer will be distracted from the issue of *quality* by mere *cylinder* propaganda.

Dodge Brothers, Inc. have always led the world in quality. Now they lead in quality *and* price!

DODGE MOTOR

New Prices!

Vital Improvements ~ Attractive New Colors

Absolute smoothness and quietness of engine operation characterize the improved Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

Decreased weight gives it a surprising new snap and elasticity.

The lower and more graceful closed bodies are finished in rich and attractive colors.

Vision from within is increased to an almost incredible degree.

Reduction of bulk was accomplished by further notable advances in all-steel body construction, in which Dodge Brothers have led the world from the very beginning. Naturally there is a proportionate gain in operating economy —with *increased safety* and *durability*.

Any member of the great Dodge Brothers Dealer organization—the finest and most aggressive in the world—will gladly give you all the interesting details.

New prices now available from any Dodge Brothers Dealer

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO ONTARIO

BROTHERS CARS

World Leader justifies Still

On January 7th, Graham Brothers announced a substantial reduction in the prices of their complete line of trucks and motor coaches.

This was their third reduction in eight months.

It reflected again Graham Brothers pledge and determination to pass on to the buyer the full economies of rapidly increasing production.

The year 1925 was the greatest in Graham Brothers history.

It saw them advance to World Leadership in the 1½ ton truck field, and brought them the added distinction of being the largest exclusive truck manufacturers in the world.

Such positions are achieved only by enormous demand for a worthy product.

GRAHAM

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Hundreds of Lower Prices!

Service is equally important with price and product. Prompt, expert service is immediately available to every Graham Brothers Truck owner through Dodge Brothers 4000 Dealers. Well trained and thoroughly equipped, this great Dealer organization today is in a position to supply and service fully 90 per cent of all modern transportation requirements.

GRAHAM BROTHERS
—DETROIT—
A DIVISION OF DODGE BROTHERS, INC.
GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED—TORONTO, ONTARIO

New prices now available from any Dodge Brothers Dealer.

BROTHERS TRUCKS

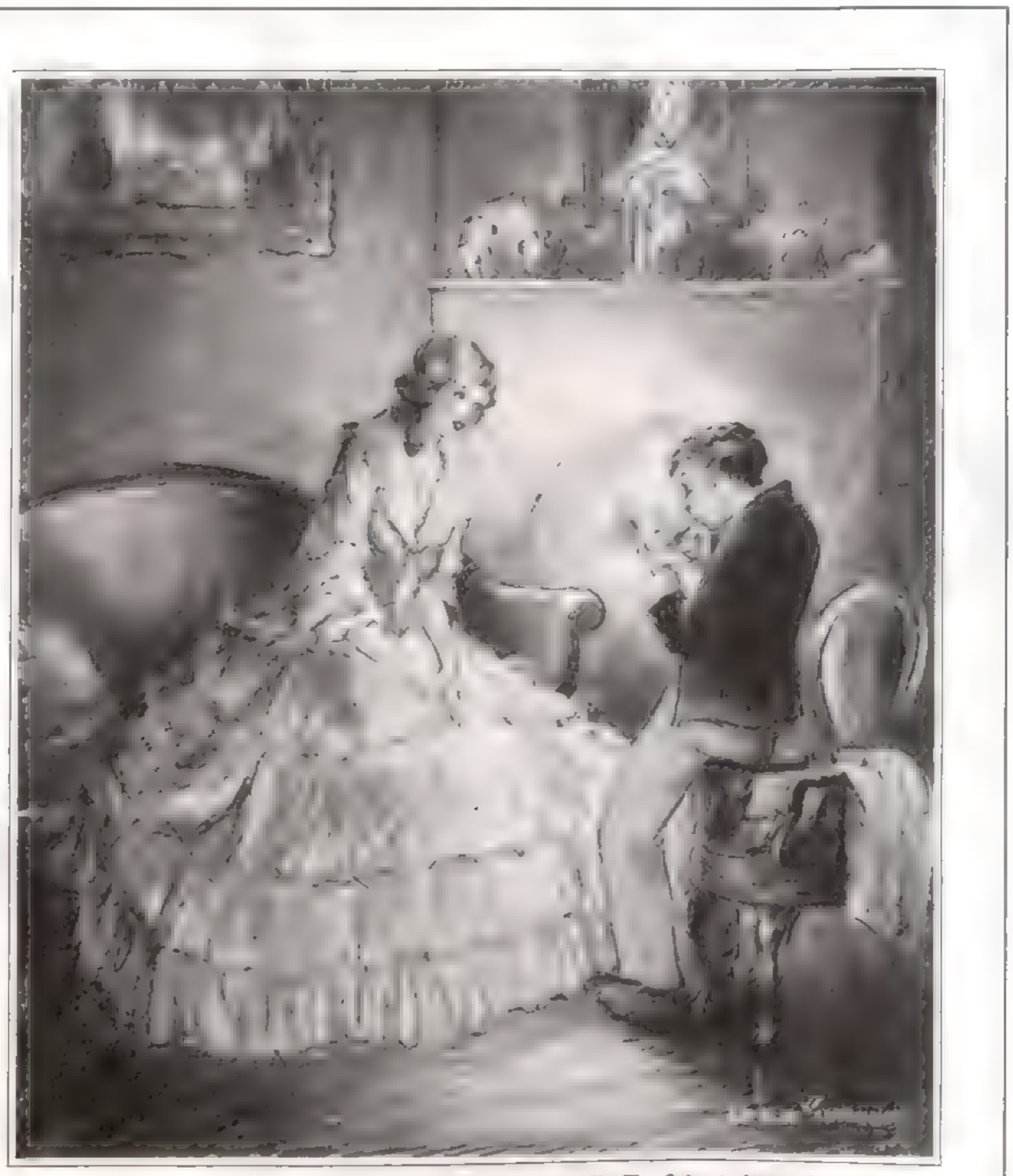
WHEN MUSIC HEVENLY MAID WAS YOUNG

Continued from Page 30

rote music. he lives on Kensington road and has got 2 boys most groan up, Joe and Ezra. when we print the programe we will put in it this is a peace of our distinkuished sitizen Steven Fosters composure.

after they practised the other peace they went out and locked the door. well i clim out of the wood box and unlocked a window and clim out and went home. i dident say ennything about it but that nite after i had went to bed old Francis called at the house to see me and when mother sed i was in bed he sed it was all rite he cood see me the nex morning. he asted her what time i got home and she sed i was home befoar supper. i gess he had went down to let me out and was scart.

Dec. 3, 186 – Today was Wensday and me and Pozzy and Bug wirked on our programme. Lilly Head is going to read beautifull snow. i asted father who rote it and he sed a old feller named Whittier. he sed he was gnew as the ice cold poet. he sed he rote snowbound and beautiful snow but he was a quaker and if the quakers gnew he rote it he coodent quake enny moar and so he never let ennyone know he rote it. father sed it was verry unmorral. Aund Sarah sed it was beautiful and she dident see ennything unmorral about it. father told aunt Sarah the reeson was becaus she was truly religus like he was father he sed that in the poim a woman says onct i was pure as the beautifull snow but now i aint. that isent jest the way it goes but that is what she ment. father knows the hoal poim. then father sed aint that a confessun of unmoralty and aunt Sarah sed it points a morral to unfortunate peeple and father sed those that have fell from grace. gosh that will be a good thing to put in the programme.



Then I Went to See Sarah Hibbard, and She Told Me What She Was Going to Sing and I Rote It Down Very Carfully in a Little Book

Thursday Dec. 4, 186— Bug has withdrew from the firm. he says it takes two mutch time from plugging stewdcats with snowballs playing football and other plesent devirsions. befoar he left he and Pozzy had the best fite sence the firm went into biziness.

they have fit most evry day. when they wood get tired of setting tipe they wood go out and maik sum hard snowballs and if enny stewdcats come along we wood plug them and they wood plug back and chase us and wash our faces with snow and put snow down our back and sumtimes try to shake the daylites out of us but we had got so usted to that in school that we dident care. then we wood go back to our printing very much refreshed. if there wasent enny stewdcats to plug they wood fite eech other to get exercise.

well today Bug sed he wasent going to wirk enny longer and Pozzy sed he was two bizzy to stop and Bug sed come on and Pozzy sed he woodent and Bug sed i will maik you and Pozzy sed you aint man enuf and Bug he gnocked a lot of tipe that Pozzy had set in his hand all over the floor and Pozzy gave him a side winder in the ear and they went at it.

gosh it was the best fite i have seen. i grabed the printing press and the tipe and put them in the corner and wached the fite. they kep hollering things at eech other as they fit whitch made it mutch moar interesting. when Pozzy wood get in a lick on Bugs snout he wood holler one for your conk and if Bug give Pozzy a belt in the gob he wood holler one for your kisser how do you like that.

so it maiks there fites mutch moar interisting and when they get throug a fite they are frends again. well this time they fit a long time and it was jest about even. Pozzy had a bloody nose and Bug got a crack in the lip that maid it bleed and look as if a yellow bellied hornet had bit him. then they herd there mother coming and they stoped fiting. Bug sed it was a good fite but he was out of the firm for good. so he went out to plug stewdcats and we kep on printing.

Friday Dec. 5, 186— brite and fair today. last nite i asted father who Hart and Rowe was whitch was in the song fly like the yuthful Hart and Rowe. well father he was sirprised and sed why dont you know and i sed no and he sed did you ever reed about Darius Green and his fliing mashine and i sed yes and he sed old Trowbridge whitch rote the poim dident know that 2 Brentwood fellers Orville W. Hart and Elmer M. Rowe made a fliing mashine that went further then Dariuses becaus they started hier. father he sed the Rowes was a verry fine family and the only family he knew whitch had a song rote about them and he sung it:

Rowe brothers Rowe
the streem runs fast
the rapids is neer
and the boat is smashed

i have forgotten the rest. sum day i am going to compose the music for that poim i rote about my father whitch begun:

my father is the smartest man
that ever fit a fite.

so we are going to put a notice in the programme. we beleeve in giving credit where credit is du.

today old Joe Hilliard asted me how we was getting along and he told me that a trebble singer from Boston was going to sing sum old english songs. he sed she was a perfesional singer. he told me he had rote her to send the naimes of her songs and he wood give them to me jest as soon as he got them and he wanted us to give her a good notice on the programme. her naim is Hortense Hilary. it is going to be a splendid concirt, as good an enny in Boston.

Saturday Dec. 6, 186— today the 4 men singers sung again. this time i clim into the wood box to hear them. i wated until old Francis went out of the room a minit and i clim in. well i wated a while and hoaped he woodent notise me as it was most time for school to close and what do you think. the first thing i gnew i hird him coming back and then the cover of the wood box come off and about a cord of wood come down on my head. gosh i hollered as loud as i cood and old Francis was most as scart as i was for a minit and then he begun to hist the sticks of wood off of me until he cood reech me and then he yanked me out and sed what in this wirld are you doing in there did i put you in and i sed no sir i clim in and he sed what for and i sed because i wanted to hear you 4 men sing and he sed why dident you ask me and i sed i was afrade you woodent let me and i hird you last time when you put me in the wood box and i never hird so good singing in my life and he sed well i am glad to hear you say that and i gess i will let you stay and so i staid and hird them sing again. it was fine i tell you. the concert is next weak

Sunday Dec. 7, 186— Keene and Cele are practising evry nite. old Joe Hilliard the committy man sed he hoaped we wood maik a interisting programme. i gess we can. ennyway we will try. i wonder how Pewt and Beany are getting along. in spite of evrything i miss them a good deal. but i suppose they have improoved so mutch sence i got out of the naborhood that they will be joining the church befoar long. well i suppose they will be satisfide to pass handbills but as for me i perfer writing poims and books and programmes. one thing about Pozzy that i like. he is willing to do the printing and most of the wirk while i do the literary wirk, whitch is mutch harder and he dont interfear with my speling as Beany used to try when we rote the book of poims that i rote. Pozzy knows i can spel and he cant whitch Beany dident apear to know. but then they say a feller aint to blaim for what he dont know.

Monday Dec. 8, 186— Beany he apeared to think that nobody but him cood spel. jest think if i hadent got rite up on my hine legs and hollered he wood have spelt quire choir in my book of poims.

Ed Piper is going to play the piano for the singers. he can play like all get out. except when Cele and Keene sing when Cele plays the piano.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Smart models from the Miami-Biltmore Fashion Display, January 15th to January 21st, presented by Lucile Staff of New York. Kid footwear exclusively Vici; shoes by Laird, Schober and Company.

COLOUR

in the shoe mode at southern resorts

THE SHOE that isn't as lovely as a pale flower petal — the shoe that doesn't go with its costume as though they'd grown up and come out together — that's the shoe that should have stayed home from the Southern beaches . . . And what the South decrees this winter, America at large will wear in summertime.

Vici Parchemin — Vici Cream — Vici Sudan — Vici Apricot. Those are the four marvelous new shoe shades that slide delicately from old ivory (so much lovelier than white) to deep pinky-beige. Vici kid, of course, is the perfect medium for perfect colour, as Miami and Palm Beach demonstrate by wearing it from dawn till dark.

There are shoes in the new Vici Crystal Grey, too—a tone so clear and true and delicate that it gives the trained eye a little thrill of pleasure just to look at it. There are shoes in Vici Bois de Rose, that priceless note of colour-subtlety that has taken two continents by storm. And shoes in Vici Caramel, just a bit greyer and nearer to taupe. Some women like brown shoes even at the Southern resorts, and thousands will want them for spring in town — Vici Gypsy Brown, that fascinating brunette of the Vici family, with its golden undertone — Vici Cochin, a bit darker, that the Coast adores for sport. Black? Not at the Beach. But black for town? Mile after smart mile of it!

If you haven't gone South, why not get a breath of summerland at your shoe dealer's? Ask to see the new shoes in the new Vici colours, with the little Lucky Horseshoe stamped inside. Don't buy one pair or two, but three or four before the lines are broken—to give the cachet of chic to everything else you wear. This isn't extravagance—*really!*—because they'll wear longer. *And if you've got the shoes you want — you'll always feel well-dressed.*

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Inc., Philadelphia

Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston

Selling agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Do you know?

DO YOU know the correct shoe to wear with a wine-red afternoon dress? With a navy blue rep and crepe ensemble? With a peach-coloured crepe de Chine for sport? With grey—green—fire red—greyish rose—black trimmed with a colour?

Do you know the correct shade in stockings for each of these?

If you're in doubt, don't buy in that frame of mind. Send for the new aid to smartness—

THE VICI FOLDER

"Chart of the Colour Mode"

You can tell—

IN VICI KID the delicate colours of the moment and the firm, close-grained texture of the finest goatskins are united to form a shoe that is smart to begin with—and keeps that smartness smartly.

You aren't a shoe man, or a leather expert . . . But you can look for the Vici trademark that is your assurance of all this—the little Lucky Horseshoe.

If you're paying a reasonable price, take reasonable precautions. Look for your luck—don't trust to luck it's there!

THE VICI TRADEMARK

The Secret of Shoe Satisfaction

INGERSOLL
DOLLAR STROPPER

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL, to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch and the first line of low priced, dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another [illegible] of great economic [illegible] the Ingersoll Dollar Stropper; an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of safety razor blades.

300 Shaves From Every Blade

The INGERSOLL Dollar Stropper

is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by any [illegible] without skill or practice. The user cannot fail.

There is almost magic in [illegible] the INGERSOLL

Ten Days' Trial

[illegible] dreamed would come to you. It costs no more than a few blades and will save you all future blade money and all the dull-blade torment.

[illegible] you have not had the Stropper [illegible] introduced to [illegible] you the complete [illegible] patent Stropper (bl[illegible] fine leather Strop. [illegible] you do not get the most com[illegible]

Dealers—Agents [illegible]

Robt H Ingersoll Prod New Era Mfg Co
Dept 141 426 Broadway New York City

Name

Address

Make of Razor I use

I am interested in ☐ Dealers' ☐ Agents' Plan

Right This Way for More Money!

There was a young fellow named Lore
Who needed more money —and more!
So he answered our ad.
Now his pocketbook's glad.
Opportunity knocked at his door.

OPPORTUNITY is knocking at your door, too. Let him in! You have positively nothing to lose; much to gain.

Box 1624
c/o The Saturday Evening Post
217 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me full particulars of your cash offer

Name

Street

City _____ State_____

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THE TWILIGHT OF BOLSHEVISM

Continued from Page 23.

Bolsheviks, running true to form, have never lived up to the economic requirements. Be that as it may, Tchitcherin sought in every possible way to intimidate the Germans. He remained in Germany throughout the progress of the Locarno negotiations, making daily statements that deprecated the peace move, or throwing out veiled threats of Soviet reprisal. Instead of seeking a physical cure at once, he did his best, or rather worst, to promote political disease.

When the security pact was initialed at Locarno, rage let loose at Moscow. England and Germany were especially picked out for vituperative attack. There was a reason, of course, for all this abuse. A Germany sincerely bent on peace—and her whole attitude seems to indicate this desire—is immune against pernicious Soviet penetration. Hindenburg stands as a bulwark against Communistic inroads. The sad showing made by the radicals in the election which landed him in office disclosed his constructive influence. Besides, the persistent failure of German commercial concessions in Russia provides a more practical reason for disinterestedness.

I have dwelt on the offensive against everything that Locarno means, because it expressed the usual Moscow state of mind and attitude toward any endeavor for political peace and economic stabilization. In consequence of the new accord, the Bolsheviks must begin all over again their campaign to disrupt Europe, but with the odds all against them. There is no longer any appreciable Continental unrest to accelerate.

With this preliminary survey, we can now examine the state of Communism—in most sections it is a state of mind—in Europe. We shall begin with England, the only place where it obtained the slightest foothold and where it continues to be a political issue. Fortunately, its influence remains more political than otherwise.

At first glance the association of Communism with traditional British conservatism, or rather the stolidity which is the root of the Anglo-Saxon character, seems inconsistent. Probe deeply into the reasons and you find that here, as elsewhere throughout the world, Bolshevism owes its existence to the unrest born of industrial dislocation. This is why the agriculturist everywhere has escaped, or repelled, Red infection. It follows, therefore, that the hope of ultimate Russian emancipation lies wholly with her great peasant body, which constitutes more than 80 per cent of the population and which persistently refuses to be communized.

Radicalism's Foe, Prosperity

Communism in the British Isles is due to unemployment plus trade-union restrictions which limit output. Duplication of effort, inefficiency of output and an almost prohibitive cost of production have placed British goods at a disadvantage in the markets of the world. In this you have the real cause of the industrial unrest in England, which in turn gave the Communists their opportunity. Once you find a job for every man in England, Communism will vanish from the scene. Let me emphasize again that no country is large enough to contain prosperity and radicalism at the same time. The United States affords the best illustration of this truth.

Any attempt at a diagnosis of British Communism must include an examination of British Socialism as well. So far as England is concerned, and contrary to popular conception, they are not one and the same thing by a long shot. Socialism, as enunciated by the Labor Party which was founded in 1900 and which came into power in 1924, is not Communism. Its leaders—men of the type of Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden and Sidney Webb—are violently opposed to Bolshevism.

The stronghold of British Communism is in the trade-unions. As a result, the movement opposed to conventional capitalism in one way or another is subdivided into right and left wings. Socialism, as represented by the Labor Party, is the right wing, while Communism, as expressed by an out-and-out Communist Party, constitutes the left wing. Each section recruits its ranks from the unions, although, as more than one observer has pointed out, neither Socialists nor Communists rely entirely upon them. Both ranks embrace various kinds of people, including intellectuals, landed proprietors, capitalists and employers. Some, of course, are the familiar amateur or parlor Pinks who get a kick out of the belief that they are aligning themselves with something radical. We are not without these gentry ourselves. As elsewhere, both British labor and Communism shelter various individuals entirely innocent of labor.

So long as industrial peace reigned in England, the trade-union movement, save for its restrictions on output, was sane and inoffensive. Moreover, it was mainly national in scope and organization. Its only outside affiliation of importance was the International Federation of Trade-Unions of Amsterdam, or the Amsterdam International, as it is more commonly known. This, however, was a moderate body. British unionism went on the theory of evolution and not revolution.

Champion Red Letter Writer

In 1921 the shadow of Moscow first fell across its path, in the shape of the influence of the Red International of Trade-Unions which had been organized by the Bolsheviks to supplement the Third International as an agency for world revolution. The Third International had not achieved its fell purpose, because the business of organized destruction of law and order was lagging. It had paid no dividends in revolt. So the idea was conceived of harnessing unionism everywhere to the Bolshevik idea.

England offered a good opening. With 1,500,000 men out of employment, with trade in the dumps and with all the backwash of the war aiding and abetting gloom and discontent, the agitator found a fertile field in which to implant the Red seed.

The penetration of British trade unionism began. From the start two divisions lent themselves admirably to exploitation. One was coal mining and the other shipbuilding. Both industries were at a low ebb, especially the latter. This is why Communism got its first foothold along the Clyde and in South Wales.

Radicalism made its inroads because the agitators, taking their cue from misguided and ignorant uplifters, concentrated upon coal mining and shipbuilding—especially the former—not as an economic problem, but as a social and political issue. They saw nationalization as the one and only panacea. Coal became the battleground of the class war and it has remained so ever since. Firebrands proclaimed: "Miners, unite and the industry is yours!" Many were foolish enough to believe it.

Keep in mind, too, the fact that the British Communistic movement has had no stronger allies than the pacifists who sought, during the war, to impede the national defense through unnecessary strikes and other agencies.

Behind the Red International of Trade-Unions lurks Zinovieff, the world's champion letter writer—his effusions always react upon him and his cause—and Tomsky, who are a part of the small clique that runs Russia. Tomsky, by the way, is the official head of the Red International. Their offensive in England was first directed against the individual unions, but progress was registered only with the coal miners and the shipbuilders. The larger objective was to detach the British unions from the Amsterdam International and thus sterilize what was an international force for moderation.

Having failed to land the individual unions, the Moscow conspirators now changed their tack and decided to storm British unionism as a whole. To do this they had to capture the so-called Trade-Union Congress which does for organized British labor what the American Federation of Labor does in the United States.

At the annual meeting held at Scarborough last September, Moscow scored a temporary triumph. Tomsky was present as fraternal delegate and, backed by "Emperor" Cook, succeeded in putting through a resolution aligning the T. U. C.—as the Congress is called for short in England—with the Red International of Trade-Unions.

This step changed, or sought to change, the whole trade-union scheme in England. From being national in scope, it became international in alliance. Its original conception was that industry should continue upon the old capitalistic tradition and that the function of the trade-union was to defend the worker's side of the transaction. Now, to express the Cook idea, "British trade-unionism dedicated itself to transform the organization from purely pacific groups into mass organizations for revolutionary activity."

This procedure—in reality it was merely a gesture—did not constitute any great victory, because the Trade-Union Congress for the moment happened to be dominated by violent agitators. The coal miners have a big representation. The agitation they espouse is called "the minority movement." The resolutions for alliance with Russia did not have an easy victory, because constructive labor leaders like J. H. Thomas, head of the transport union, fought it bitterly on the floor. Within the ranks of the T. U. C. is a big body of conservative opinion that sooner or later will not be denied.

Meanwhile, an effective blow to all this radical manipulation was shaping. It expressed the real sentiment of that body of British workers, social and political, who have some idea of economic decency and national service. I refer to the repudiation of Communism by the Labor Party which came less than a fortnight after the Scarborough conference.

Labor Repudiates Communism

Every year the Labor Party has a conference. The 1925 gathering was held at Liverpool late in September. Every overture made by the Communists to break in was rejected. On September twenty-ninth the following resolution, proposed by Ramsay MacDonald, was carried by an overwhelming vote:

"No member of the Communist Party shall be eligible to become a member of any individual section of any affiliated local Labour Party, or be entitled to remain a member.

"The National Executive Committee also desires to intimate to the Conference that in its opinion affiliated trade-unions can only act consistently with the decisions of the annual Conference in its relation to the Communists by appealing to their members when electing delegates to national or local Labour Party conferences or meetings to refrain from nominating or electing known members of non-affiliated parties, including the Communists."

In commenting on this action, which reinstated him as leader of the party, Ramsay MacDonald said:

"I opposed the Communists in the conference because I am not a revolutionary and do not believe in revolution. Labor

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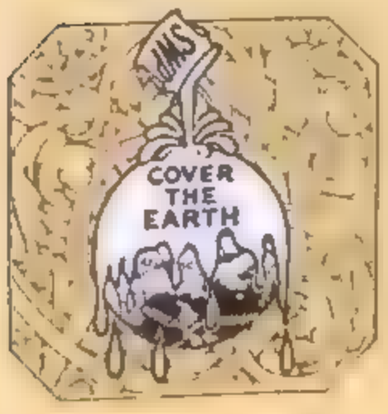

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(Continued from Page 112)

aims at getting its object by constitutional methods. I am convinced that the attitude of the Labor Party in turning down the Communist proposals will secure strength at the next elections and bring the party hundreds of thousands of votes."

The Liverpool conference did much more than reinstate Ramsay MacDonald as leader and repudiate Communism. It reestablished the fact that the Moscow-paid and Moscow-inspired agitators have made no real dent in the larger British worker structure. So long as the Labor Party stands by its anti-Bolshevik enunciation, there is little fear of revolution in England. Furthermore, despite all the Red sound and fury, deep down, the Britisher, like the German, is the natural foe of revolt. He likes to "grouse"; that is, to complain, even when the going is good.

I know of no better explanation of the unlikelihood of revolution in England than the one made by Dr. A. Shadwell, the well-known authority on Socialism, who lately made an investigation of the Communist movement in England for the Times, and who wrote:

"In the first place there is no ground for anything of the kind, no material basis for it. Wherever one goes one sees throngs of cheerful people, well-dressed, well-fed, enjoying life. I do not mean only such as are called the well-to-do, nor do I speak only of large and opulent cities. I mean the people at large, the people who go to work in big towns and in small. I have been in every sort of place and everywhere have seen the same sight, even in small industrial or mining towns where there are no rich people at all.

"Look at the girls, and I mean girls who go to work. They are as smart in our manufacturing towns and in quite small and remote places as in the West End of London. Look at the places of amusement. Some speaker at the Trades-Union Congress at Scarborough called attention to the working-class families at the seaside. The Daily Herald recently said that almost a million spectators went to football matches every Saturday, adding that it is the sport of the people. Just so. And how many go to the cinema, which is the theater of the people, not every Saturday, but every night in the week? Then there are the chars-à-bancs and broadcasting, which have clients in thousands of humble homes, as anyone who uses his eyes can see; the bicycles and motorcycles ridden by young men and women of the working class. What would all these people do with a revolution? Did one ever emanate from a population of which so large a proportion was able to live in this manner?"

A Red Plot at Aldershot

Despite the wallop it got from the Labor Party, Communistic sniping goes on, especially in such industrial centers as Glasgow, South Wales, the Clyde area, Manchester, Birmingham and Sheffield. It is dangerous optimism to assume that it is anything but a serious menace. The British Communist Party is sponsor for and finances various organizations which are propaganda agencies and receive support from Moscow.

The propaganda is peculiarly pernicious in the army, the navy and the air force. Here, as in the factories, the usual practice of installing a so-called Communist cell is fostered. The idea is so to impregnate the services with Red sympathizers that in the event of a general strike or worse, the men in uniform would refuse to lift a finger, to say nothing of firing a shot, at the workers.

Last August a well-laid Communist plot was discovered in Aldershot, Britain's largest military post. It had spread to various branches of the service. Scotland Yard detectives raided the headquarters of the group and found damaging literature and posters. One of the latter sought to make capital out of the difference in pay between private and officer. Among the choice documents uncovered during the succession of police raids on the agitators who were seeking to stir up strife among the defense forces was a letter from Zinovieff which showed that his trusty fountain pen was still in action. In referring to the Communist work among the armed forces, he said:

"To prepare the armies and the broad masses of the workers for effective war against war, it is necessary to create legal and illegal soldiers' organizations, which organizations shall carry on an uninterrupted, persevering and systematic work of agitation and enlightenment within the Army and be ready at the decisive moment to lead the armies arising against the bourgeoisie.

"A continuous fight must be conducted for the disarmament of the White Guard organizations of the bourgeoisie, for the arming of the working masses and for the establishment of workers' governments, whose task it will be to carry out these attempts against the will of the ruling class."

When John Bull Saw It Through

In the face of all this activity, every major movement to embarrass the government or industry has failed. The most conspicuous example was the utter collapse of the seamen's strike, which was organized to paralyze British trade with Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. A summary of this characteristic performance sheds light on the mentality behind the Red cause. Though this strike did not actually occur in England, it affected British interests and had a strong reaction there.

Last July the National Maritime Board, which is the regular channel for the arrangement of the wages and conditions of seamen in British vessels, agreed on a reduction of wages—they had been raised the year before—and this decision was confirmed by the Executive Council of the Seamen's Union and also by the Ship Officers' Union. This means that the sailors officially accepted the reduction, which was made only because British shipping has reached such a low state.

This cut no ice with the Bolsheviks in the Seamen's Union at Sydney. They called a strike and for two months were able to play havoc with shipping in South African and Australian waters. Services were curtailed, passengers delayed, the mails impeded and millions of dollars' worth of perishable freight ruined.

Fortunately, the Australian Government adopted firm measures and deported the ringleaders. The Seamen's Union refused to finance the folly. The men, beaten and disheartened, straggled back to work. On October twenty-second the strike was called off. This episode illustrates how the Red element seeks to pervert bona fide trade-unionism. It was in reality part of the larger Moscow plot against Great Britain which has had various manifestations in China, where the Reds imposed a boycott upon British shipping.

It is characteristic of the British that they took no drastic action against the Reds until matters came to a serious pass. As I pointed out in the article on the English economic situation, John Bull usually waits for a crisis before he seeks to analyze the causes. Once he lets loose, like the famous Mr. Britling, he sees it through. This is precisely what has happened in the case of the Reds.

Following the Scarborough conference, the government decided on drastic steps. Coincidentally throughout England, Scotland and Wales Communist headquarters were raided and the principal agitators landed in jail. Most of them were charged with conspiracy to incite to mutiny. A hand-picked bunch everywhere got sentences ranging from six to twelve months in jail.

This wholesale haul not only put the loudest-mouthed and the most dangerous elements where they will have ample time for reflection, but it heartened the British public. Much of the general depression was due to a realization that the Communists were getting away with everything but murder. The fact that they were now being curbed turned pessimism into something like optimism, and the whole economic situation underwent a change for the better. It began with a more cheerful state of mind. A contributing factor, let me add, was Secretary of State Kellogg's wise refusal at this time to permit Mr. Saklatvala, the Communist Member of Parliament, to enter the United States as member of the International Parliamentary Delegation.

Reënforcing the law and its limbs are various unofficial agencies to combat Communism. The latest, and perhaps the most significant, is the Organization for Maintenance of Supplies, more commonly known as the O. M. S. The idea for it sprang from the crisis of 1921, when England was up against the most serious strike complication that it has known for many decades. The Big Three—that is, the coalition of coal miners and dock and transport workers—brought about a situation that for the moment paralyzed practically all public activities.

The principal problem was to provide food, especially for London. This was done through a motor-transport service that became a marvel of efficiency. Fortunately, tens of thousands of trucks were at the great army disposal base at Slough, awaiting sale. These and others that were commandeered by the government, because martial law practically prevailed, were manned by volunteers, including demobilized soldier chauffeurs. A central food headquarters was established at Hyde Park. Within forty-eight hours after labor sought to bring about hunger and worse, the capital was obtaining its normal quota of milk and other necessities. This prompt action broke the backbone of the strike.

Purpose of the O. M. S.

The immediate provocation for the O. M. S. was the events of last summer, beginning with the declaration of the coal-mine owners not to continue the wage scale agreed on in 1924 and the subsequent threat of the miners to go out and call a general strike. In order to stave off a huge industrial dislocation, with all its dangerous possibilities, the government granted the coal subsidy which I explained in a previous article. It affords immunity until May 1, 1926, when the subsidy ends.

While the coal miners were yelping the loudest and the country was in a state of near panic, a group of men got together in London and framed up the Organization for Maintenance of Supplies, which is precisely what the name implies. Many of them had participated in the anti-strike movement of 1921. They realized that even if the worst did not happen immediately, it was important to have an agency ready to act once the emergency developed. The very knowledge of its existence would also act as a restraining influence on the radicals. The policy of the O. M. S., as set forth in one of its circulars, is as follows:

"The O. M. S. is a society of citizens formed with the following aims:

"During recent years attempts have been made by revolutionary or extremist bodies to stop services and industries essential to the life or health of the country, so that by privation they may impose upon the whole people industrial claims or political changes against the will and interests of the majority. The object of the O. M. S. is to help in maintaining such services and to prevent such a violation of the rights of a free people.

"The O. M. S. is not provocative, nor is it opposed to the legitimate efforts of Trade-Unions to obtain better conditions for their members; but when privation, intimidation or violence is employed against the public who have no part in an industrial dispute, it will be the duty of this society of citizens to serve the interests of the general community and to place its entire resources at the disposal of the constitutional authorities.

"In Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Belgium societies have been formed on similar lines and have already done good work.

"The public is again threatened, and on a scale unequaled in the past. The need of organization is urgent, as a measure of precaution."

The scheme of the O. M. S. is comprehensive in that it includes volunteers equipped for every kind of service. This means that if a general strike were called and the railway engineers refused to work, there would be a sufficient number of men available to run food trains throughout the kingdom. Particular care has been taken to recruit tens of thousands of chauffeurs for the operation of trucks. There is an O. M. S. group in every town of consequence in England, Scotland and Wales. In addition to engineers and chauffeurs, it embraces a constabulary force whose duty it will be to maintain order and protect the volunteer workers. Though the O. M. S. is in no sense a secret body, it has kept its personnel under cover. No one knows its exact strength.

Insurance Against Strikes

The secretary and original organizer is Major C. Wykeham-Fiennes. The president is the Rt. Hon. Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, one of the most distinguished members of the British diplomatic service and a former Viceroy of India. In the council are found such well-known men as Viscount Jellicoe, who commanded the Grand Fleet in the World War, the Earl of Scarborough, Viscount Falkland, Admiral Sir Alexander Duff, Lieut. Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd, who was in charge of the London district between 1914 and 1918, and Sir James Rennell Rodd, Britain's representative in Italy during the war.

The British Government has its own service to maintain supplies during a general strike. It is, of course, largely recruited from the army and navy. This, together with the system I have just outlined, writes an insurance policy against any nation-wide dislocation of food and transport service.

The O. M. S. is designed to meet emergencies. Another agency the Anti-Socialist Union works all the time. It was founded as far back as 1908 by R. D. Blumenfeld, who is now editor of the Daily Express. Until recently it was the only organization in England that existed for the sole and specific purpose of fighting Socialism. It maintains a staff of 200 speakers, who are regularly employed to go up and down the country answering and exposing Socialist and Communist arguments. It also supplies the press of the United Kingdom with a daily service of articles, notes, news and special correspondence collected from the various parts of Europe, America and the British Dominions, all directed against radicalism of any sort.

One of the most useful adjuncts of the Anti-Socialist Union is a school in London for training men and women to speak in public. Over 500 pupils attended last year. This number was increased when the winter session opened on October first. This school not only teaches the man or woman how to get on his feet and speak readily in public, but it has classroom as well as correspondence courses in elementary economics, the principles of anti-Socialism and public speaking.

The Anti-Socialist Union is a nonparty organization and is supported by a voluntary subscription. Among its subscribers and most active supporters are members of the Conservative and Liberal parties. Four members of the present government are on the executive committee, the chairman, Col. Wilfrid Ashley, M.P., having been Under Secretary of State for War in Mr. Baldwin's first ministry.

The O. M. S. and the Anti-Socialist Union are typical of the British state of mind regarding Communism, yet they comprise only two of many factors that spell the

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(Continued from Page 115)

eventual doom of the Red movement. Behind all of them is an aroused public opinion which in the end is the supreme agency. It has been slow to anger, but now that it is stirred it bodes no good for those who seek to destroy through fear and force.

No man can analyze the British political situation today without feeling that the Liberal Party is doomed, and that before very long there will be only two parties—a right and a left. Between them will be the eventual showdown. Moreover, the new left must include the best elements in the Labor Party, which means, in turn, that if it comes into power again, which is not unlikely, there will be no national confiscation.

While Britain was getting to grips with the attempt at Red tyranny within her sheltered isles, France was landing good and hard on her Communistic agitators. Unlike her sister nation across the Channel, she had been at the job a long time. For years there has been a French Communistic party, although at the moment its representation in the Chamber of Deputies is numerically negligible. Cartel des Gauches—Left Bloc—which is composed of Socialists and Radical Socialists, went to smash when Briand formed a new government at the end of November. It really staved off a dictatorship. Incidentally, there are many who believe that a dictatorship would solve most of France's pressing fiscal and political problems. But this is another story.

Inconsistent Bolsheviks

The nearest approach to anything like radical power in France these last years was during the Herriot régime, although, like Ramsay MacDonald in England, he gave the Reds scant comfort. He did, however, bring about French recognition of Moscow, the folly of which is now fully realized. The main purpose behind this procedure was to salvage the huge Russian prewar debt—it is more than 5,000,000,000 gold francs—to France. But it only gave the Bolsheviks a good opening, under the guise of official relationship, for propaganda and penetration, despite their solemn promise to abstain from it. This is precisely what followed British recognition of the Soviet Republic. Wherever I went in France and England last summer, men in public and private life bewailed the recognition of the Bolos and commended the American attitude, which stands pat against it.

The first Soviet Ambassador to France, the suave and ubiquitous Krassin, revealed at the outset of his service the inconsistency which is Bolshevism. He gave a magnificent dinner at the old imperial embassy in Paris to celebrate his advent. He used the famous gold plate from which emperors have supped. His wife appeared in a blaze of diamonds. Just how this performance can be reconciled with the proletariat idea is not quite clear.

My observation has been that whenever a high-placed Bolo gets off his native Red heath he casts his alleged homespun principles to the winds. At Ciro's restaurant, in Paris, one night last summer the table next to mine was occupied by a quartet of Soviet Embassy attachés, who ate and drank the best that the place afforded.

Communistic outbreaks in France, and especially in Paris, happen every year. May Day is always the occasion for a demonstration. What was widely heralded as a monster protest against the French participation in the North African war against Abd-el-Krim, as well as a rebuke to French support of the Polish, Rumanian and Bulgarian measures against the Communists, was staged for October tenth last. For weeks beforehand the radical press boasted that a general strike for twenty-four hours would play havoc in Paris.

It proved to be a complete fizzle. Less than a hundred chauffeurs went out, and a few hundred public-utility employes failed to show up at their posts. Every street gathering of Communists was dispersed and the agitators landed in jail. The French authorities took no chances. The whole Paris garrison was under arms; cavalry patrolled the streets, while reenforcements were mobilized at all the adjacent army posts, ready to be rushed on special trains or motortrucks to the scene of any trouble. This show of force did more to overawe the Reds than anything else.

From the day that France came to Spain's rescue in North Africa, the Communists have tried in every way to make capital out of it. They proclaimed Abd-el-Krim as the victim of that well-known capitalistic conspiracy, and gave him all the aid in their power. Monsieur Henriet, the Communist deputy from the Department of the Seine, who sent him a telegram of sympathy, was arrested at Algiers, where he was about to embark on a steamer for Marseilles. He was technically charged with conspiracy against the state. It was alleged that he had spent a fortnight among the French troops in Africa organizing Communist cells.

As in England, the Reds are seeking to penetrate the armed forces at sea as well. While I was in Paris, in September, a court-martial was held at Brest on three members of the crew of one of the battleships, charged with plotting against the authority of the captain. Two were found guilty of attempting to form Communist cells on board and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, with degradation. The third was shown to be a weak tool and went free.

It will be interesting news to Americans to know that their old friend the I. W. W. is operating in France under the imposing title of the Confédération Générale du Travail Unitaire, or the C. G. T. U., as it is more commonly called. At the French Trade-Union Congress last summer it sought to compel the Confédération Générale du Travail, which is the French federation of labor, to join forces. The advance was overwhelmingly rebuffed, which speaks well for the general character of French trade-unionism. It refuses to be infected. Of the C. G. T. branches represented in the congress, 1627 voted against a combine with the Communists and only 118 for it. This action was fully as significant as the Labor Party rejection of British Communism at Liverpool.

Fascism in France

Although the French Government is always prepared to deal sternly with the Communists, a new agency has lately come to the fore. It is bound to be an effective force and is also full of potentialities for the future. It is nothing more or less than a well-organized Fascisti movement. Unlike the black-shirted brigade that swept Mussolini into power in Italy, it owes its origin to economic as well as political causes. In this respect it is peculiarly and characteristically French because, while opposed to Soviet rule, it is also the sworn foe of a capital levy. French Fascism combines thrift with patriotism. In still another respect it differs from the original Italian crusade in that, for the moment at least, it does not plan to seize the government.

The inception of the French Fascisti campaign was invested with that sense of drama which is so dear to the Latin heart. Although preparations had been underfoot for some time, the first official meeting was held at eleven o'clock on Armistice Day, last, at the grave of the Unknown Soldier in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe, in Paris. Figuratively, the gavel fell on the seventh anniversary of the hour when truce hushed the great guns in the war of wars. It signalized the beginning of another war, this time against the forces of an enemy more subtle and sinister than any found on the actual firing line.

The French Fascisti now number 100,000 and are united in groups similar to those instigated by Mussolini in Italy. The members wear blue shirts and soft gray hats. The most conspicuous leader so far is Georges Valois, who is one of the contributing editors of Le Nouveau Siècle—the New Century—the Fascist organ in Paris.

In outlining the program of the French Fascisti, Valois recently wrote:

"We are not in the necessity, as was Italy several years ago, of putting down a revolt that threatened to disrupt the nation. Our great peril is financial. Financial recovery can be made only by means of a dictator of finances who must necessarily be a political dictator as well. To replace the parliamentary form of government only two new forms are opposed—Communism and Fascism. The first led Russia to its ruin, and everywhere else in Europe it has been defeated. The second has restored to a sinking people their past greatness. Our work is thus cut out. We must suppress parliament and give a leader to our national state."

French Fascism will have a notable acquisition in the shape of the 300,000 Russian émigrés in France. They include 200,000 formerly in Berlin. The French Government issues cards of identity to them and makes naturalization easy.

The New Hindenburg Line

Thus the hope for radical conquest of France is waning. The only outstanding Bolshevik influence in the republic so far is on art. This was strikingly shown last summer at the Paris Exposition of Decorative Arts. If the Soviet impress goes no farther than this, no one will complain.

Depressed as is the Communist situation in France, it is a vivid crimson spot alongside the status of the movement in Germany. For two years the Soviet star has been setting in the republic which has been the particular hunting preserve of Moscow. To Radek, ablest of the Bolo propagandists, was delegated the post of commander in chief of the Russian forces for destruction in the Reich. Red money and energy have been poured into the country without stint since the Armistice period. Almost complete failure is the net result.

The last flare-up of Communism was at the height of the inflation period in 1923, when conditions, owing to the almost complete fiscal disorganization, were ripe for revolt. The German, however, naturally loves law and order. Despite every provocation for active discontent, he kept his head. His good sense and conservatism were vindicated when, with the introduction of the Rentenmark, Germany turned the corner the following year.

For his failure to deliver the goods, Radek was sacked. I was in Moscow in the summer of 1924 when he returned in disgrace. I tried to get an interview with him, but the Foreign Office refused to arrange it. The reason given me by one of the attachés was, "Radek is down and out. He failed in Germany."

The final body blow to Communism in Germany came with the elevation of Hindenburg to power. In the election that landed the old field marshal in the presidency, the radicals showed a loss of approximately 2,000,000 votes. The new Hindenburg line, therefore, is the bulwark against Bolshevism in Northern Europe.

Still another defeat was administered when the Reichstag adopted the full Locarno program. I have already told how Tchitcherin tried in his subterranean way to defeat its constructive purpose. For the open fight against the Security Pact, Moscow sent Klara Zetkin, the best-known Communist in Europe outside of Soviet ranks, into the parliamentary halls to do its bidding. Frau Zetkin, who was past seventy, had been a Communist member of the Reichstag for some years. Since 1923 she had been ill of heart disease in the Soviet capital. Although barely able to travel, she answered the Red call, but she also failed.

In ordinary circumstances, Klara Zetkin's place would have been filled by Ruth Fisher, a conspicuous radical agitator in Germany, who was the successor to the late Rosa Luxemburg. Ruth Fisher, however, was dismissed because she had antagonized the German Socialists, and the Reds thought that Frau Zetkin might possibly harmonize this difference.

As a matter of fact, the gap between the German Socialists and the German Communists is wider now than ever before. The Socialist Congress held at Heidelberg last September rejected all Communistic advances and placed itself on record in precisely the same way as the Labor conference at Liverpool and the French Labor Federation recorded their strong disapproval of everything that Bolshevism means.

So, too, with German trade-unions, which held their annual meeting at Breslau in September. "Emperor" Cook, who was present as a delegate from Great Britain, got a scant hearing. His task was vain because, as was the case in the Socialist Congress, the Communist plea was denied.

Finally, the German Communists themselves at their later convocation at Berlin not only admitted defeat, but listened to a letter from Zinovieff in which that individual confessed that the day of revolution in Germany was long distant. He attributed the rebuff to what he called "the reactionary wing in the German trade-unions," and suggested proselyting among the workers rather than uprisings. When you consider that Zinovieff has never failed to advocate open insurrection, it is evident that his fiery spirit is somewhat calmed by the collapse of Bolshevik aspirations in Germany.

This article was conceived, and the investigation for it made, with the sole idea of ascertaining the state of Bolshevism in England, France and Germany. It would be incomplete, however, without a bird's-eye view of the situation within the Soviet confines.

Compared with preceding years, 1925 registered some economic progress, but it was largely due to circumstances over which the Bolsheviks themselves had no control. It grew out of the best harvest in years, which gave the peasants a purchasing power of 2,000,000,000 gold rubles, or the equivalent of about $1,000,000,000. This advance was born of the operation of the forces of life. Human nature is stronger than political restrictions. The Russian peasant, who comprises the bulk of the population, is a natural producer, and he simply asserted himself.

A Red Sunset in Russia

Yet when he sought to acquire the goods that he needed, notably textiles, agricultural machinery and leather, he found the government unable to supply them; this, too, despite the fact that industry in general has reached 70 per cent of the prewar output. The government breakdown has been due to two factors. One was the failure of the foreign trade monopoly, and the other an inability to handle the grain surplus, which was considerable. Russian grain exports have been greatly handicapped by the presence of Canadian and South American wheat in the world market.

Moreover, Russian foreign trade for 1924–1925 showed an adverse balance of $55,400,000 as compared with a favorable balance of $65,000,000 for the preceding twelve months. The recent consolidation of the foreign and internal trade monopolies, hailed as a great Red reform, was in reality a confession of failure on the part of the foreign end. It has meant a tightening of bureaucratic control of all trade agencies.

(Continued on Page 121)

America's Finest Pleasure Craft

Schooner Yacht Constellation

Photo by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

37 years young—made of Wrought Iron

the *Spiral Stripe*
protects you against mistakes and substitution
Also look for name and year rolled in metal

"THE schooner yacht 'Constellation' is generally regarded as the handsomest pleasure craft on the Atlantic Coast, if not in the world," says the editor of "Plymouth Products." The fleetness, the queenly grace, and the entire seaworthiness of this proud ship give no hint of her age—37 years.

"There has always been more or less speculation as to what metal her hull was composed of," says the same writer, "for it is well known that steel would never have lasted so long."

Recent investigation revealed that the metal was *genuine wrought iron*, exactly the same kind of rust-defying material from which Byers Pipe is made.

Wrought iron, in outward appearance, looks so much like ordinary steel that the layman cannot tell them apart. That is why Byers Pipe is now marked with a bright spiral stripe. You are thus protected against the substitution of cheaper, less rust-resisting pipe material. Byers is the only pipe so marked.

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Extensive investigations show that the cost of replacing rusted pipe is ten or twenty times greater than the cost of the pipe itself. Perhaps no other material used in modern buildings carries so heavy a responsibility. Hence the supreme importance of making sure that the pipe is made of a durable material. Specify Byers, the long-life pipe with the Spiral Stripe.

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The New AC Spark Plug

The greatest advance made in spark plug construction in years.

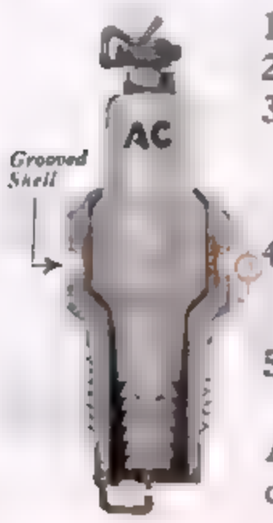
A new design, new alloy for sparking points, new electrically fused Kyanite insulator core and a new glaze.

When you buy spark plugs be sure you get AC's of the new design, with the *grooved shell.*

When your motor does not perform as well as it once did, the simplest thing to do before incurring costly repairs is to install a new set of AC plugs. You will observe an immediate improvement in performance, with easier starting.

The New AC 1075 for Fords

Now made in one-piece design. Built with the same high-grade materials and workmanship as other AC Spark Plugs, with the following special features for Ford engines:



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2 Heavy Body Porcelain
3 Hexagon of extra length to permit easy and positive application of spark plug wrench
4 High Temperature Fins. Patented Carbon-proof Porcelain
5 Drip electrode forming natural oil drain

Also made in two-piece design.

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AC products are available through AC dealers everywhere.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers—AC Air Cleaners

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Birmingham
ENGLAND

AC-OLEO
Levallois-Perret
FRANCE

AC Speedometers

There is proof of the quality of AC Speedometers in the fact that they are used as original factory equipment on Buick, Cadillac, Chandler, Chevrolet, Chrysler, Gray, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Peerless and GMC trucks.

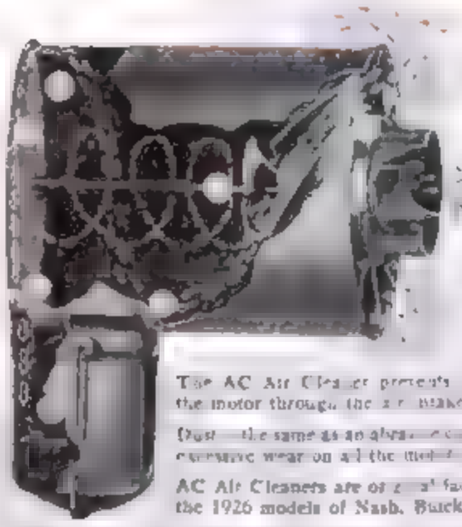
The Model for Fords

The AC Speedometer for Fords is of the same quality as furnished the above manufacturers for their original factory equipment.

The AC Direct Drive does away with the swivel joint and insures continuously satisfactory service.

The Model for Fords is packed complete with all attachments and once installed is a source of constant satisfaction.

AC Air Cleaners



How the AC Air Cleaner Functions

Small black [illegible] the motor through the air intake of the carburetor.

Dust—the same as an abrasive compound and causes excessive wear on all the moving parts.

AC Air Cleaners are [illegible] on the 1926 models of Nash, Buick and Oakland. Installation is easy as it connects direct to the carburetor. Once installed it requires no attention as there are no moving parts to get out of order. Packed complete with all attachments.

Models are now ready for Chevrolet, Chrysler Four, Dodge Brothers, Ford, Maxwell, Oldsmobile, Star and Studebaker, as well as for the 1925 and earlier models of Buick, Nash and Oakland.

(Continued from Page 118)

One of the most illuminating commentaries on the Slav Utopia is the widespread unemployment. On October first 1,100,000 men were out of work, a big percentage in an urban population of not much more then 22,000,000. The ranks of the idle have been swollen by peasants who have gone to the cities because they are unable to eke out a livelihood on their farms. This unemployment feeds the growing discontent with Soviet rule. It is apparently as difficult to get a job under the brotherhood of man as it is under the hated capitalistic system.

Now, as always, the pressing need of the Soviet Government is for cash with which to carry on propaganda. The financial expectations, based on British and French recognition, have not been realized. The Baldwin Government scrapped the Anglo-Russian loan, and France is too busy borrowing to think of lending. There is not a ghost of a chance of a Soviet loan being raised among the financial interests in the United States.

In a desperate effort to obtain cash, the Russian Government has been conducting a trade-dumping campaign throughout the Near East, especially in Turkey, Greece, Syria and Palestine. Soviet coal has undersold the Welsh product in Greece and elsewhere. The same is true of petroleum from the Baku area.

The chief source of Soviet revenue this year will probably be from the reëstablished vodka monopoly, which gave the old czarist régime its largest income. On the day that the favorite Russian tipple came back, Soviet Russia went on a big drunk.

Jealousy and dissension are rending the Communist ranks. Nor is the Polit Buro exempt. Stalin's rise to what amounts to dictatorship is resented by Kameneff and Zinovieff. Trotzky, who was shorn of powers in 1924, has been made head of the Concessions Committee of the Supreme Economic Council. He is another thorn in the Red flesh, because of his wide popularity and his defiance of the old guard. He was restored to authority simply because there was urgent need of his services to bolster up a decaying economic system. There is always the possibility that he will lead a revolt against the existing bosses.

In the last analysis you find that the Bolshevik attempt to degrade all that makes for initiative and progress in life and work is foiled. It is degenerating into hopeless but reckless sniping without mass appeal. Economic and political stabilization through the Dawes Plan and the Locarno program spells the doom of its hopes in Europe. Disintegration saps the Soviet structure at home. Only in China, where Bolshevism has fastened its fangs into the new liberation movement, has the poison been temporarily effective. The twilight of the Red gods has set in.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of European articles by Mr Marcosson.

THE TEMPTATION OF WILLIE PAINTER

(Continued from Page 15

with Ike Bellamy, a horse owner which I knew by sight but hadn't never met personable; and when Mr. Matthews intraduced me Ike says, "That was a pretty nice ride you gave that old beagle in the 2nd race, son. I must keep you in mind."

I spent the rest of the afternoon with Mr. Matthews and he sure is 1 grand gentleman and carries a roll which would choke a boa contractor as the saying is. He bets 2 and 3 hundred bucks to a race and when he loses you would think it is a joke for all the fuss he makes about it. I says to him "You bet them pretty heavy don't you?" and he thought I was jokeing and tells me that he don't never bet no real dough at the track on account he don't want to spoil the odds.

"When I got anything real good," he says, "and want to bet 5 thousand or so, I lay it with a friend of mine acroet the river which makes book."

"Well, what's the difference?" I says. "You bet it with him and he sends it over and plays it in the mutuels so it's just the same thing as if you was to bet it here yourself."

"Not this guy, Willie," Mr. Matthews repplies. "He's a big gambler and will hold any kind of a bet without laying off a Jime of it."

"I've heard tell of them kind of gamblers," I says, "but I never saw 1 yet that wouldn't lay off a big bet if the horse had any kind of a chance to win."

"Well, any time any of your friends want to get a real bet handled," he ansers, "tell them to go to Jake Uttenweiler and tell him I sent them and Jake will gamble them till they are dizzy."

I tried to give him a couple of horses in the last 2 races and both of them win, but he was bound to play his own pickings, but he admitted after that he had been a sucker to not listen to me.

"Be sure to come and see me when you want that job, Willie," he says to me before leaving for home. "Come and see me anyways, weather you get set down or not. Ring me up at my house some night you got nothing better to do and I will drive you around and show you the sights of our fair city."

So I promised to look him up some time and what is more I will do so because he is 1 grand gentleman and I would like to do him a good term some time. I did not go over to Detroit this evening to keep that date with Rita in Grand Circus Park. It seems that Srimp McGarrigle and a couple of other bugs seen me going into that restarant with her the other evening and today they were kiddeing me about her. They knew all about her and tell me that she has been around town ever since the days when the only places in Detroit that sold gasoline were drug stores. Of course I knew that all that stuff about being the Mare's daughter was just applesauce all the time. Maybe she thinks she had me fooled but she will find out who it is was the fool when she waits a couple hours for me in that Grand Circus Park. What I am glad about now is that I paid that $11.40 myself instead of letteing her do it as I would hate to be under any oblidgations from a liar like her. I have practically forgot all about her by now as she is the kind of girl that goes in at 1 eye and out the other as the saying is.

DEVONSHIRE RACE TRACK.

THAT ride I give the Gold Hide mare yesterday sure must of made a inpression on this Ike Bellamy because last evening he come over and ast Mr. Robbins if I could work a horse a few mornings for him.

"What in aitch is the matter of young McCarthy working him?" Mr. R. says. "Ain't he still doing the rideing for your outfit, or have you shipped him back to the farm where he belongs?"

"Oh," repplies Mr. Bellamy, "young Mac is all right but he has picked up a lot of weight of recent and can't hardly ride under a 100 pounds no more; and I got a trick I want to stick into a cheap race light and I thought maybe this boy of yours could fill the bill."

"Well," says Mr. R., "this Willie is a pretty high-class boy if you take his own word for it but if he wants to do a few works for you I don't see where I got no objections to him doing same."

So this A.M. I give this horse of Bellamy's a nice work. I was warned beforehand that he is a tough beagle to handle.

"This here horse is a crazy-acting brute sometimes," Mr. Bellamy tells me, "and if you don't watch him every minute and keep a nice steady pull on him he is libel to go cuckoo and throw you clear over the infield. The reason I haven't run him none this season is because I haven't yet found the boy which knows enough to handle him and from what I saw you do yesterday, Willie, I am hopeing you will be the jock I have been lookeing for."

So I climbed into the saddle and took this horse out on the track and he seemed to like me right from the start. He never give me even a mite of trouble while I was on him, and I jogged him around the track oncet and then galloped him ½ a mile and then shot him 3 furlongs and when I pulled him up he was fair begging me to let him go some more.

"What do you think of him Willie?" Mr. Bellamy asts me when the work was over. "You certainly don't seem to have no trouble in handling him."

"He is a nice little trick," I repplies, "and if your boys been haveing trouble with him it is just because they are like most of the dummies which try and bust into the game, claiming they are race riders without never haveing learnt even the rudimens of horsemanship like I done."

"True enough Willie," ansers Mr. Bellamy, "and I guess a hole lot of them lack confidence in theirself like you got. However, you work this horse tomorrow and the morning after and about Saturday we should be about ready to pull something that will do us all a heap of good. You needn't say notheing about working this horse for me to anybody, Willie, neither."

"Mun's the word, Mr. Bellamy," I ansers. "A oyster has got me trimmed in a talking race, I am like that. What about your friend Mr. Matthews? He invited me to go and see him in Detroit some day; so do you want me to say anything to him about me working this 1, or don't you?"

"Oh, George will know all about this trick when it comes off," Bellamy says. "You don't need to have no secrets from George because him and me is like loge brothers and what I am trying to frame up is for his special benefit."

I didn't say notheing back but I would hate to put much trust in this Ike Bellamy, loge brother or not no loge brother. I bet he is the kind would double X his own old mother for a dime, let alone a brother.

DEVONSHIRE RACE TRACK.

I GIVE this horse of Bellamy's another work this A.M. and it must be I got something that other boys haven't got because he handled so easy for me that I could of read a pitcher book while I was breazing him. He has certainly got plenty speed too and don't belong in no cheap claiming race or else I am no juge. If I ride him on Saturday I am sure going to lay in every dime I got on him as he will be a sweet price. The last 3 times he started he throwed his rider twice and refused to break oncet so the dope sheets will have him rated so far down that he will look like he is 1 of next day's entries.

Late this afternoon I went over to Detroit and met Mr. George Matthews and he couldn't of showed me no more intention if I had of been the Prince of Wales even. He took me for a automobile ride and then to dinner and then to a musical-comedy show and all it cost me was my fairy fare acrost the river and back as Mr. Matthews wouldn't let me spend a nickel even. He sure is 1 perfeck gentleman in every way and I would break both my legs to do him a good term, I like him so much.

He knows all about this horse I am working for Ike Bellamy and he is going to bet plenty on him when he starts on Saturday.

"Ike tells me you got the best pair of hands he has seen on a jockey in years Willie," he says. "I only hope that your jugment is as good as your hands because if it is we will make a clean-up that will about make Jake Uttenweiler hang crape on his front door. And that reminds me," he says,

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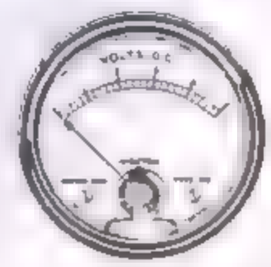

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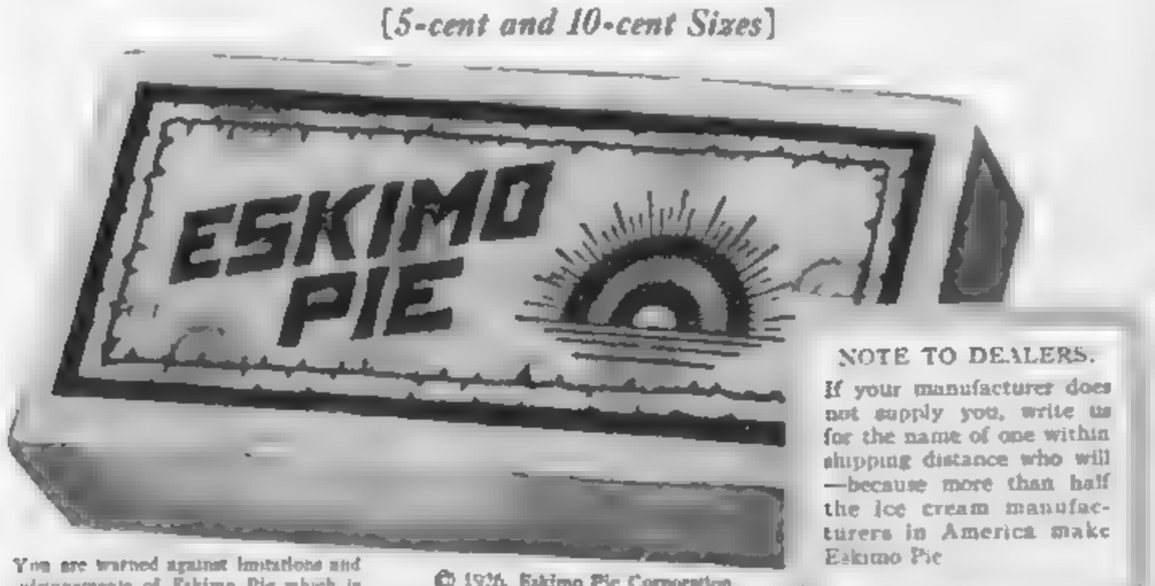

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"I phoned Jake a bet this afternoon on a beagle which run in the can so we will just drive round there and I will settle with him."

So we drove to a big cigar store on Woodward Avenue and in the back room Mr. Matthews intraduces me to this Uttenweiler.

"You are the boy which rides for Tom Robbins, ain't you?" this Uttenweiler says to me. "How are you feeling since your acksident?"

"I am feeling O. K. or pretty near it," I repplies. "How did you know about my acksident?"

"I try to keep a line on everything that is going on," he ansers. "There ain't much comes off around a track without me hearing about it, is there George?"

"I'll say there ain't," Mr. Matthews says laugheinly. "Don't never talk no secrets in your sleep, Willie, or sure as you are born old Jake here will know all about it by sunrise the next morning. Here's the two hundred I owe you, Jake, and the best I wish you is that it brings you all the hard luck in the world."

"Thanks for the dough and the good wishes both, George," this Uttenweiler repplies. "When are you going to give me a real bet? Times is getting hard with you boys betting me merely chicken food like this."

"Oh, I of these days I will be laying a bet into you that will remove what few hairs you got left on that bald old scalp of yours. Come on Willie or we will be missing all the fun."

"Good-by George," this Uttenweiler says. "And good-by Willie. Don't forget the address, Willie. Come in and see me any time you are over."

"What would Willie want, comeing to see a old buzzard like you with 1 foot in the grave and the other on a cake of ice," Mr. Matthews says jokeingly. "Willie has got other things to do with his spare time than calling on a dead 1 like you, Jake."

"Is that so?" this Uttenweiler ansers. "Well, you come to see me anyways Willie because I always like to hear all the latest gossip from the track and anybody which tips me off to anything I can use, why I always see that they are not the looser."

He give me a wink as we went out, and this wink said as plain as words that me and him was on the inside of things and knew more than we cared to tell. I didn't like this Uttenweiler much at 1st on account he has got a kind of a goldfish eye; but he treated me like I am a man, not a boy, and seemed to know all about me. So maybe he is not a bad sort of a man to keep in touch with.

DEVONSHIRE RACE TRACK.

I GUESS I done this girl Rita a wrong when I pegged her for a gold digger and a liar. Of course she is not no Mare of Detroits daughter and when I ackused her of same she admits it and says she was only kiddeing and knew all the time that I was wise to her.

But she paid me back the $11.40 which I spent on our dinners and which I had kissed farewell to as I didn't never expect to see it again.

It was this afternoon that I saw her, going down to the fairy dock. She was waiting at the foot of the hill and when I seen her I put on my proudest and hottiest look and was about to pass by her without even a glance; but she run over to me and grabs me by the arm, so what could I do but stop and listen?

"What's the matter with you, Willie?" she says. "Don't you recognise me no more or are you sore at me or something?"

"Go on and ast your old man the Mare of Detroit what's the matter," I says, very cold. "Probly he will recognise you better than what I can."

"Oh, that was only kiddeing," she repplies. "I been looking all over for you, because I got a very important message for you."

"I suppose it is a message from your friend Mr. Ford wanting me to ride for his stable," I says, still very chilly.

"Oh, go on, Willie. What is a little kiddeing between freinds? And besides let bygones be bygones I always say. Here is that $11.40 I owe you Willie."

"You can take that $11.40 and throw it in the river for all I care," I ansers.

"It would probly hit some bootledger in the eye if I done so," she repplies with a laugh. "Come on now, Willie, you got to take it or else I will be thinking you took my little joke in earnest."

So after a argument which lasted near ½ way acrost the river I took the dough and stuck it in my kick.

"And now," I says, "what about this message you got for me, or is it just another of your pipe dreams?"

"Oh, I pretty near forgot," she said. "I was so worried for fear you are still sore on me. There is a freind of yours, Willie, wants to see you sure this evening very inportant."

"Who is he?" I asts. "I got no freinds over here you would be likely to know."

"Oh yes you have," Rita says. "A gentleman by the name Uttenweiler wants to see you very particular. Do you know who I mean?"

"Old Jake Uttenweiler," I repplies. "Whatever does he want to see me for, and how do you come to know a old guy like him, Rita?"

"Him and me is old acquaintances Willie," she says. "I am around a lot and I keep my eyes and ears open and anything I get wise to I let Jake know. And let me tell you, Willie, old Jake don't never forget them that do anything for him."

"So I have heard," I ansers. "But that don't mean notheing to me. A prominent rider in my position ain't likely to be divulging no secrets to no handbook gambler like Jake Uttenweiler."

"Oh, don't be a sucker all your life, Willie," Rita says. "When I told Jake I knew you he says to me that you struck him as being 1 of the wisest kids he had saw break into the raceing game in years and when Jake says a thing like that it means something. You better go and see him, Willie. You may do yourself some good."

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't," I repplies. "I will half to give the matter some consideration, Rita. It wouldn't do for a man of my prominents to be seen hanging around with no gambling men. It might come to the steweds ears and they would have me up on the carpet in no time or less."

"Don't worry none about that Willie," Rita says. "Just slip up the alley that runs alongside Jake's store and you can sneak in through the side door and into Jake's private office without nobody in the world suxpecting nothing."

"All right," I says, "I will think it over." So then as the boat had reached the Detroit dock I left her. I would of kind of liked to ast her to dinner again but there were lots of folks on the boat knew me and I was afraid the boys would kid me about it if I did. Maybe she has been around a long time but she could still get her entry accepted in 2-year old races on her looks, Rita could. When I thought of a swell-lookeing girl like her training round with a old sinner like this Uttenweiler, it made me feel kind of sick.

Still and all, it don't do for a guy to be too fussy these days, so after a wile I went up Woodward Avenue and slipped down the side alley and into Jake's private office and he sure was glad to see me. He shook hands with me 3 or 4 times and give me a pocketful of cigars and made me set down in a big chair and acted like I was his long-lost son or something. And then he cracked something that took me by supprise.

"How about this thing of Bellamy's you are working in the early mornings, Willie?" he says. "Are you about ready to shoot with him and what do you think of him?"

"Who told you I am working 1 for Bellamy?" I repplies. "I ride for the Robbins stable and not for no Bellamy."

"Don't try and kid a old man, Willie," he says. "I told you I make it my business

(Continued on Page 125)

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Fashion's latest creations, in superb colors and fabrics. Lovely frocks for afternoon or sports wear, carefully tailored and exquisitely finished.

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America spends a billion dollars each year for undergarments. Just picture the sales opportunities in this enormous market for a wonder fabric such as *Luk-Shu-Ri* Knit. The possibilities are so great that we have room for additional salespeople. An unusual opportunity for ambitious, responsible men and women. Clip the coupon to find out what a connection with this progressive garment house would mean to you.

The C & D Company,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Please send me details of the C & D plan for sales representatives.

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Luk-Shu-Ri Knit

[Pronounced LUXURY]

"America's Wonder Fabric"

January 23 to February 27

Special National Showing

We want you to see the superiorities that have won for *Luk-Shu-Ri* Knit the title, "America's Wonder Fabric." The marvelous lustre! The gorgeous colorings! The delightfully firm and fine texture! We want you to see how beautifully this fabric lends itself to the prevailing whims of fashion. How charming it is. *How surprisingly moderate in cost.*

When our trained local representative calls, let him show you these wonderfully finer underthings. We promise you a rare shopping treat—in the comfort and privacy of your own home.

The C & D Company

Originators of

Luk-Shu-Ri Knit

"America's Wonder Fabric"

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Branch Offices and Authorized Representatives Everywhere

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Let us send you this interesting folder describing *Luk-Shu-Ri* Knit, together with pictures showing in color the many lovely creations in which "America's Wonder Fabric" is available. These beautiful garments are not expensive. In fact, you can select an entire wardrobe of dainty *Luk-Shu-Ri* Knit underthings at a very moderate cost. We shall be glad to send folders to your friends also, if you will mention their names when you write.

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(Continued from Page 122)

to find out all that is comeing off around a track, and especially everything that a rider so clever and promiseing as you is doing. So come through, Willie, because I already know a hole lot about this job."

"Well," I admits, "I have been working a horse for Ike, but it is more for freindship than anything else. He's just a cheap beagle that none of the other boys could seem to handle somehow, and he will win a race about the same year I am treading on my whiskers."

"Your beard must grow awful fast then, Willie," this Uttenweiler repplies. "I suppose you are going to try and tell me that he didn't work 5 furlongs in 1 and a 5th this A.M. with you pulling his mouth wide open trying to stop him."

"Who told you that?" I says.

"Never mind who told me that," he ansers. "I just wanted to show you that I know my groceries. You can't ice-water this horse to me, Willie, because I know all about him and I know that he can back in ahead of the bunch he will be running with. Now what I do want to know is not can he? What I brought you here for, Willie, is to find out will he?"

"Will he what?" I repplies.

"Will he win?" Uttenweiler ansers.

"Ast me after the race is over and I will tell you better," I says.

"I can't make no dough by knowing after the race is over," he says. "I want advance information."

"Well," I says, "the horse might win provideing he don't have no bad luck and gets a decent ride."

"I could guess pretty near that much myself," he ansers. "Now listen to me, Willie; from the 1st moment I set eyes on you I said to myself that you are a pretty wise kid. Now I want to find out was I right, or are you just 1 of those saps which are satisfried to see somebody else supping all the gravy while you live on snowballs yourself."

"What do you mean?" I says. "You are talkeing in riddles, Mr. Uttenweiler, and I am a race rider, not no riddle guesser."

"All right, Willie," he repplies. "Now I will talk facts and figures. I know that Bellamy is all set to shoot with this horse in the 5th race tomorrow. I know that he will enter him cheap and that with his light weight and your 5 pounds bug allowance this horse will be a kick-in-the-slats to win. And I also know that tonight or tomorrow A.M. this freind of yours George Matthews will be phoning me a bet of anywheres from 5 to 10 grand on this horse."

"Well," I repplied, "if you are ascared to hold a bet of that amount why not send it acrost the river and lay it into the mutuels?"

"I don't make my jack laying off bets, Willie," he says. "I get mine holding them. But if this horse was to win at 15 to 1 or so it would put a awful crimp in the profits, Willie."

"I don't know notheing about what price he'll be," I repplies; "but I might as well tell you that if I'm rideing him he'll win if skill and rideing abillity can make him do so."

"And you'll colleck the grand sum of 25 bucks for rideing a winner," this Uttenweiler says, "while others are cleaning up 10's of thousands. I am disappointed in you, Willie. I thought you were a smarter boy than that."

"What can I do about it?" I asts. "25 bucks is the fee for a winning trip and maybe Bellamy will give me something extra for bringing him home in front."

"Sure he will. He's full of them tricks," he says. "If he was to give you as much as 10 bucks extra he would expect to see his name on the front pages of the papers as a great philantrofist. I have knowed Bellamy a long time, Willie, and he still has a piece of every dollar he ever earned or stole."

"Well, then, I will just half to make the best of it, I guess," I repplies. "What else is there for me to do?"

"Now listen, Willie," this Uttenweiler says in a kind of a coarse wisper. "Listen good. I'm not going to name no names but if a certain young man was to come to me and say, 'Jake, I got positively information that this horse of Bellamy's is not going to win,' that young man might find hisself going out of here with something pretty nice in his inside pocket."

"Are you trying to bribe me?" I bursts out indignant. "Why, what kind of a guy do you think I am? Do you think I would do a dirty trick like that on my freinds?"

"Don't get exited, Willie," he repplies. "Keep cool and quit rocking the boat. I am a lot older than you, Willie, and maybe I understand a little bit more about life. And I want to tell you something, my boy; something that you will thank me for when you are older. You are talkeing about freinds, Willie. Well, I just want to tell you that the only real freind anybody has in the world is the old bank roll in his pocket."

"Maybe you think so," I says, "but not me. I never pulled notheing crooked as yet, nor never done no dirty trick on a freind, and I hope to continue to do so, I am like that."

"All right, my boy," this Uttenweiler repplies with a sourcastic sneer. "Keep on that way and you'll live to see wise guys rolling past you in their automobiles while you're sweeping the streets they ride on. I had you picked out for the makeings of a wise bird but I see now I was wrong; you're only a sap and always will be."

"Is that so?" I ansers cold-like. "Well, supposing this boy you talk about was to give you the information you talk about. How big would the thing be that he would find hisself going out with in his inside pocket?"

"Now you are starting to speak like you had some cents," this Uttenweiler repplies. "The present this boy would get would be not less than half a grand, and maybe more."

"How much more?" I asts.

"All depends on how much this Matthews bets," he ansers. "I can't say just for certain till I know how much he wants to lay me; but 1 thing you can be sure of, Willie, and that is that you can go out of here with a hole lot more than you will pick up around a race track in a long time. So now what do you say?"

"I say you are a dirty old crook," I repplies, "and if I was doing right I would have you arrested."

"I have been called names before this," he ansers, "and they never hurt me none. Now the best thing you can do is go back home and think over what I have said careful, and if you decide to be a business man instead of a fish, get in touch with me, Willie. Remember what I told you, Willie, the old jack is a freind that will stick to you when all your humane freinds are ducking around corners to dodge you."

"Is that so?" I repplies scornful, and left him with that. Then I come back here to the track and ever since I have been wishing I had of pucked the old sinner 1 on the nose, takeing me for a crook that way. Only he is a old man, and a pretty big 1 too, I would of done so. Still, I can't help from wishing there was some way I could get that dough and still be on the levvel too. Five hundred bucks would look pretty nice to pull out of your pocket kind of careless-like, when you are talkeing with a bunch.

But what's the use of wishing? If I am to become the world's greatest jockey I couldn't have folks saying, when I am famous, that I pulled a crooked trick at the beginning of my career.

DEVONSHIRE RACE TRACK.

WELL, I have got five hundred bucks of old Jake Uttenweiler's dough in my pocket right this minute and maybe my conscienta should be troubling me over it but it has not began to do so as yet. All last night I couldn't hardly sleep a minute, thinking how much I could do with real jack of that kind and wishing there was some way I could get it without gypping my freinds. But I could not think of no scheme

AQUA VELVA keeps the *NEEDED MOISTURE* *in the* SKIN

These *Cold* Days your face needs AFTER-SHAVING care

ON your way to the office, when a mean wind whistles around the corners, does your newly shaven face feel tight and drawn, and just a little wee bit sore?

That's not the fault of your shave. Your good-morning shave with Williams lather left your face smooth and fresh and rested. But that's not enough! Your face is only human. It needs protection against the bite of wintry winds.

That's why more and more men are adding Aqua Velva to their daily morning shaves. This latest triumph of the famous Williams shaving specialists gives the added protection that even the hardiest whisker-bearing face must have.

What Aqua Velva does for the newly shaved face

Men who use Aqua Velva, and there are hundreds of thousands of them, find that it benefits their skin in these 5 ways:

1. **It gives the skin a tonic, invigorating tingle.**
2. **It renders immediate first aid to every little cut or nick.**
3. **It has a keen, fresh, manly fragrance that you'll like.**
4. **It safeguards your face from all weather exposure, sun and wind and cold.**
5. **It conserves the natural moisture of the skin. Powders absorb this needed moisture and leave the skin dry. Aqua Velva keeps the skin all day as flexible and soft and comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.**

These cold days give you a real chance to test the value of Aqua Velva. And the coupon below makes it easy for you to make that test.

The large 5-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva costs 50c (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it. Costs almost nothing a day!

The coupon is convenient. The trial bottle is generous. The product has no equal.

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CLIP AND MAIL COUPON

The J. B. Williams Company
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If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co (Canada), Ltd., St. Patrick St., Montreal.

Please send me free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

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A new safety for motorists

—*cleats that grip the road*

Now you can drive on slippery streets and through snow, sand or mud with the certainty of having your car always under control.

Veterans in the tire chain industry have just perfected a new device that marks the greatest step forward in the tire chain industry in twenty years. It actually does what you have always wanted a tire chain to do—keeps your car from stalling where the road is soft and heavy and on glassy highways banishes the dangerous skid.

This newest product of inventive genius is the Hoff Safety Chain.

It is radically different in its design and the way it acts. It adds a new and important factor of safety to motor car operation. It is as great a step forward as the introduction of four-wheel brakes. The cross members of Hoff Safety Chains have rotatable, triangular tubes that act like cleats. They hold your car steady no matter what the condition under-wheel may be.

When the wheels start to slip sidewise, the ends of the tubes dig in and stop the skid before it is under way.

Purchase Hoff Cross members separately to repair your present chain, or buy them in the Hoff Safety Chain expertly tailored to fit any size or make of tire.

Hoff Metal Products Co., 70 East 45th Street, New York
Plant—York, Pa.

In Canada—The B. Greening Wire Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

A Complete Chain Service

Drive with chains that fit. With this Hoff merchandising Cabinet, the Hoff Service Man can supply you in five minutes with Custom made chains that exactly fit your tires no matter what their size. He is prepared quickly to repair your old chains of any make. Look for the Hoff sign—the sign of a complete chain service.

HOFF
Safety Chains
GRIP THE ROAD

for doing so, and so I tossed around on the mattress till morning.

But by 10 o'clock this A.M. I had thought of something, so I went to Mr. Robbins and asts him could I get away for a couple of hours.

"A couple of hours or a couple of years, Willie," he ansers promp.

That shows how high he thinks of me, letteing me go as I like without asting no questions.

So then I went acrost the river and right up to this Uttenweilers place.

"Well," he says when he seen me, "are you in your right mind yet, Willie? Have you came to do business?"

"That depends," I says. "Has that guy phoned you his bet yet?"

"Yes, he has," he repplies.

"How much was it?" I asts.

"Five grand," he ansers. "What of it?"

"How much would it be worth to me if I was to tell you that this horse will run in the can?" I inquires.

"What would you say to 3 hundred bucks?" he says.

"I would say it ain't enough," I ansers.

"Well what about 4 hundred then?" he says

"Nothing doing," I repplies firm. "If I am going to be a crook I won't be no cheap 1."

"Well then, 5 hundred, take it or leave it," this Uttenweiler ansers.

"When do I get it?" I asts.

"Any time after the race is over," he says.

"What do you think I am?" I says. "I get the horse beat for you and then you give me the laugh."

"Do you think I am that kind of a guy?" he says.

"I don't think so," I ansers. "I know so. Cash down is my mottoe, Mr. Uttenweiler, and if you don't come acrost now, I will ride that beetle this afternoon so hard that he will think he is Sarazen or Man o' War."

"Well, what have I got to ashure me that you won't turn around on me and win with him anyways?" he asts.

"Only my word," I repplies. "I will gurantee you that this horse don't win this afternoon, and you can hold all the bets you get on him without worrying none about having to pay out any of it. Maybe I am a crook for doing this, but even if I am crooked I don't lie when I pass my solemn word."

"Well," he says with a sigh, "I spose if I must, I must. You give me your solemn word, Willie, that you won't let this horse win today?"

"You slip me that 5 hundred and I gurantee you positive that Bellamy's horse don't win this afternoon."

So after a wile he hands over the money and than I beat it, telleing him I was in a hurry.

"If you double-X me, Willie, your freinds will find your body floating in the river 1 of these dark nights," he says as I am leaving his place.

"Don't you worry none about that," I says. "This is the best 5 hundred bucks you ever invested, Jake."

"Well, don't pull it too crude this afternoon, Willie," he says. "If them judges see you snatching this horse too raw they will set you down on the ground so hard that the Windsor folks will think there is a earthquake."

"Leave it to me, Jake," I says. "I will work it so smooth that them judges will think I am rideing the horse for every ounce is in him."

And I done so. I don't like to talk about myself much but I will say that Albert Johnston or either Earl Sande couldn't of got no more out of this horse than I done. I rode him for all I knew and when I say that it means something. But nevertheless we finished a bad 8th in a field of 10 and the judges never even give me a glance when we passed them so they couldn't of thought I was doing any pulling or crooked work. So I kept my word to Jake Uttenweiler O.K. and I guess my conscients is not going to bother me much over that 5 hundred bucks.

At lease it is not going to bother me as much as it would if I had of let my freind Mr. George Matthews loose five grand over the race. But I didn't do that neither. You see, when I give this Uttenweiler my gurantee that this horse wouldn't win there was something I kind of nedlected to tell him about. He all the time claims he knows everything that comes off around a race track, day in night, so why should I try to tipp off a guy as wise as him? In fact all that was worrying me was that he would of heard all about it before I got to his place this A.M.; but he hadn't, thank goodness, or else I wouldn't have this 5 hundred bucks in my pocket. I guess maybe this Uttenweiler is not so wise as he thinks he is, or else his force of Sherlock Holmeses must of went to sleep on the job for oncet.

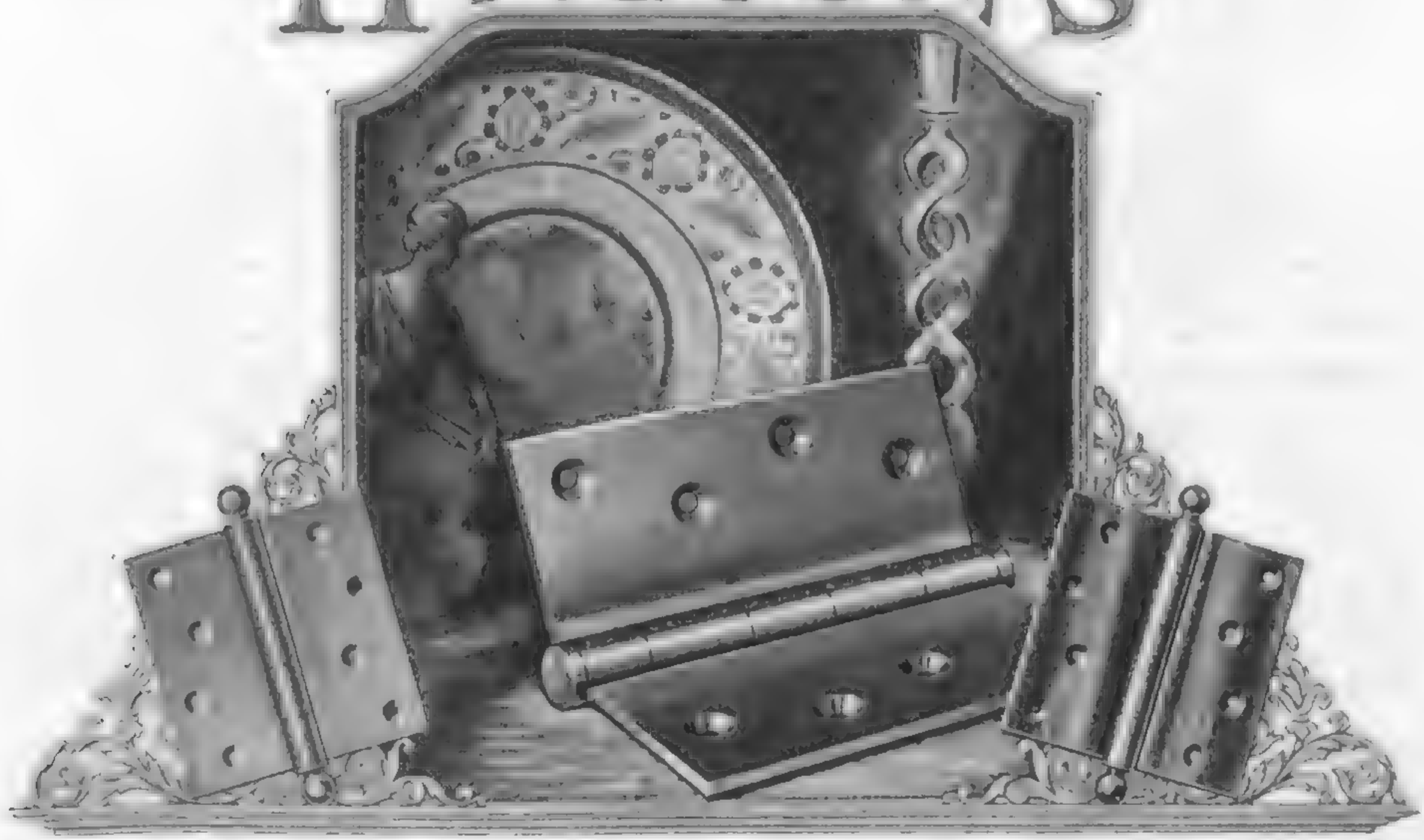
You see, what I nedlected to tell this Uttenweiler about was that early this A.M. Bellamy decides to jog this horse of his around the track a couple of times, just to sort of open up his pipes for this afternoon. And with me worrying and tossing around on my bed all night, I overslep myself in the morning, so I wasn't there. And on account of this horse handling so swell and gentle for me, Bellamy thinks it will be O.K. to let a punk jog him. And when they get out on the track the dam horse knows that the master hand is missing from the saddle and grabs hold of the bit and runs away over 4 miles before this young punk can stop him.

And naturally that cooked any chance he had of winning a race in the afternoon and Bellamy only decides to let him start on account of him running in the can will make him look all the worser, and the odds all the joocier, the next time he starts. But of course I did not tell all this to Jake Uttenweiler, because what is the use of trying to tell anything to anybody so wise as he thinks he is.

But of course there was somebody I did tell it to. Bellamy undoubtleesly would of let Mr. Matthews know in plenty of time, but I wasn't takeing no chances on that. The minute I left this Uttenweilers place I went right over to Mr. Matthews office and I stood right by his elbow till I heard him phone Uttenweiler cancelling his five grand bet. I kind of wisht I had been at the other end of the line at the same time to see how Jake looked when he got the message. Even with my ear 3 feet or so away from the telephone receiver I could hear the old sinner grunt like he was in pain.

Oh well some day I will call around and see has he recovered from the shock; but not just yet. Not that I am ascared of him or anything, because anything I done was on the strickly levvel. Still, maybe this Uttenweiler would think I done wrong to nedlect to tell him about the horse running away before collecting my 5 hundred bucks; so I will leave him alone for a wile till he has time to cool out. If he thinks he has been gypped and wants to tell his troubles to anyone, he can talk it over with his freind the Mare of Detroits daughter.

McKINNEY HINGES



McKinney Hinges finished in Dull Brass, Light Statuary Bronze and Old Iron—Painted by T. W. BIGONEY

Hinges are no longer "*just hardware*"

Hinges made by McKinney are no longer "just hardware." They have earned their reputation as ornaments in metal, the jewelry of the home.

New decorative possibilities, new adventures in the details of home planning are made possible by the forty-four fascinating finishes, the different metals and the varied types in which McKinney Hinges are fabricated. You may now select hinges to harmonize or blend with whatever type of wood trim is the dominating note in your scheme of decoration.

For Oak, Maple or Chestnut, you may desire McKinney Hinges finished in the alluring tones of Antique Copper, Statuary Bronze or Oxidized and Sanded Brass. If your woodwork is to be White Enamel, consider especially Hinges of Dull Nickel, Polished Brass or Satin Silver. If you have preferred Brown Mahogany or Walnut trim, then decide upon Verde Antique, Dull Rubbed Bronze, Bright Bronze or Dull Brass. The opportunity to exercise personal preference is almost without limit.

The old way of buying hinges was to decide at the last moment upon size and let it go at that. Now there is pleasure to be found in an early trip to the Builder's Hardware Merchant, where a display of these superbly finished McKinney Hinges is available. There your architect or builder will gladly join his practical knowledge to your own good taste, and help to make your final choice a happy one.

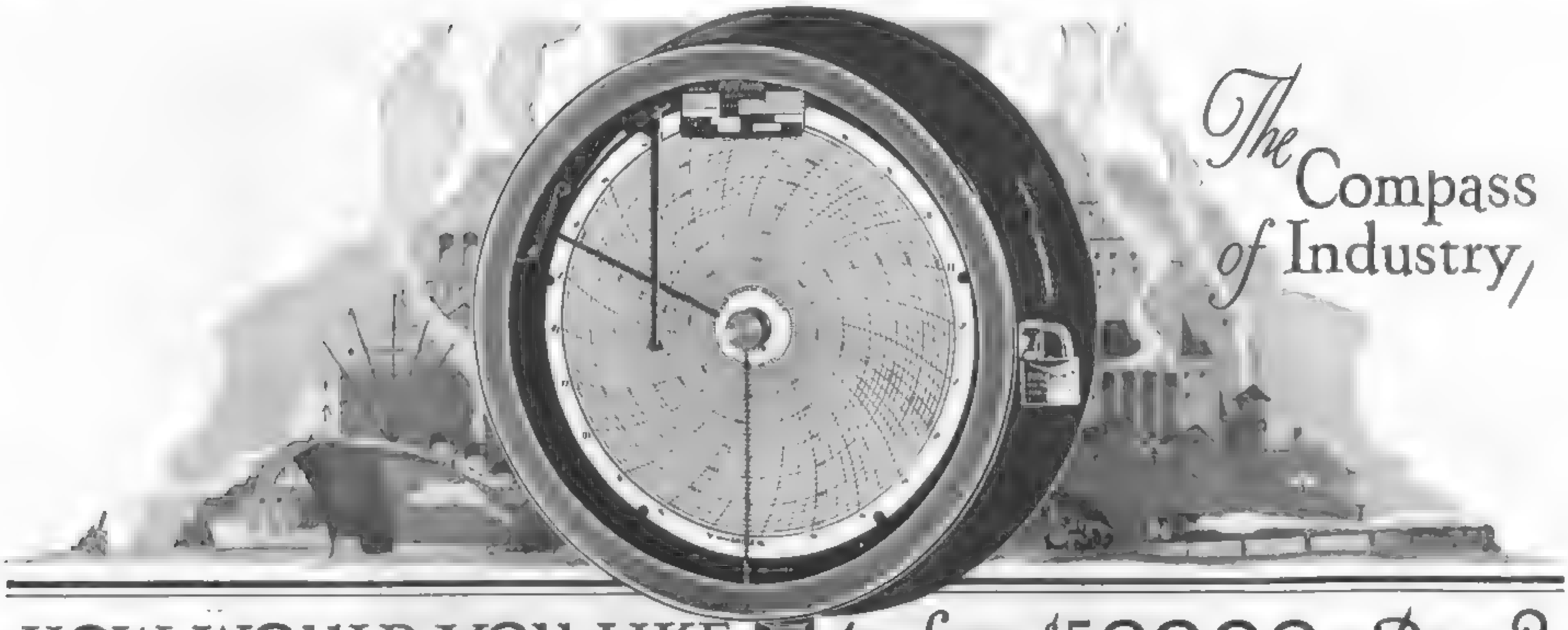
The name McKinney is stamped on all butt-hinges made by McKinney.*

A Gift for Those About to Build

McKinney Forethought Plans consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints, until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them. To aid you in your home building McKinney will gladly send a set of these plans. Just write.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

*THE NAME McKINNEY on the hinges in public buildings, schools, hospitals, factories, and so on, is an indication of appreciation of quality which augurs well for the construction of the building throughout.



The Compass of Industry

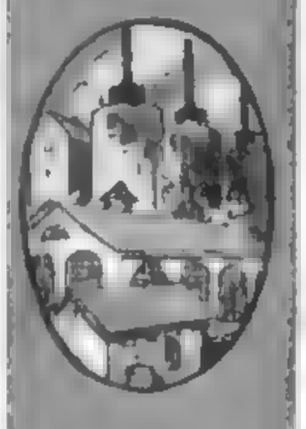
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to Save $500.00 a Day?

Increased Production Between 8% and 10%

A large Meat Packing Plant increased production between 8 and 10 per cent on a ham and sausage cooker after installing a Foxboro Automatic Temperature Controller. This instrument also saves one man's time three days a week. That's only one case. Read on.

How Would You Like to Save $500.00 a Day?

Fifteen gallons of gasoline per ton of wood treated was the best figure a well-known Steam Distillation Turpentine Plant could approach. Instrument control has reduced the amount of gasoline consumed to 5 gallons, a saving of 10 gallons of gasoline per ton of wood treated, or $500.00 a day.



Investment Paid for in Three Weeks—Annual Saving of $2000.00

One of the largest New England Dairies has installed Foxboro Recording Thermometers in the pasteurizing department. The superintendent reports that the instruments saved enough steam to pay for themselves the first three weeks they were installed. Annual savings are estimated at $2000.00 to $3000.00.

HERE are a few typical examples of what Foxboro Instruments for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity are doing for thousands of manufacturers of automobiles, bakery goods, beverages, chemicals, candy, canned goods, clay products, dairy products, electrical products, food, gas, hardware, ice cream, laundries, linoleum, lumber products, meats, paper, paints, printing, ice, rubber, leather, textiles, soap, wire goods, wood working and in power plants, hospitals, office buildings, hotels and the great public utilities of the country.

No matter what your business is—if temperature, pressure or humidity enter into any of your operations you cannot get along without these accurate, dependable instruments built to establish a higher standard of quality.

The reason is simple. No engineer or production manager can improve conditions in his plant until he knows what they are. Foxboro Instruments show exactly what the conditions are from minute to minute, day to day, year in and year out.

Foxboro Instruments are Compasses of Industry. They chart conditions. Upon them depends the efficiency of your plant. Their use will mean increased production, lowered manufacturing costs, savings in man power and materials, elimination of waste, reduced fuel expense in your plant, just as they have to thousands of other manufacturers.

What is your problem? Write fully. Your case will be given individual attention. Foxboro engineers are located at strategic industrial centers throughout the country and can get in touch with you immediately.

THE FOXBORO CO., Inc.

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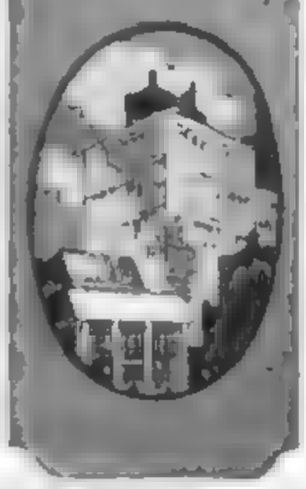
Can You Beat This Manufacturer's Record?

A Foxboro Recording Thermometer installed on a brine cooler in the plant of a nationally known Chocolate Manufacturer saves from 40 to 90 minutes a day of one man's time. The time saved plus the improvement in cooler operation pays for the installation many times during the year.

Save One Man's Time

A large Pennsylvania Heating Company had always employed one man exclusively while testing condensation meters on consumer lines. Several Foxboro Flow Meters now do this work. Tests are much more accurate. Also these Meters save one man's time at 50 cents an hour



Checked Waste and Saved $1500.00

A middle western Metal Bed Manufacturer installed a Foxboro Recording Thermometer on a paint baking kiln. A painter put in some beds and forgot to close the door. The watchman, seeing the drop in temperature on the Foxboro Chart, shut the door and saved the beds —a saving of $1500.00. This same Foxboro Thermometer has saved thousands of dollars.

FOXBORO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

INDICATING, RECORDING, CONTROLLING INSTRUMENTS
FOR TEMPERATURE, PRESSURE AND HUMIDITY

DENATURED ALCOHOL—OUR NATIONAL DRINK

(Continued from Page 7)

"Grain" is merely a trade euphemism meaning pure, or ethyl, alcohol; it is a hangover term from the legitimate whisky days when rye, bourbon, Scotch and corn whisky were all distilled from fermented grain mashes, and when whisky was so cheap that the simplest way of making 98 per cent pure alcohol was to go on redistilling the 45 per cent of alcohol out of any given whisky made from grain.

But nowadays almost all grain alcohol is distilled directly from molasses. Molasses is far cheaper than grain, it is high in fermentable sugar content, and sugar is the very life source of alcohol. The best of all alcohol molasses is the traditional blackstrap of Cuba, Porto Rico and Louisiana. Blackstrap still furnishes a little of the rum that made it famous and practically all the alcohol that is making it infamous.

Last year there were seventy-two industrial alcohol plants in America. They were located mainly on the Atlantic and Southern seaboard, in such cities as Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, where they could get their tidewater molasses cheaply and easily, turn it into alcohol and distribute it to the primary industrial markets of the East. All these plants are privately owned and operated, but under government permit and supervision.

There are three main stages to the making and marketing of alcohol. First comes the distilling plant, which makes pure alcohol; second, the denaturing plant, which adds chemicals to make the alcohol undrinkable, and third, the manufacturer, who makes the final product out of the denatured alcohol.

The distilleries operate under strict government supervision, with Federal inspectors, known as "storekeeper-gaugers," constantly on duty. The equipment of these plants is as elaborate and costly as the best of the old distilleries, and with good reason. They are heavily bonded, and they are allowed to sell their product, which is pure alcohol, to permittees only. A few of these permittees—6,000,000 gallons out of 87,000,000—as we have seen, are in turn allowed to buy and use the alcohol in a pure state for medical and scientific purposes.

But the great bulk of the permittees—81,000,000 out of the 87,000,000 gallons, total production—are not allowed to market the alcohol until it has been denatured.

In Again, Out Again

Denaturing is the second main stage. It is accomplished by adding to the pure alcohol any one of eighty government formulas. These formulas have been arrived at by coöperation between the Government and the leading chemists of the various industries. The addition of a given formula does not unfit the alcohol for a given industrial use, but it most decidedly does unfit it for human consumption; the function of the denaturing plant is to render the alcohol bad for drinking, but not bad for business.

In a legitimate denaturing-plant operation, the alcohol is brought into the plant, gauged or measured, and then actually denatured with the various prescribed chemicals in the presence of the storekeeper, on the basis of orders received from manufacturers. This means that as many as twenty-five or thirty formulas may be put up in one day, as the orders are received from a paint manufacturer, a druggist or a perfumer, and so on. The denatured alcohol is placed in packages, marked according to the formula, name of the dealer and the contents of the package, and sent by a bonded truckman to the manufacturer who has a permit to receive it. The entire operation is under the control of the government storekeeper.

Now, there are ninety-two of these denaturing plants, but only seventy-two distillers. The Government requires every distiller to be also a denaturer, or else keep his alcohol in a bonded warehouse pending delivery to a denaturing plant. But the Government does not require a denaturer to be also a distiller. There are twenty-seven independent denaturing plants which are not connected with or controllable through distilleries. Furthermore, many distillers have their denaturing plants located at a distance from their distillery, and under separate bond. We shall see later what trouble this makes.

The third main stage is the delivery of the denatured alcohol to the manufacturer. And at this point the Government begins to lose control. The distiller is bonded, his trucks are bonded, the denaturer is bonded and there are government inspectors in both plants. But the manufacturer, though also bonded, can order any amount of any formula he can show an alleged need for. He uses it to manufacture his hair tonic or lotion or whatever it may be, and sells to whom he likes. And the Government cannot trace these sales after they leave the manufacturer, for the books of the buyers cannot be examined. It is at this point that Government finally loses all control. There is no effective way of discovering how much alcohol goes into hair tonic, and how much into cooking plants.

The law can put poison into denatured alcohol, but it can't prevent the bootlegger from redistilling part of that poison out.

The Ways of a Bootlegger

In these three main stages in the journey of alcohol from distillery to final consumption, there are many opportunities for diversion. These opportunities increase geometrically with each stage of the journey away from the original distiller. It is relatively hard to get pure alcohol directly from a distillery because the output can be fairly well checked. But it is relatively easy to get pure alcohol from a denaturer, because his intake and output can be less easily checked; and the same is still more true of the bonded permittee manufacturer of the supposed final product; it's an absolute and everyday cinch to get both pure and denatured from the final manufacturer. He is legion in number. You can more or less watch seventy-two distilleries and ninety-two denaturing plants. But all the prohibition agents in Christendom can't watch the thousands of fake manufacturers who are buying from the denaturer and selling to the bootleg cooking plant.

Now that we have in mind a general idea of the machinery of production, let's examine the mechanics of diversion. And let's trace it through, not from the defensive, or government point of view, but from the criminal standpoint.

Assume that I'm a big bootlegger—and a pretty good sort of bootlegger, who has a conscience, and who refuses to deal in denatured alcohol. There are, by the way, a few of the biggest and best who draw just that distinction; they don't care a Continental about the law; bribery, robbery and hijacking are tools of their trade, and murder is by no means beyond them, but they are genuinely above white-slaving, narcotics and denatured alcohol.

Assume then that I am one of these fairly benevolent crooks. I have to have a steady supply of grain to cut my smuggled stuff with. I have plenty of money, and therefore plenty of devious political and police backing in the alcohol key cities. The simplest, but the hardest way to get my alcohol is direct from a distillery. To do this, I arrange a split with the distiller, and then bribe the government storekeeper-gauger to let the distillery secretly make more alcohol than it is supposed to. Then I take the surplus away in my own trucks, along with legitimate shipments, and nothing ever shows.

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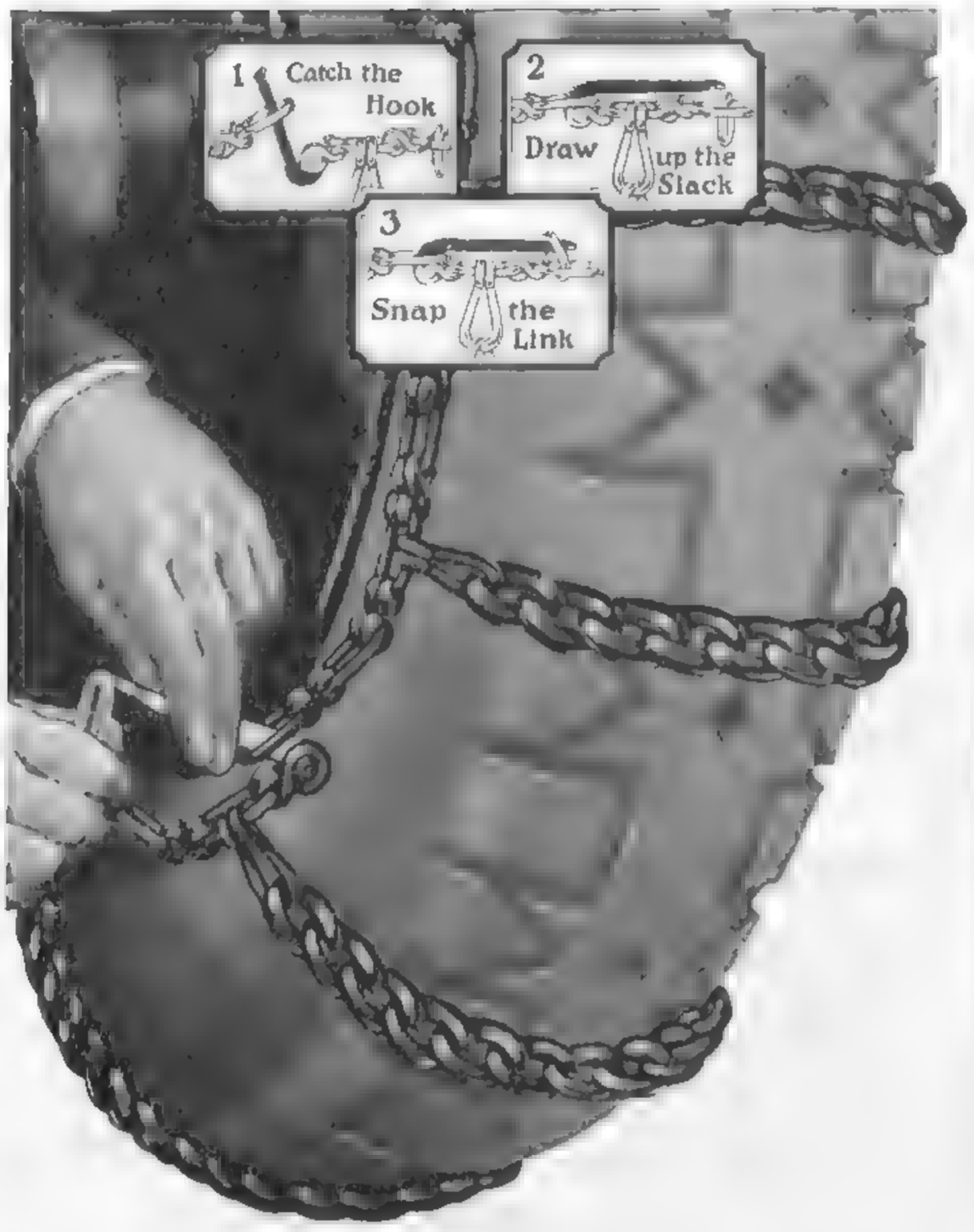

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Dreadnaught Tire Chains

FOR CORD—BALLOON—TRUCK TIRES

If I'm a really reflective and imaginative sort of bootie, I don't even wait to bribe the poor fish of a four-dollar-a-day government gauger; I train my own mobsmen and slip them in the government-gauger jobs, just exactly as I train my marine section and plant my own engineers and seamen.

But if for one reason or another I can't get enough "alki" from distilleries, I can still get it, and get it aplenty, from the independent denaturing plant. This is my most dependable and regular source of supply for both pure and denatured. I establish the usual crooked financial relations with the denaturing plant, or perhaps I own the plant. As a permittee I am allowed to draw, say, 150 barrels a week to denature. My trucks get the 150 barrels, but only 100 come to the plant to be denatured; the other fifty I sell to cutting plants.

Or I can vary that in this way: I can bring the entire 150 barrels to my plant, denature 100 and leave the fifty untouched, but ship them all out marked "denatured." And I can keep my books perfectly inspection proof. All I need is a few manufacturers of soap, or toilet water, or barber supplies, or 100 other things, who will let me keep their names on my books. They may, in fact, get part, or all, or none of the denatured alcohol—this being wholly a matter of private arrangement. The alcohol may or may not go through my denaturing plant, and may or may not go through the manufacturers'. It is enough if their names show on my books as consignees of so much denatured. The essence of diversion from denaturing plants is a water-tight list of crooked manufacturers whose subconsignees cannot be traced, coupled with crooked storekeeper-gaugers in the denaturing plant—the latter not hard to get when I can pay them $1000 a week against the Government's $1600 a year.

Here is another variation, and a very common one: I am a denaturer, at a distance from the distillery. I wish to divert part of my withdrawals to a bootie friend of mine. My alcohol is delivered by the distillery to the freight yards, and while there, or en route, it is reconsigned under false labels as paint or varnish or what not to my bootleg friend. In this case the alcohol goes through my books but not through my plant. Here again the paper slack on my books has to be taken up by prearrangement with conniving manufacturers.

Another Way to Skin a Cat

Reconsignment en route is the hardest thing to check, for the reason that the consignee, and not the shipper, owns the shipment from the moment the railroad issues a bill of lading. The bill of lading represents ownership, it is freely negotiable from hand to hand almost like a bank check, and the railroads must follow the routing orders of the last bona-fide consignee, whoever he may be. In other words, a carload of alcohol originally consigned to A in Atlanta may pass through half a dozen hands by successive reconsignments and finally be delivered to a crooked cooking plant in the outskirts of Chicago.

There are numberless variations on the diversion theme. Also there is an occasional direct robbery from an alcohol plant or warehouse. Every distillery, as we have seen, has to operate a denaturing plant or keep its surplus alcohol in a bonded warehouse pending shipment. Not so long ago a group of blithe spirits located a large stock of pure alcohol in a bonded warehouse. They leased a garage in the rear of the warehouse. Then they installed expensive pumps, broke through the rear wall of the warehouse and proceeded, night after night, to siphon off the alcohol into waiting trucks in the garage. They were a finished lot, this outfit, for they repumped the alcohol drums full of water.

So far we've been discussing the diversion of pure alcohol—the hardest commodity to get, and the most sought after. The most sought after by all crooks because it can be made into whisky and marketed in a few hours without redistilling; and especially prized by that soft-hearted and finicky handful of highbinders who don't mind bribery and murder, but who do balk at wholesale poisoning of the public. But, at that, the amount of pure alcohol diverted at the source is trifling compared to the amount diverted at the denaturing plant.

The crooked denaturing plants are the crux of the prohibition problem. All pure alcohol flows into them, and all denatured concoctions flow out of them. Diversion of denatured outbulks pure a hundred times over. From the point of view of law-breaking it might be no better if all the alcohol going into synthetic liquor were pure ethyl alcohol, but it would be far better for the public health. And there is a sinister angle to this, for it is becoming axiomatic that the worse the liquor, the greater the quantity and the harder to control. It is theoretically and practically and as a military problem possible—even with present equipment and present laws—to reduce the flow of smuggled liquor to a negligible trickle. But not so with denatured alcohol, for denatured alcohol knows no battle front and recognizes no laws of warfare against poisoning the civilian population.

Making it Less Poisonous

Denatured alcohol is divided into two classes—completely denatured and specially denatured. Completely denatured alcohol is prepared according to seven government formulas which render it very nearly immune against manipulation for the recovery of potable liquor. It is sold without bond or permit, let or hindrance. The only requirement is that large dealers keep a record of their transactions. The principal denaturants are wood alcohol, kerosene, benzol and pyridine. These, by the way, are the same ingredients used in Canada, Great Britain, France and Germany.

Now, completely denatured alcohol is simply impossible of successful redistillation. Only the lowest layer of the criminal world will knowingly recook completely denatured and make it up into whisky. Its industrial uses are limited and three-quarters of the output goes into antifreeze solutions. The commonest denaturant in antifreeze mixtures is wood alcohol—which is not ordinary alcohol at all and ought not to be so called, but is a deadly poison that can't be boiled or precipitated out.

Most of the cases of sudden death or blindness have been due to wood alcohol. But latterly the supply of alcohol denatured with less deadly chemicals has been so great that it has been accessible to even the poorest and most ignorant of the cooking fraternity. Third-rail whisky—which is the significant underworld term for wood-alcohol mixtures—still turns up here and there, but it is relatively rare.

The second, and far and away the largest class of industrialized alcohol, is known as specially denatured. There are seventy-two formulas for specially denatured as against only seven for completely denatured. Specially denatured should really be called semidenatured, for the compounds added are neither deadly poison, like wood alcohol, nor are they impossible of separation by redistillation.

And by the same token, a whole lot of these seventy-two special formulas must be odorless on account of the products manufactured from them. And this odorless attribute is the one thing our friend, the cooking bootie, pounces on. If he can't get pure alcohol, which he seldom can, he'll take any old kind of denatured, short of wood alcohol, provided it won't smell after he has more or less cleaned it by redistillation. He doesn't mind leaving a reasonable amount of poison in his whisky, but he can't afford to have his product smell wrong. It is well-nigh impossible to deodorize in distilling without the use of complicated and costly fractional stills. Hence the avidity with which the crooked denaturer and the crooked manufacturer go in for the production of those commodities which demand—forsooth—the odorless denaturants.

(Continued on Page 133)

TRIMO pipe wrench

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(Continued from Page 130)

And now we introduce Formula 39b, king of specially denatured, Big Brother of the Booties, next friend of the underworld of alcohol and arch enemy of the gullible gulping public; Old 39b, honest consort of honest business, secret paramour of the illicit highball and the chemical cocktail.

Chemically speaking, 39b consists of two and one-half gallons of diethylphthalate added to 100 gallons of pure grain alcohol. Now diethyl—well, anyway, that word—is not so bad as it sounds. You get it quite harmlessly in every conceivable sort of perfume, in various barber supplies, toilet waters and in lotions generally; you get it, or traces of it, and more or less harmfully, in every conceivable sort of gin, whisky, rum and brandy. There are other special formulas which the bootleggers use—dozens of them, to be sure, but 39b outbulks all the rest of them put together. It is easy to divert because such an enormous quantity is used legitimately, it's easy to clean and it's odorless.

Although Old 39b is the most sought after, there are half a dozen other odorless formulas that go into the making of lotions and rubs, and that are highly popular, especially in the Middle West, where it's easy to get a carload of alcohol rub, but very hard to get pure alcohol. And that raises the point of primary, as opposed to secondary, diversion.

Primary diversion is of pure or denatured alcohol; it generally occurs at or near the source, and it is largely confined to the manufacturing seaboards. Secondary diversion, which implies redistillation of the finished product, occurs chiefly in the Middle West and in remote sections where alcohol cannot safely be shipped. The amount of medicaments and lotions and rubs absorbed by some rural communities is staggering.

The most vulnerable point in the great diversion game is in transportation. It's hard to detect fraud in a plant, especially when dishonest agents are involved. Furthermore, since the criminal act usually consists in delivering the alcohol to an unlawful receiver, that act is more likely to occur on the road than at a plant.

Crook Eat Crook

All trucks carrying alcohol have to have transportation orders, which the driver carries and which he must show upon demand by a government agent. These transportation orders are called riding papers; if the shipment is an illegal one the riding papers may be either forged by the shipper or dishonestly issued by a crooked inspector. Or there may be no riding papers at all. A closed truck will leave a denaturing plant with ten barrels of green label—denatured—inside the truck. Secure from public view are two scrapers, whose duty it is to scrape all identifying marks from the barrel heads. Then a quick stencil and a brushful of shellac, and the fifty-gallon barrel of 39b becomes harmless paint; as such more often than not, it reaches its destination in some garage or cellar cooking plant.

This scraping en route is, of course, resorted to only when the danger of interception in a city delivery is great. The best criminal practice seeks to avoid the method, because it entails a closed van and two men inside. Also the van can be loaded with only a single tier of eighteen or twenty barrels, so that the scrapers can work from front to rear, scraping and restenciling, and can drop off before reaching the destination.

The approved procedure, especially in big cities like New York and Philadelphia, is to have barrels and riding papers and everything in good and properly crooked form before leaving the alcohol plant, and then to drive serenely through the city streets, perhaps with a good money man alongside the driver armed with a good-sized roll of bills. It is this gentleman's duty to provide against the importunities of the shakedown fraternity—the dishonest prohibition agents, the cops who turn an honest "grand" or so on their days off, and the ever-present and much-feared guerrillas of rival bootleggers.

These guerrillas—which is the underworld term for the hijackers and bump-off men who are a necessary but evil part of any well-rounded bootleg organization—are nevertheless a thorn in the respective sides of the respective liquor rings. The typical guerrilla is a low-type direct-action guy. Since his base pay is only $100 a week, and since he is idle much of the time, he naturally likes to pick up a little spare coin by interfering with the deliveries of some competitor of his own boss. This cutthroat guerrilla business is becoming quite a scandal in higher bootleg circles, and some of the best minds are getting together with a view to putting down this petty preying of little crooks upon big crooks.

Guerrillas at Work

Free-lance, sporadic shakedown isn't so bad, say the big bootleggers; but in one or two of the larger distributing centers the shakedown business is rapidly being organized as a specialty of its own. It requires no capital and is very lucrative and safe. Here is a typical and true instance, which occurred in New York a while ago.

Two of the cleverest technicians in the country, whose specialty was the alcohol shake, were reconnoitering a promising-looking distillery. They spotted two open-rack trucks, each carrying twenty-seven barrels of green label. That looked wrong to begin with, as only pure "alki" should have left this particular plant. They followed the trucks in their car and trailed them up Broadway. One truck driver made the traditional crook's mistake of looking back every three or four blocks to see if anyone was making him. That settled it for the shakedown pair—the trucks were wrong beyond a doubt. So they followed them into a side street, forced them to the curb, flashed a bronze special officer's shield and demanded riding papers.

The papers looked phony and the drivers were nervous, so the shakedown artists announced themselves as prohibition officers and placed them under arrest, if you please. Then shaker Number One calmly took his prisoners uptown to prohibition headquarters, leaving shaker Number Two in charge of the "alki" trucks!

On the way uptown the shakedown man worked on his prisoners and told them if they wanted it fixed they'd have to decide quick, as it would be too late once they walked into prohibition headquarters. But the drivers kept on protesting innocence until they were actually in the outside of headquarters. Then they weakened, and asked him to telephone to the distillery for a money man to fix it. But the shaker didn't weaken—not he. With a final and altogether admirable effrontery he ordered his men to remain in the prohibition squad room while he used a public telephone out in the hall!

And those drivers may be there yet, for all that history knows to the contrary. But they lost their jobs and the distillery lost its trucks and fifty-four barrels of pure grain alcohol. The market price for grain alcohol at the moment was fifteen dollars a gallon; a neat little haul of $40,000 for a couple of hours of audacity and headwork.

Denatured alcohol, as we have seen, reaches the bootleg cooking plants in fifty-gallon barrels. But once it has been redistilled it is peddled in one and five gallon tins to the bathtub bottler, who is today supplying the country with a very large proportion of its genuine smuggled stuff.

The trouble with the whole poisonous business of making genuine smuggled stuff out of denatured alcohol is that the public still cherishes the romantic delusion that the illicit still of today is the same sturdy Robin Hood sort of affair as the mountain moonshine plant of our fathers. How this delusion has been nurtured by the bootleggers themselves, how every well-known brand of liquor is imitated and bottled and labeled and retailed—all that is an intricate and sinister topic by itself.

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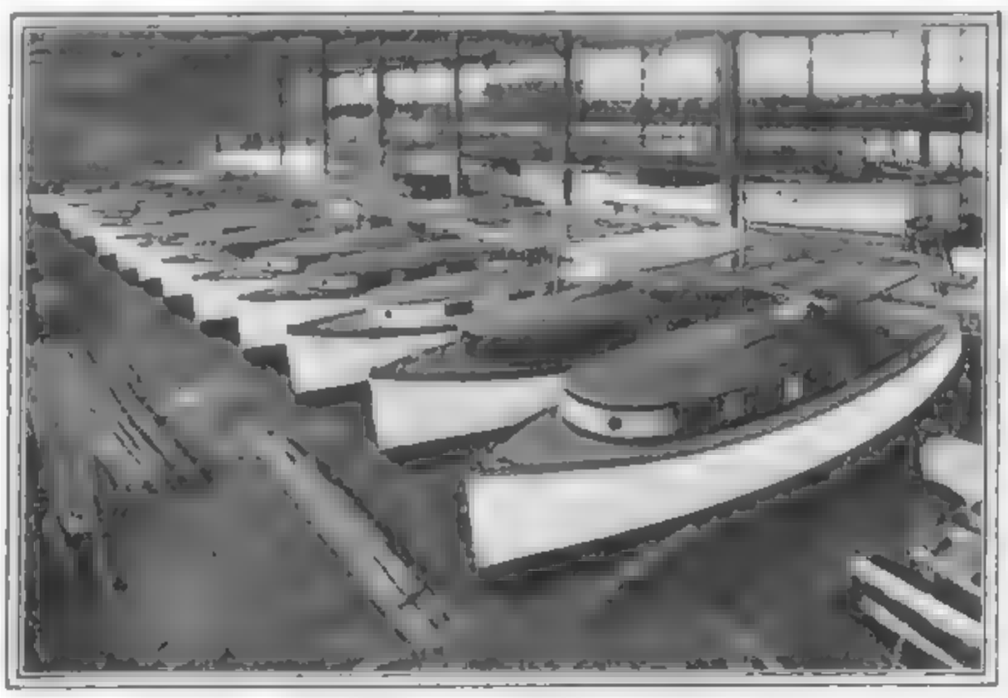

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THE PARASITE

(Continued from Page 5)

eating her heart out and wasting away, he said; and though I'd seen her from time to time, I couldn't detect anything wrong in her health; not from her appearance. She looked nervous—wrought up and excitable—but she'd been looking like that a long while; it wasn't anything new. Anyhow, she went.

She went to New York and got work in some sort of delicatessen bakery. What's more, she wouldn't accept a penny from home—not a thing; and of course that worried the old people all the worse about her. Naturally they'd rather have sacrificed a little more of their own comfort for the sake of some peace of mind about her; but she wouldn't let them help her at all, even when they begged her. Mrs. Filmer cried about her every day, as all the neighborhood knew, because Lottie's wages were nine dollars a week, and the old lady understood what sort of living that meant in New York. It must have taken courage, too; nobody can deny that. Lottie certainly showed grit enough.

Finally her grandmother couldn't stand the anxiety any longer, and though Lottie had forbidden any such excursion and insisted on living her own life unsupervised, Mrs. Filmer packed up a couple of trunks—one containing bedclothes and a fur coat and a baked ham—and went on to see her. Lottie was cross with her for coming and wouldn't let her stay long; but the old lady got home in a better frame of mind, as Henry explained to me.

"She had a room over on the East Side with two other girls that work in the bakery," he said. "It upset Aunt Rennie so that she just sat down and cried right before those two girls. Of course that wasn't tactful, and upset Lottie so that she spoke pretty sharply to her; I guess she practically had to. Well, the next day Aunt Rennie went around hunting a better room for her; but didn't tell her anything about it, of course—because Lottie wouldn't have stood for any interference—and she found a good airy room nicely furnished in a good neighborhood and made arrangements with the landlady. Then, on Sunday, she got Lottie to go walking with her and they passed this place and saw the sign that said there was a vacant room, and the old lady got Lottie to go in and look at it. She didn't want to, and said what was the use, since she couldn't afford anything as expensive as the place looked; but when she went in and found that the landlady only wanted seven dollars a week—with board—Lottie was crazy about it. There are only two other boarders, both old gentlemen, and the landlady's a good soul, Aunt Rennie says, and gave her word of honor that Lottie'll never know a syllable from her. Lottie pays seven dollars a week and thinks that covers the bill; but of course you can't get a good room and good food like that for any seven dollars anywhere any more—let alone in New York. Lottie isn't very practical, of course, but she said herself it was like a fairy dream."

"How much does it cost?" I asked him.

"It's twenty-five dollars a week. Aunt Rennie sends the other eighteen every Monday, secretly."

Some Mondays must have seen Aunt Rennie hard put to it even with a careful scraping of pennies, I imagined; but there could be no question that she preferred to scrape; and she and old Mr. Filmer and Henry seemed to be more comfortable in their minds about Lottie. That is, for a while they were; but it wasn't Lottie's way to let people who cared for her stay comfortable very long.

She got out of the bakery after she'd been there a few months, and she began to earn about as much—sometimes a little more perhaps—by writing for one or two little periodicals. I don't know just what they were, because Henry never showed any copies of them to me, though he mentioned their names, which I'd never heard. Henry said Lottie seemed to take these papers pretty seriously and wrote him that all the intelligent people did, too, everywhere in the country. That left nearly all of us out, of course; but Lottie always did that anyhow when she was talking about intelligence, so she must have been sympathetic with the editors of the papers she wrote for. Henry said she was making speeches, too, though she didn't get paid for them; and had marched in a parade, carrying a transparency with something about the bourgeoisie on it; but he only hoped she'd had a good time doing it. But she wasn't a regular socialist any more, he told me; she wrote that socialism was merely on the way to the cause of the advanced, and he couldn't make out what she meant by that at all. What did worry him, though, was a letter her grandfather had from her telling him that she'd written a novel and it was going to be printed. Old Mr. Filmer and Aunt Rennie were both proud over the news—and that was what worried Henry.

"You see, they think a novel means something like Vanity Fair or Dombey and Son," he said. "But Lottie's book isn't going to be that sort. I'm sure, because, though she's got the ability to write novels of that kind, I know from the way she used to talk about 'em she wouldn't care to. She'd only write something that would give her a big self-expression in accordance with her principles—and you remember her ideas about frankness and defying the conventions and such things. Well, Aunt Rennie and Uncle Madison are all over town telling everybody that Lottie's going to be an authoress now. And you know how they respect public opinion, and what the minister thinks, and all the old family friends. It kind of scares me."

His fears were justified, as became evident when Lottie's book was published. She'd shown her courage again in letting such a thing be printed; that much certainly had to be said for her. Of course it wasn't the first novel of its kind; but it was one of the first to be sold openly, and people were still shocked by seeing such things in the best bookstores, though there'd always been a feeble market for them in the alleys behind school buildings. Lottie was one of the pioneers for frankness; but True Love—her title—wouldn't worry anybody nowadays, because since then "sex" novels like hers have been published in such numbers that we don't think they're bad at all any more; though curiously enough they're still often called courageous. Of course some of us are so old-fashioned as to wonder now and then what's become of the police; but in general we're passive—like people in a queer Sunday-school room where cursing has become so common among the children that it's not even noticed.

True Love was just one of those novels about sensuality—not about sex any more than any other novel is, because the theme of most novels has always depended quite a little upon people being of two sexes. But of course, being frank, True Love felt that most of the details of various sensual performances, so to speak, couldn't be left to anybody's imagination. And as for the writing, it was about the same that you find in all of them. They're signed by different names; but nearly all seem to be written by the same person in short jerky sentences mainly, with rows of little dots pretty frequent to express something wonderful or other, or sometimes just to ease the writer out of a tough bit of work. I never thought Lottie'd had to work too hard on her book.

It didn't make a sensation, except here where she used to live; in fact, I never heard it mentioned anywhere else. But it certainly did stir things up in our neighborhood. The public library threw it out, and the newspapers printed a great deal of news about Lottie and this rejection; then one

(Continued on Page 137)

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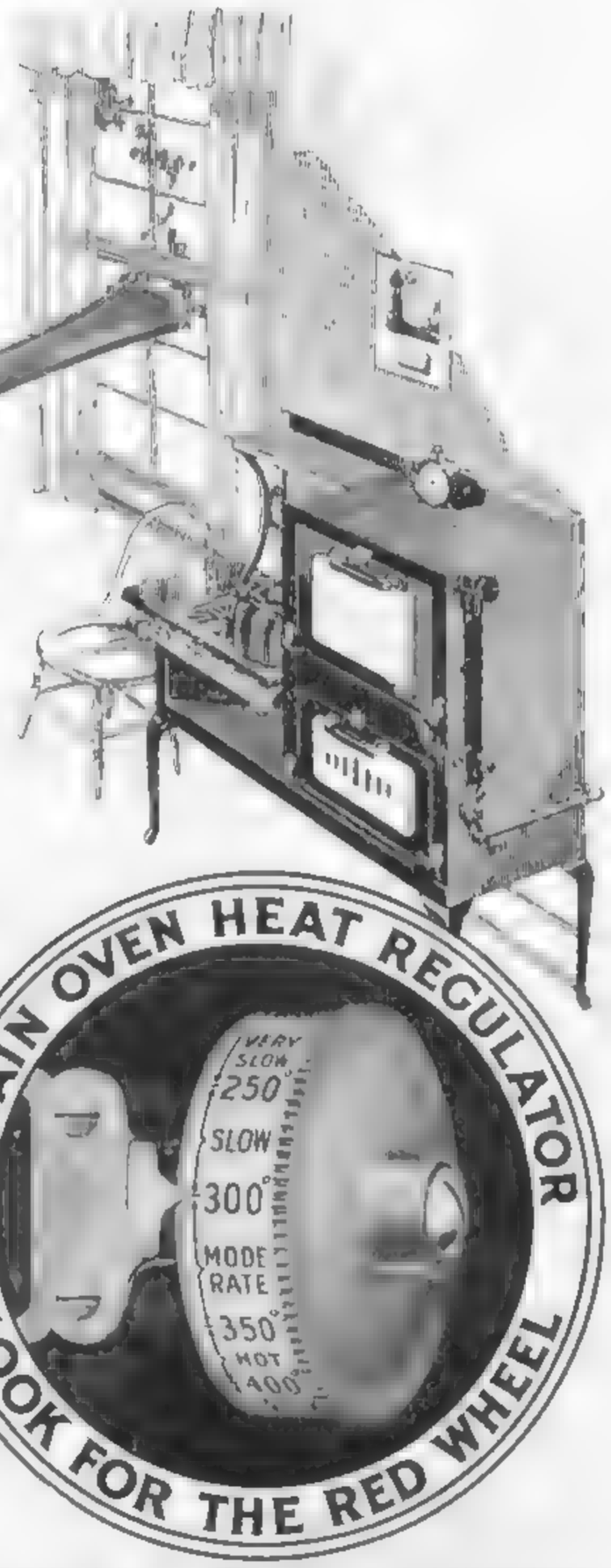

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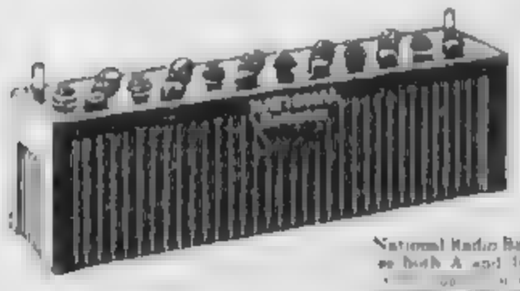

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(Continued from Page 134)

Sunday we had a sermon on it at our church. That was the last straw for old Madison Filmer.

Neither he nor Aunt Rennie ever mentioned the book after it came out, and the shock of reading it must have been a terrible thing for the old couple, especially since they'd bragged about it so much beforehand; but when their own minister denounced True Love from the pulpit it was just too much for Mr. Filmer. Of course he may not have had long to live anyhow, for his health was feeble before True Love appeared; but between Lottie and the minister, it killed him. He died ten days after the sermon.

Lottie didn't come home for the funeral. She couldn't because she'd been arrested during a strike in one of the soft-coal mining districts and was in jail for making speeches not acceptable to the Federal authorities. Henry drove straight from the cemetery to the station to catch a train and get her out. He managed it somehow; but it took him ten days and quite a little money, and when he got back the bank he worked for wasn't amiable about his absence.

"I don't blame 'em," he said. "But of course I just had to go. Lottie was in the rottenest jail you ever heard of, but you know her pluck—she hadn't complained of a thing. She'd been crying her eyes out about Uncle Madison passing away, and she looked just tragic when I got there. It was a terrible thing for a girl to face—such news as that, and she in a miserable dirty jail! She wanted to come home to help comfort Aunt Rennie; but she couldn't, because the work in New York needed her and she had to go right back there. I certainly honored her for that too. She'd never let her own private suffering stand between her and the cause."

"Did she explain what the cause is, Henry? Do you grasp it any better than you did?"

"Yes; but I don't exactly understand yet," he admitted. "It's an advance on socialism and is something about a revolution for making the world a fit place to live in; I couldn't seem to gather any particular details. But you'd hardly know Lottie now when she talks about it. Her face lights up and you can't help feeling she's got inspiration. She's ready to suffer martyrdom any day; and you'd never deny she already had suffered some martyrdom if you could see where I found her. They agreed not to prosecute her any further if she'd promise not to come back; but when I told her that, she wouldn't do it. Nothing in the world would have shaken her either."

"Then how did you ——"

"I told 'em she promised," Henry said. "I sort of promised for her, you might put it. But she didn't know about that, and I don't think you can claim she's any the less heroic because I did manage to get her out. And whatever you say, you've got to admit she's heroic."

Poor Henry! He got red as he spoke of Lottie's heroism—which, of course, I didn't deny—and his face lighted up with his own inspiration; but that didn't betray anything to me, because I'd always known he had it. He'd been in love with his heroic cousin all his life, and probably he'd always had a little hope, too, that sometime his devotion might have its effect on her. He never spoke of any such thing; but I suspect that in the back of his mind he kept a glimmering little idea that some day she'd come home to him and her old grandmother, and maybe settle down enough to be married. Henry looked like just any ordinary man you see on the street; but he was really odd—even odd enough to have such a notion as that in his head.

It was the second winter after this, when he slipped on the ice and lost his job at the bank. The fall didn't break his leg, but it injured his knee in one of those complicated ways that are worse than a simple bone break; and it laid him up too long for the bank to keep his job for him. When he got out again we were in the midst of a period of hard times; he couldn't find a thing to do anywhere, and he had some pretty tough experiences. As I said, he was queer, though you wouldn't have suspected it; and he didn't appeal to me for help. When I asked him, subsequently, why he hadn't, he got red and told me rather gruffly that he wasn't any parasite!

As a matter of fact, he worked as a day laborer during a part of that time, which must have been pretty hard on him on account of his lameness—he was permanently a little lame after that fall of his. I was abroad that year and didn't hear a word from him. He had what might be called a mental complication, too one that caused him a great deal of suffering.

Aunt Rennie had found it so difficult to keep bills paid and to send Lottie's landlady the secret eighteen dollars a week that she sold her Federal bonds and made other investments in the hope of a larger return on the money; and Henry had advised her, but his advice didn't prove to be sound. The money went into some interurban stocks that had paid well right up to the minute she bought, Henry said, when he finally did tell me about it; but that seems to have been the last minute they paid anything at all. Afterward Henry had to advise Mrs. Filmer to let him sell the stuff at a heavy sacrifice; and she got just enough for it, when the proceeds were invested in a building-and-loan association, to bring in about forty dollars a month. She still owned the old brick house she'd always lived in; but Henry made up his mind that she mustn't be allowed to put any encumbrance on it, because it wouldn't be fair to Lottie's expectations; and so, to keep things going, he had to do anything he could. He wouldn't talk about it much afterward, and nobody but himself ever knew all that he did—not even Aunt Rennie.

The first time I saw him after I got home—it was by chance and on the street—I didn't recognize him immediately. He had changed, as we say, and so much that he didn't look like the same person. He was thin as a rail, and as baldish and gray as a man twenty years older. For a moment I actually wondered who it could be, waving his hand and speaking to me in greeting with such an intimate sort of friendliness.

Then I recognized him and said "For heaven's sake!" before I could stop myself. He laughed, though, and said he knew he'd changed considerably; but he had a "fairly good job now, keeping books for a new factory and was in fine health." When I asked about Mrs. Filmer he told me she was fine, too—Lottie was coming out before long to make a little visit to her grandmother; and of course the old lady was looking forward to that. So was Henry, as he didn't need to tell me; because, in spite of his gauntness, he was still capable of exercising an old talent of his for blushing; and I knew that his old hope was in existence still too. Lottie was coming home, and maybe—maybe she'd be willing to settle down. Henry never was very difficult to read.

But that battered old hope of his must have had its final wallop when Lottie came home, because she didn't come home alone. She brought a fine-looking youngish to middle-aged man with her, and anybody only needed to see them together once to understand that there was nothing but the cemetery for Henry's hope. They passed my house the day after they arrived. They were just walking by and I was sitting on the veranda, eighty feet from the sidewalk, but I could tell. Lottie looked splendid; she was a fine, bright-eyed, able-bodied woman, still intense looking, but handsomer than ever; and you could say almost the same for the man she had with her. That is, he was an able-bodied, keen-looking man, intense, too, and had so much the air of a personage that his being the least bit shabby—but in a knowing sort of way—didn't detract from his seeming to be somebody important; indeed, I think it

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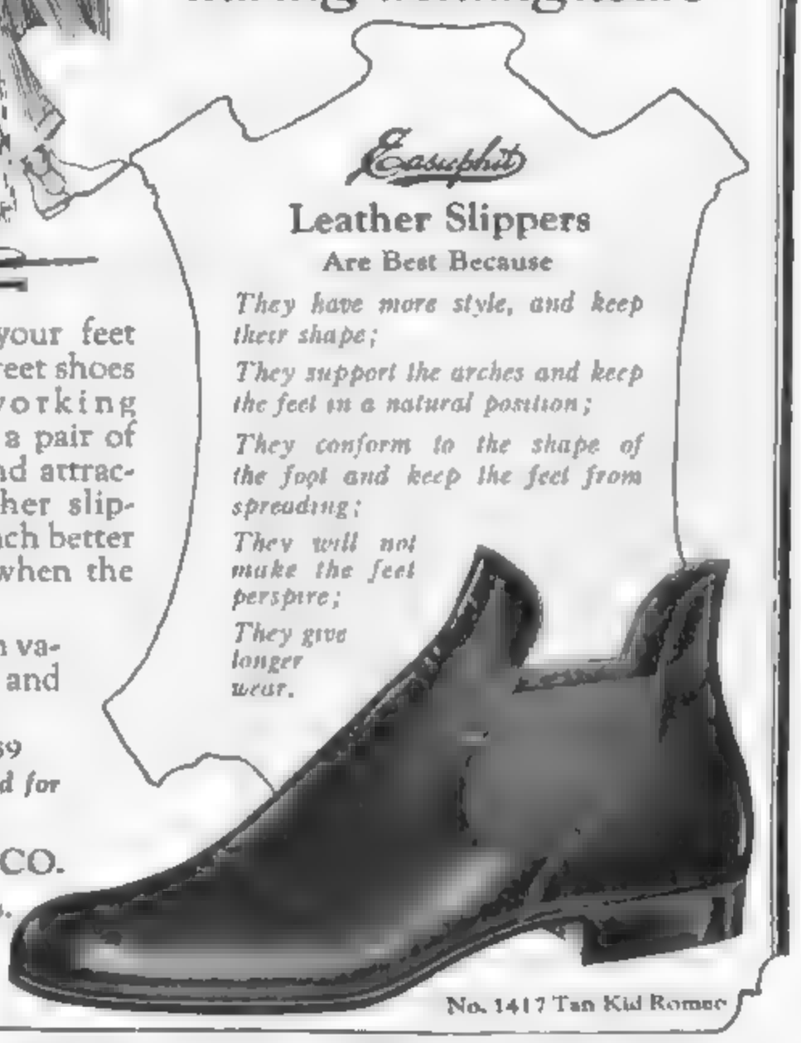
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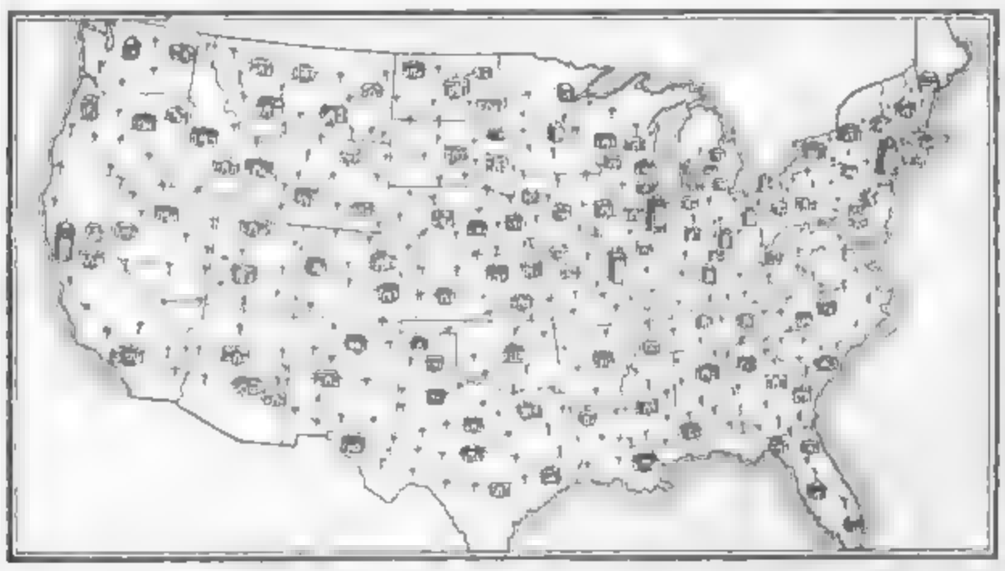

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added to that very effect. He was a Mr. Sabbatti, and was the editor of the little paper that Lottie worked for altogether now.

She glanced in and nodded to me, giving me an absent glance, not enthusiastic, from her large dark eyes. It was one of those looks that say, "Oh, that's you again, is it? Well, what of it?" Then she went on talking eagerly to her distinguished friend—though I suspect he looked more distinguished than he actually was—and they went on down the street, both of them gesturing now and then, but walking pretty close together. I thought Lottie's glance at me hadn't been exactly invitational. Yet, after all, she was related to me, however distantly; I'd known her all her life; she'd been away a long time; and so it seemed to me that I ought at least to go and call on her.

As I didn't know how long she might be intending to stay, I decided to go that evening, and I did; but when I got there I found old Doctor Wythe's always muddy automobile standing before the house. I stopped at the gate and thought twice about going in. Probably I might have gone back home and telephoned to ask what was the matter; but before I'd moved away Henry came out on the front veranda with the doctor and saw me. Right away he called to me in a worried voice, asking me to come in.

I went up to the veranda—the doctor gave me a cheerful enough greeting as he passed by me on his way to the gate—and Henry sat down on the steps to talk to me.

"It's Aunt Rennie," he told me. "It isn't anything serious; but she got sort of hysterical late this afternoon and I was a little scared about her. I couldn't quiet her down, and at her age so much excitement can't be good for her. I couldn't even coax her to go to bed, and so finally I sent for old Wythe. All he gave her was some bicarbonate of soda; but he did get her to lie down on the library sofa. I'm afraid it won't do much good and that she'll be up and going it again pretty soon."

It's to be doubted if he could have told me anything that would have surprised me more, because all my life I'd looked upon gentle old Mrs. Filmer as probably the most passive creature in this world. I knew she was a woman who did a great deal of worrying and cried over almost anything that disturbed her, but always quietly. I'd never in my life heard of her raising her voice or making a real fuss of any kind whatever. And so to hear of her actually getting hysterical, making a scene and "going it," as Henry said, was pretty shocking.

"What in the world's upset her like that?" I asked him. "It can't be just Lottie's coming home."

"No, no," he said. "She was tickled to death over that. Maybe she overworked a little, shining the house all up, and out in the kitchen cooking more pies than a hundred people could eat. She's been happier than I've seen her for a long, long while, but—well ——"

His voice had begun to shake and he came to a stop.

I had an idea of what was bothering him most, so I said, "Maybe we'd better wait for some other time for you to talk about it, Henry—or perhaps there isn't much need for you ever to. I think it might be just as well for me to be getting along home anyhow."

He made a gesture to stop me. "No," he said. "I want you here; you can do some good if Aunt Rennie breaks out again. Anyway, Lottie's a relative of yours and you've got a right to know about it. For my part, I want you to know about it, though I doubt if there's anything you can do except help me with Aunt Rennie. Nobody ——" But here his voice got unsteady again and he had to stop speaking for a little while. Then he went on: "Nobody—that is, none of us—ever had much influence with Lottie, so you couldn't help about that, I guess."

"About what, Henry?"

He swallowed so loud I could hear him. "It's this—this man Sabbatti," Henry said. "Lottie hadn't written us she was bringing him with her, and when she walked in with him, of course Aunt Rennie was surprised, and probably a little disappointed too; because she'd hoped to have Lottie pretty much to herself, and a stranger being around sort of spoiled it. But she didn't say anything about it, of course; she just went up and got a room fixed for him. Well, for the first hour or so everything was sort of cheerful and Lottie seemed happy, though even more on kind of a strain than she used to be; but there was the sort of feeling about the house of something coming—you know the feeling I mean. Then—well, it wouldn't take very long for anybody to see how it was between—between her and this Sabbatti. Even Aunt Rennie saw it, and she got Lottie aside and asked her if she was in love with him and Lottie said—she said yes, she had been for a long time. So Aunt Rennie asked her when they were going to be married and Lottie told her Sabbatti is married. So, you see ——"

"Yes," I said. "Of course that would upset an old-fashioned woman like your aunt. No wonder ——"

"Wait," he said. "That was only the beginning. Lottie made a kind of speech about the sinfulness of marriage—you know, a good deal like the heroine of that book she wrote—and Aunt Rennie got to crying and crying; but that wasn't the end of it. It came out that what Lottie and this man are here for is to get Aunt Rennie to let her have right now whatever Aunt Rennie intends to leave her in her will. They want it to keep their magazine or whatever it is going; they've got to have money right away for it, and Lottie says her whole life absolutely depends on getting it. Well, of course Aunt Rennie intends to leave Lottie all of what little she's got; but she wants to fix it so it'll take care of Lottie—and Lottie said if she couldn't have the money for this Sabbatti's magazine she wouldn't need to be taken care of, because if the magazine couldn't be kept alive for the cause, the cause was going to die and she'd die with it. So she and Sabbatti both got to urging Aunt Rennie and keeping at her until finally Aunt Rennie just went all to pieces. She just shouted 'No, no, no!' as loud as she could, and then began to screech with laughing and crying together. Her laughing wasn't like any sound I've ever heard before from her in all my life, and it was just awful! So then I telephoned for old Doctor Wythe and he's got her quieted down on a sofa in the library. Lottie and Sabbatti are in the sitting room, and I think Aunt Rennie can maybe keep quieted down if they'll let her alone. I asked Lottie to stay out of the library; but she wouldn't promise me, and where I think you'd probably do the most good is if Lottie does go in and start at her again, you might have some effect. Lottie couldn't very well keep after Aunt Rennie that way again with you around, I don't think."

He was wrong about that, for Henry didn't know Lottie. He never did know Lottie, poor fellow, not even that night; and even then when he saw what she was doing, he excused her in his heart and felt that there was a nobility in her action in wanting to make a great sacrifice for her cause—not for herself. She certainly wanted to make it—or at least to have Aunt Rennie make it—because it wasn't five minutes after Henry finished telling me why he wished me to stay when we heard a pleading sort of outcry from inside the house, and Mrs. Filmer's cracked old voice: "No, no, no!"

"Come on," Henry said, and we went in through the open front door and into the library. The old lady was sitting up on the couch, whimpering; and Lottie and Sabbatti were right in front of her, both talking at her—standing over her, as we say—and it didn't take me any time at all to see that Henry had been mistaken about my having

(Continued on Page 141)

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There is no ***guesswork*** in these figures. They are taken from department reports which, as you see, cover both depreciation and overhead.

	January	February	March	April	May	June	July	August	September	October	Totals
Total Invested in Equipment	$1,870.00	$1,870.00	$2,420.00	$2,480.00	$2,480.00	$2,480.00	$2,480.00	$2,480.00	$2,480.00	$2,480.00	$ 2,480.00
Outside Cost	$ 345.33	$ 776.46	$1 188.10	$1,064.09	$ 973.20	$ 612.39	$1,097.23	$1,101.10	$1,703.75	$1,994.10	$10,855.75
Actual Expense	186.79	291.50	396.99	468.76	434.10	423.97	443.77	432.96	500.22	518.79	4,097.85
SAVING	$ 158.54	$ 484.96	$ 791.11	$ 595.33	$ 539.10	$ 188.42	$ 653.46	$ 668.14	$1,203.53	$1,475.31	$ 6,757.90
Cost Itemized											
Depreciation	$ 23.38	$ 23.38	$ 30.26	$ 31.00	$ 31.00	$ 31.20	$ 31.20	$ 31 20	$ 31 20	$ 31 20	$ 295 02
Salaries	90.00	185.00	280.00	295.00	295.00	295.00	340.00	290.00	375.00	375.00	2,820.00
Interest	6.24	6.24	8.07	8.27	8.27	8.07	8.07	8.07	8.07	8.07	77.44
Rent	50.00	50.00	50.00	50.00	50.00	50.00	50.00	50.00	50.00	50.00	500.00
Power	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	50.00
Telephone	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	1.00	1.00	26.00
*Supplies	9.17	18.88	20.66	76.49	41 83	31.70	6.50	45.69	29.95	48.52	329.39
Total Expenses	$ 186.79	$ 291 50	$ 396.99	$ 468.76	$ 434.10	$ 423.97	$ 443.77	$ 432.96	$ 500.22	$ 518.79	$ 4,097.85

*Paper stock is included in supplies because most of the jobs involved imprinting only.

The Celotex Company uses two equipments for printing and one for form-letter work. Of the total given in the last column of the chart for "outside cost," $3241.28 represents Multigraphing and $7614.47, printing. You will note that ***printing alone*** formerly cost them nearly twice as much as their present total cost ($4097.85) on operation of the whole department.

A great variety of printing and imprinting jobs are now handled by the printing Multigraph—stationery, envelopes, forms, two-color labels, cards, and dealers' imprints on advertising and other material are included.

To any of the thousands of business men who know the standing and reputation of Celotex building material and its makers, the facts demand serious consideration. For details and information about the printing Multigraph, tear off the coupon below and mail with your letterhead to

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY • 1800 East 40th Street • CLEVELAND, OHIO

the printing MULTIGRAPH

The Printing Multigraph

A high-speed rotary printing press, power driven. Equipment complete with typesetter occupies only about 4 x 8 feet. Feeds automatically. Feeder holds 5,000 to 6,000 sheets ordinary stock, any size from 3 x 3 to 11 x 14. Will take folded stock, cards, envelopes, etc. Machine prints direct from type or electrotypes with printing ink—colors if you wish. Saves 25% to 75% on a great range of printed matter for business or advertising use. Can also be used for form-letter work.

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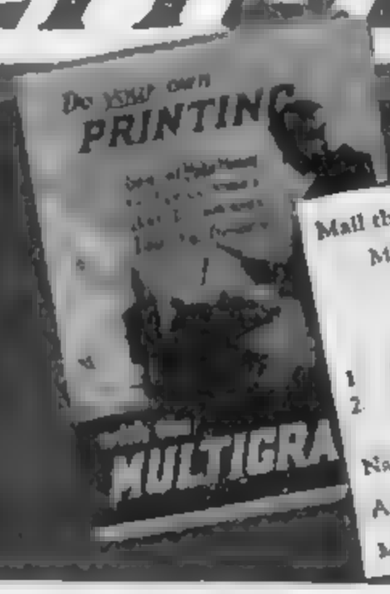
The book, "Do Your Own Printing", is not only the most complete story of what the Multigraph is and does, but is also a valuable treatise on office printing which has grown out of many years' experience by a great variety of business concerns. Mail the coupon and you will receive a copy without charge or obligation of any kind.



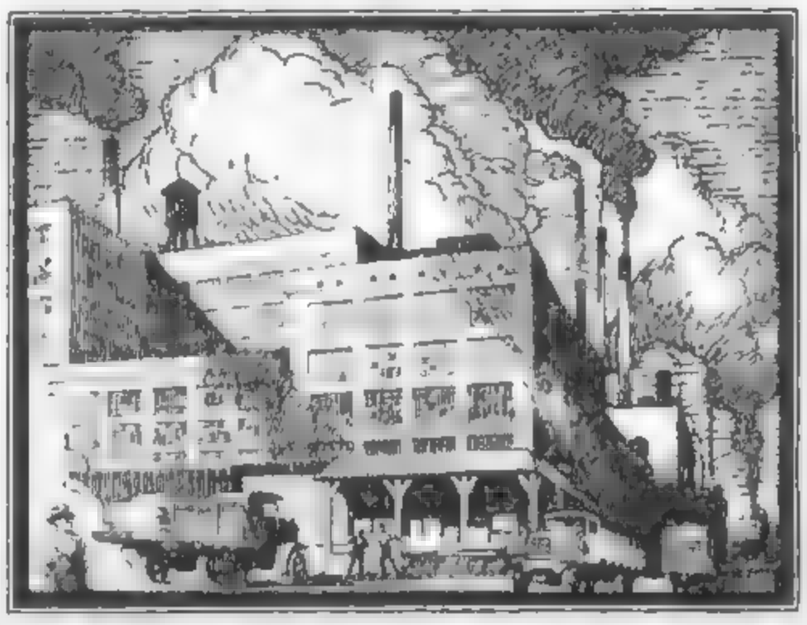
Mail this coupon and learn new ways to save money

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD TO
The American Multigraph Sales Co.
1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

(Place check mark in square)

1 ☐ Send me the book, "Do Your Own Printing."
2 ☐ Notify your nearest office to arrange for demonstration of your printing Multigraph on my work.

Name .....
Address .....
My business is S.E.P.1-23



How one of the Lumber Companies got to know so much about the Factory Owner and his Lumber Problems

THREE or four years ago, a district lumber salesman happened to see a crate being made in the shipping room of one of his customers.

What he saw hurt his sense of lumber values.

Too many boards, too much weight. Not enough strength, nor enough protection for the merchandise.

It set him to thinking—and from that thought has grown the Weyerhaeuser Specialist Service that is one of the era marks in the use of lumber in American industry.

Up to that time, no lumber concern had ever had much more than a general idea as to *how* lumber was selected and used in the thousands of specialized industrial uses.

The natural assumption was that the Factory Owner or his Purchasing Agent bought the right kind of lumber for the job they had in mind, and used it to best advantage.

THIS may sound like indifference on the part of the lumberman.

What it really means is that a lumber concern like Weyerhaeuser has a husky job of its own. A job that had absorbed all its energy heretofore.

It requires great timber resources and lumber manufacturing plants to feed into American industry the lumber it requires.

But from this point out Weyerhaeuser set itself to study lumber *users* and lumber *uses*.

This led them deep into many a specialized problem that the Factory Purchasing Agent and his employer had been struggling with patiently—but could not solve completely without the knowledge that only an expert lumberman could give them.

IT IS the function of the Weyerhaeuser Specialist Service to contribute this expert lumber knowledge to the industrial men of this country.

It is always a *specialist* contribution. A definite solution for the personal problems and needs of the *individual lumber user*.

Weyerhaeuser experts go almost everywhere. Not to sell a man something so much as to *tell* him what he wants to know about lumber in relation to his individual *use* of lumber.

There never was such a lumber service conceived and carried through before.

A *specialist* service.

With material resources almost without limit.

With human vision and intelligence focused on the lumber needs of American industry today.

It is the *new deal*.

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Idaho Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 S. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 806 Plymouth Bldg., Minneapolis; and with representatives throughout the country.

(Continued from Page 138)

any effect on Lottie. She just gave Henry and me a dark side glance as we came in, and seemed to exclude us from consideration as thoroughly as a person would a house cat that happened to walk in when something of real importance was going on.

I tried to interfere. I began to say something commonplace and friendly and cheerful—I don't know what—but Lottie wouldn't have it. She just said "Please! Please!" in her deep voice, frowned me aside and went on talking.

"Do you think I'd ask it for myself?" she said. "Have I ever asked anything for myself? Haven't I always refused instead of taking anything from you? You know I have, grandmother! And now, when I come to you for the first time in my life, not for myself but for a cause that means more than my life, a cause that means all humanity and not merely my own petty career and struggle—all humanity, grandmother; don't forget that all humanity is asking this of you! I'm only the spokesman; but I speak for all the suffering masses, and what dare you answer when I speak for them? Do you still tell me no?"

"Yes, I do," the old lady wailed; and she rocked herself backward and forward on the edge of the couch, moaning and sniffing most pitifully. "No, no, no! I won't do it! I won't, and you can't make me!"

"Permit me," Mr. Sabbatti said. Anybody'd have thought he might have kept out of it; but he didn't seem to me even to look uncomfortable; he had the air of a serious man in a serious place, where he had a right to be. "Permit me. If I might just explain, Mrs. Filmer is laboring under a misapprehension. Lottie's work and mine is for service alone, and not for profit; but there is a perfect certainty of profit nevertheless, because, if we obtain this necessary financial backing, the magazine inside of six months will show ——"

Aunt Rennie didn't let him get any further. He had taken a step or two closer to the sofa, extending his hand toward her in an argumentative gesture; but she screamed, and drawing back from his hand, struck at it grotesquely with a kind of childish violence.

"You keep away from me!" she cried. "You're a bad man and I don't want you to talk to me! Make him keep away from me, Henry!"

"I think they'd both better do that, Aunt Rennie," he said, stepping forward. "Lottie, didn't I ask you ——"

"What?" Lottie cried furiously; and she set her hand upon his breast and pushed him back from the couch so powerfully that he staggered. "Are you always to be the interloper here?"

"He isn't," Aunt Rennie whimpered. "I wanted to leave the little I've got, tied up so you could just get at the income, Lottie, and not be able to throw away the principal; but I did want Henry to have just a little of it too. You call him an interloper, but you don't know what he's done for you."

"Henry?" Lottie said, and she laughed. "Nobody's ever done anything for me but myself. I've struggled and fought my own way up."

"Up!" Aunt Rennie took the word out of her mouth. "How far up have you got? Even that terrible book you wrote didn't make anything for you that I ever heard of. You've never made more than about seven to ten or twelve dollars a week, and you've been living on double that."

"You're crazy," Lottie said. "I've lived all these years in a seven-dollar-a-week room and paid for it myself with my own labor."

"Labor!" Aunt Rennie echoed, and she pointed to Henry. "There's somebody could tell you about labor, I guess, if he wanted to! I'm going to say what I ought to, at last, Lottie. When you go back to New York you ask Mrs. Tollman what your room and board's been costing all this time. She'll tell you it was twenty-five dollars a week, if you tell her I want her to tell you, and I do. I sent that extra eighteen a week as long as I could; but it's been a many, many months since I had to stop and let Henry do it instead. You look at him and see what it cost him to do it! Henry don't look young any more, Lottie, and you're why. I don't know all he did to get you that eighteen dollars every week, but I do know he was digging ditches for part of the time, and a lame man he is, at that. Don't you call him an interloper, Lottie; it doesn't sound right!"

Lottie's dark cheeks were burning red and her eyes were staring pretty wildly as she looked at Henry.

"Is what she says true?" she asked him.

"Yes, it is," he said, looking back at her steadily. "It was on account of Aunt Rennie. She wanted you to be comfortable, Lottie, and I wasn't going to have her worrying."

He told that lie—at least it was partly a lie—looking Lottie straight in the face; and it seemed to me to be a strange thing for him to say, after he'd been in love with her all those years; but I think now he said it to keep her from believing he had been. Probably he was anxious to keep her from even suspecting such a thing, Henry having his own queer kind of pride, as I said. Anyhow, it made her furious.

"You dared?" she cried. "Both of you! You dared hoax me like that? Oh, how I do hate you both for it! What was it to me to endure a little hardship—merely having a poor room and poor food? What do you suppose I care for things like that? Do you suppose I'd compromise for the sake of a rug on a boarding-house floor?" She clasped her hands to her breast. "What have you done to me?"

Here Mr. Sabbatti seemed to feel it was time to calm her down and get on with business.

"Nothing," he said. "They've done nothing at all to you, my dear. How could it compromise your principles, since you were not aware of its being done?"

He seemed to be influential with her. "Thank you for reminding me of that," she said. "I'm not tainted, thank God!" She turned on Henry and her grandmother bitterly. "You tried to taint me!" she cried. "Oh, you don't need to tell me it was well intentioned! Don't you suppose I understand that? Maybe you don't, because you've never been able to see that there was an abyss between your understanding and mine deeper than the deepest gulf between the planets! You think I ought to thank you for what you've done. I think I ought to hate you, and if I talked a thousand years you couldn't understand why!"

Suddenly she sobbed; she turned away from them and began to cry—something

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Literally hundreds of our workers, keen men and refined women, have followed suggestions similar to this and are now making from $5.00 to $25.00 a week extra. How? By acting as our local subscription representatives for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Mr. D. L. Osborn of Maryland, for example, is busy practically all the time, yet he has averaged a dollar an hour Curtis profits without interfering with his regular work. But now we're down to the coupon—so—

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The wonderful Seal-Tite method renews, preserves, and makes your old, wornout roofs watertight. One application lasts 10 years.

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Monarch Paint Co. *Established 1903* Dept 28-11 Cleveland, O.

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Don't Fail to Send for a Copy of This

FREE BOOK ON DIRECT-BY-MAIL ADVERTISING

Shows how to increase sales and decrease selling costs.

"*Wonderful Stuff!*" is echoed by all who have read it. "*Recently I invested in a set of business books that cost a lot of money,*" wrote one;—"*But I got more real benefit from your little book than from all of them!*"

And, now, all you have to do to get YOUR COPY is to clip out this advertisement, pin it to your regular business letter head, and mail it to the

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THE FEBRUARY ISSUE—

Greatest in Size—with 200 pages and covers.

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The Modern Farm Paper

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Publishers of
The Country Gentleman, The Saturday Evening Post
and The Ladies' Home Journal

I'd never heard of her doing before, and it had its effect immediately upon her grandmother.

"Don't let Lottie cry," she quavered to Henry. "Don't let her cry, Henry."

Lottie swung round to her again, and with eyes streaming and hands outstretched implored her:

"Then for God's sake, grandma, will you give this money to humanity—not to me, but to humanity, grandma?"

"Oh, my dear dead husband, tell me what to do!" the poor old lady moaned. "Yes, Lottie. He'd want me to. Yes, child, yes!"

So she did. Henry didn't oppose it any longer. I think her saying she wanted to leave a little of her property to him stopped him, because of that pride of his—it was a useless one, of course, and he had too much of it. I did what I could to get Mrs. Filmer to be reasonable; but once she'd given her word she wouldn't go back on it; and Lottie didn't give me much chance to talk to her long anyhow. She and Sabbatti took the money back to New York with them, though naturally it didn't do them much good, and the magazine, or whatever it was, passed into other hands about a year and a half later.

Lottie and Mr. Sabbatti didn't lose any faith, though; they still worked for the cause and somehow got themselves financed by a world improvement society of some sort, to go to Turkey and make a report on labor conditions in Asia Minor.

By that time Henry and Aunt Rennie were living in a two-room apartment. Henry got their meals in a kitchenette, because Aunt Rennie had suffered a stroke and was partly paralyzed. But Henry was cheerful—at least he didn't seem to be discontented, and one evening I actually went there to dinner with him, Henry cooking it. It wasn't bad either. Henry and I ate in the kitchenette—which was convenient—and he carried a tray into Aunt Rennie's bedroom and helped her to eat.

When we'd finished he asked me to go in there and talk to her while he washed the dishes. So of course I did, and I tried to get her to think about cheerful things; but her mind wasn't clear; she wandered away from every subject I brought up. At last, though, when I told her I'd have to be going she brightened up and looked up at me as if she knew who I was and understood everything. But the next moment, to my dismay, she began to cry. The tears ran down her face, and she tried to wipe them off; but her hands wouldn't work, so I did it for her.

"It's pretty hard," she said. "Here I am ending my days on somebody else's bounty. My husband wouldn't like that. Lottie's always been right about everything and she was right when she called me one."

"One what?" I asked, for I'd long ago forgotten.

"A parasite," she whimpered. "It's all I am."

That was the last thing Aunt Rennie Filmer ever said to me. She died the next week and Henry took it hard, because they'd been more like mother and son than many real mothers and sons are. He missed her of course; but after she'd gone he was able to begin to save a little, and now he's fairly well off. It makes me uneasy sometimes for fear Mr. Sabbatti might want to do some more for the cause; but perhaps Lottie won't hear of Henry's prosperity.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Four Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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You can imagine the searing, scorching heat to which Pennzoil was subjected. It would have thinned out ordinary oil—broken it down—literally burnt it up.

Then think of this—you folks who drain crankcases every 500 miles. Not once was the Pennzoil changed. And at the end of the run this fine oil was found good—still a sure, safe lubricant.

Do you know why Pennzoil will stand such a terrific heat without deterioration? Because it contains only the inherent lubricating qualities of pure Pennsylvania crude oil! Because these qualities are brought to perfection in the largest and most modern refinery operating exclusively on this highest grade crude petroleum! Because its makers never deviate from their exacting refining methods developed through years of experience in the manufacture and application of motor lubricants.

Motor-wise men will tell you Pennzoil is the "*oiliest*" *oil known* and remains so longest on a hot surface—that it holds its body after grinding wear that would make ordinary oils unfit for use.

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Thousands of dealers everywhere recommend Pennzoil as the best oil. The dealer who values *your* patronage should be glad to stock and supply it. Demand Pennzoil!

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Take ordinary oil out of your motor at 500 miles. Save a little in a bottle. Fill your crankcase with Pennzoil and use it a full 1000 miles. Then drain, rub a drop or two of each of the used oils between your thumb and forefinger. You can see the difference and feel it. And what a difference it means to your motor!

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To See *Southern* California

Make it come true now. This All-Year Vacation Land—*always* "at its best"—knows no special season. The only Winter Playground in the World which is a famed Summer Resort also.

NOW, in all her glory, colorful, enchanting, Southern California is waiting for *you too* to come and sample her vacation opportunities. Thousands are already here. But in this great playground there is always room for more.

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Here "winters" as you know them are transformed into warm, delightful, sunny days of golf, motoring, sight-seeing, horseback riding, hiking, fishing, camping, resting on a beach beside the ocean, and other joys which are ice-bound elsewhere.

And in summer! Rainless summer days of comfortable warmth are followed by refreshing nights that call for blankets nine times out of ten.

U. S. Weather Bureau records show the average mean temperatures in Los Angeles for the past 48 years to be as follows: 48 Junes 66 degrees; 48 Julys 70; 48 Augusts 71; 48 Septembers 69. Humidity also is very low. Even on the warmer days there is none of the "damp heat" that makes one "feel the heat" elsewhere.

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Value of Citrus Products (1924)	32,480,685
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Total	22,268,421 tons
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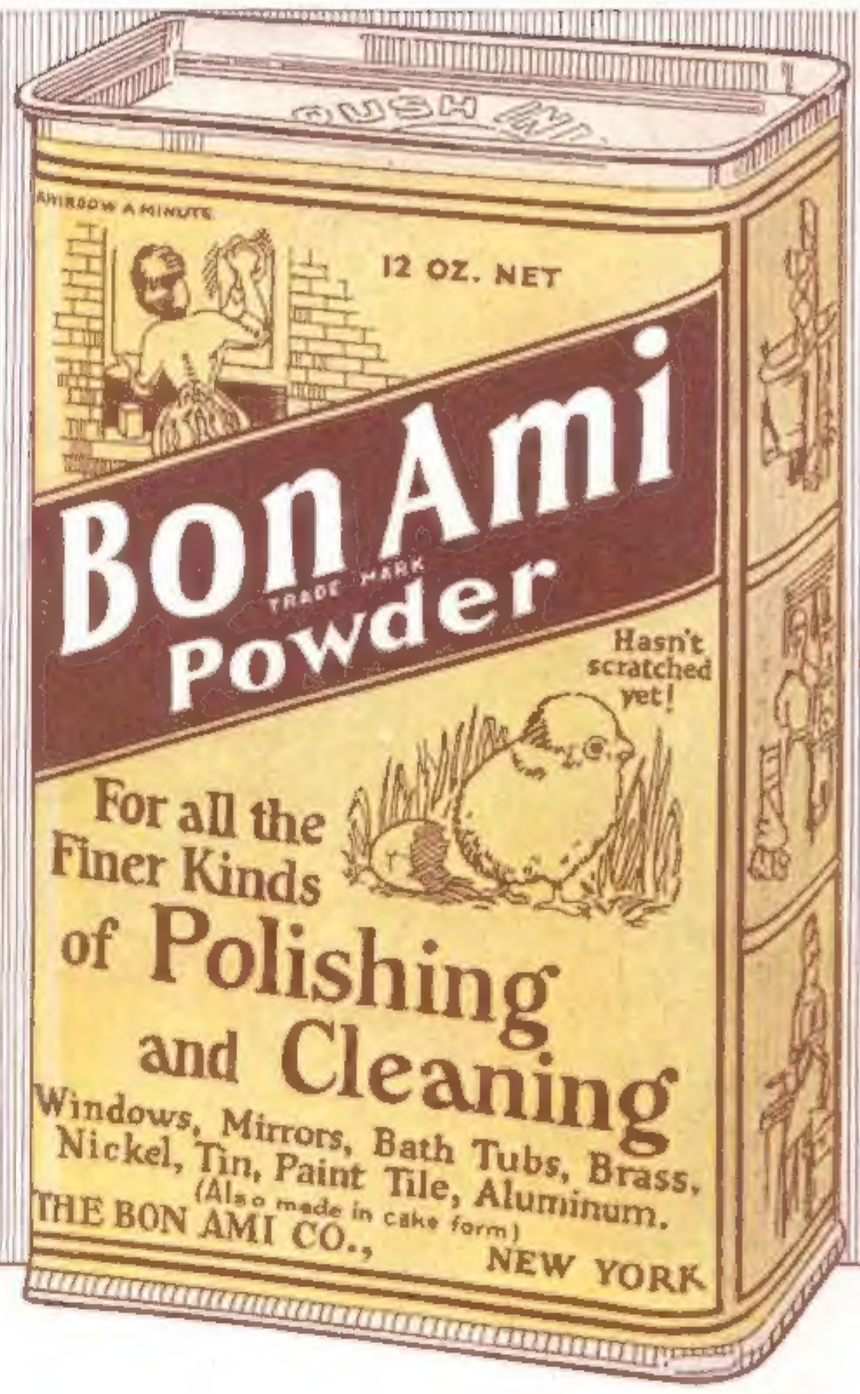
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Do you know—

—that the popular Bon Ami Cake has a partner which is already being used in millions of homes? It is *Bon Ami Powder* in a handy sifter-top can. The same ingredients. Different only in form. Just as easy to use.

Bon Ami in either cake or powder form saves you from hard scrubbing—saves your hands from redness and roughness—saves the surface you clean. For Bon Ami is as gentle as it is thorough. It blots up dirt and grime—never scratches.

Whether you prefer Bon Ami in the handy, compact cake or the easy-to-sprinkle powder, you will find many uses in your home for this magic cleanser and polisher.

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for mirrors

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for refrigerators

for brass and copper

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for electric utensils

Get your Kodak out

It's fun to Kodak and there's lasting pleasure in the pictures themselves. Those snapshots of little Jane, for example, will mean more and more to you every time you open the album.

Autographic Kodaks, $5 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*